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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at Concord, N. H.

By THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

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A History of the Recent Growth of Manchester	
Peter Livius the Trouble Maker	<i>Lawrence Shaw Mayo</i>

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What men like Senator Moses, Major Knox and Mr. Frank Musgrove think its policy should be in the coming campaign.

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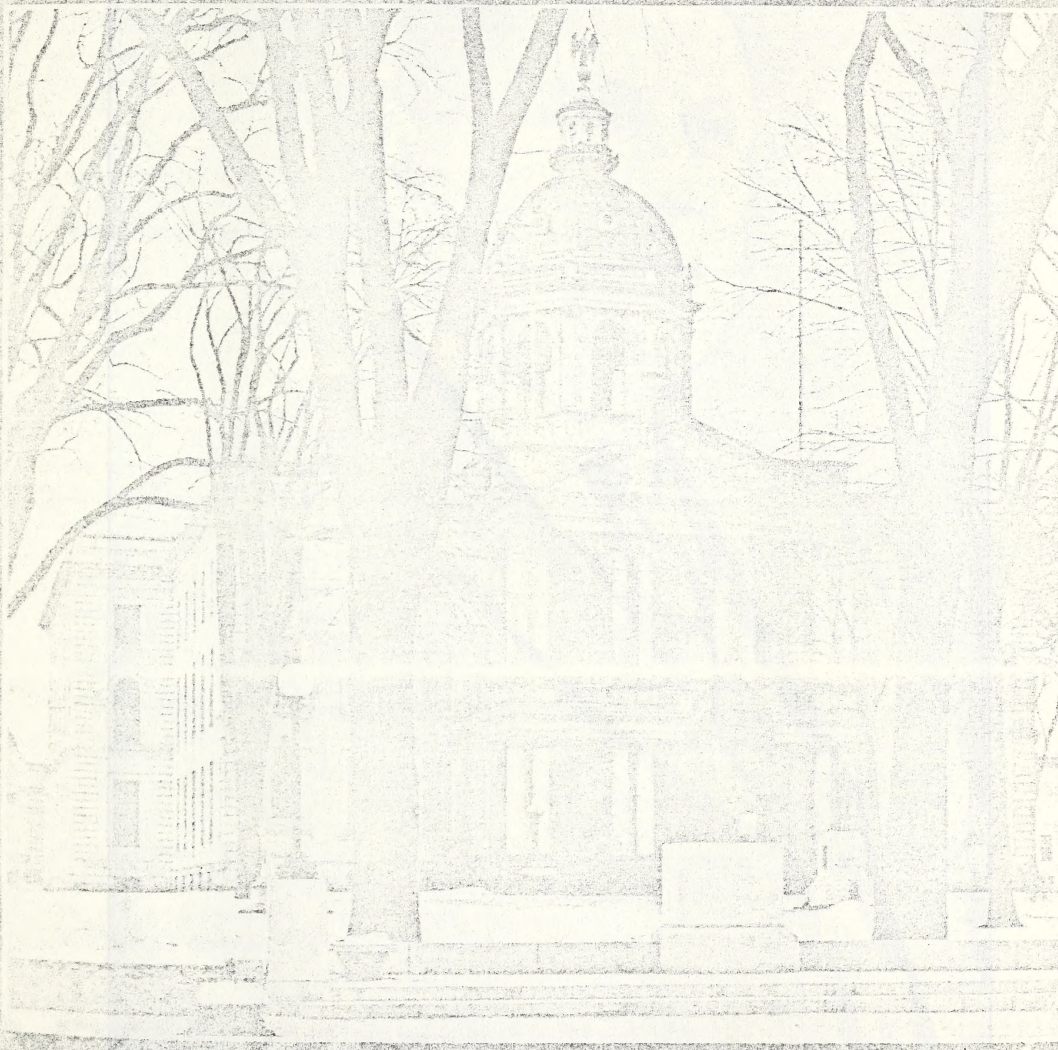
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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE



FRED H. BROWN





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LV.

JANUARY, 1923

No. 1

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

IF you should walk down Main Street, Concord, you would probably see from time to time little groups of men gathered together in heated conversation. If you are curious and should want to know what they are talking about you don't need to inquire. It is about the forty-eight hour law. For there is no public question that has called forth more discussion, none over which opinions have varied more radically and none which more intimately touches the welfare and prosperity of the state.

We in New Hampshire have a law limiting women to fifty-four hours per week and ten and one-fourth hours per day. In comparing this law with those of some other states we find that five states: California, Massachusetts, Utah, North Dakota and Oregon, have forty-eight hour weeks for women in industry, while Ohio has a fifty hour week. Nine states limit the work of women to eight hours per day, ten to nine hours per day. All the government employees are on an eight hour day. On the other side of the water we find that France and Belgium have universal forty-eight hour weeks. Germany has a universal eight hour day, while in England the cotton spinning and manufacturing industry is on a forty-eight hour week by agreement between the employers and employees. On the other hand, the great cotton-growing states, those states which are the main competitors of our principal industry, the textile, permit their women to work from

fifty-six to sixty hours per week and from ten to twelve hours per day.

When the nine months' strike in the textile industry ended last month, the principal point at issue, the forty-eight hour week for women and children versus the fifty-four hour week, was not settled. The workers, to be sure, went back on a fifty-four hour schedule, with, however, the public announcement that as far as they were concerned it was but a temporary truce, pending the decision of the legislature.

What will the legislature do?

417 men sit in the House of Representatives. Of these 221 are Democrats pledged to the immediate enactment of a forty-eight hour law, 196 are Republicans who, while pledging themselves to a national forty-eight hour law and expressing sympathy "for all those who would put an end to all forms of child labor and who work to abridge the hours of women employed in industry," demand, before any action be taken in regard to a state forty-eight hour law, an investigation of the possible effects on New Hampshire industry of the passage of such a law with a report to be made to this legislature before adjournment. In the Senate we find a Republican majority. The Governor's Council, too, is Republican, while the Governor is a Democrat and a very keen and ardent believer in the forty-eight hour week.

It is probable that most of the Democrats will support with vigor the forty-eight hour law. It was in





their platform, and on this issue they largely made and won their campaign.

Just what the Republicans will do is not so certain. Senator Moses, on being asked this question, said, "The Republican members of the New Hampshire Legislature should attend to their duties in man fashion and on the forty-eight hour law should abide by the platform adopted by the Republican State Convention." The Manchester Union speaks in even stronger terms. "Sight should never be lost by Republicans," it declares, "of the fact that the Republican party of this state is definitely and unequivocally on record in favor of the principle of the forty-eight hour working week for women engaged in industry—it is also on record in favor of a most searching, impartial and candid examination of some of the probable effects of the enactment of the forty-eight hour law in this state.... Under this pledge and taking into consideration the proportion of the vote on November 7th which may be properly interpreted as an assumption on the part of the public that such a law should be passed unless it can be definitely and clearly shown that enforcement of such a statute would be disastrous to manufacturing industries, the Republican party which is in clear control of the Senate can do no other than promptly and without hesitation to set up the machinery to get.....the facts before the public—and let the issue of the forty-eight hour law proposal stand or fall on this showing."

**T**HERE are, however, powerful interests opposing the forty-eight hour week, interests whose views and wishes, in spite of party platforms, cannot help but have a profound influence on many. The New Hamp-

shire State Grange for instance, has gone on record as against the forty-eight hour week. At their convention last month a resolution condemning the principle of the forty-eight hour law was unanimously adopted and farmers for the most part are undoubtedly opposed to this law. They say that it is well nigh impossible to keep help on the farm at sixty hours per week when occupation can be found in the city at a living wage of a forty-eight hour week and that during the war when industry operated largely on a forty-eight hour schedule, there was an acute and actual shortage of farm help. The farmer, they believe, labors under a great financial disadvantage when he has to produce his goods on a week of sixty hours while he buys goods produced on a forty-eight hour week.

The manufacturing and business interests of New Hampshire are also in general most vigorously opposed to this measure. Eaton D. Sargent, president of the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association, which represent three hundred thirty New Hampshire industries, writes that the forty-eight hour week is "distinctly an economic issue.....I believe that I voice not only my own but also the opinion of the great body of manufacturers large and small when I express my belief that a maximum forty-eight hours for women and minors should not be fixed by legislative enactment."

The principal organizations and groups of people who are fighting for the forty-eight hour week are the Labor Unions and the Industrial Workers. They have, however, a strong ally in public opinion, which in the state and nationally is becoming increasingly sympathetic to the principle of the forty-eight hour week. The recent and rather





dramatic Democratic victory is an indication of the public sentiment.

The Paris Peace Conference in 1919 recommended "the adoption of an eight hour day and a forty-eight hour week as a standard to be aimed at where it has not already been attained." And the Congress of the United States "has established the eight hour day as the standard in government service for workers in profitable employment engaged on government contracts." Among the prominent men who have come out for the forty-eight hour law is John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who says: "Subject only to the demands of national emergency, modern industry is justified in accepting the eight hour day and the six day week. While the adoption of these standards may and doubtless will at first entail increased costs of production, I am confident that in the long run, greater efficiency and economy will result."

Another rather striking indication of the growth of the forty-eight hour week is shown in a recent announcement of the Department of Commerce which states that "the returns of the 1919 census of manufacturers indicates a general and marked decrease in the prevailing hours of labor. Of the 9,096,372 wage earners reported.....48.6 per cent. were employed in establishments where the prevailing hours of labor per week were forty-eight or under, while in .....the year 1914, the number employed in this class of establishment was.....11.8 per cent. of the total number of wage earners."

AND so the legislator, whose duty it is to represent the public and who desires to help pass those measures which may do the greatest good to the greatest number, finds himself face to face with a problem which at

every step seems to become more and more perplexing and more and more difficult to solve.

On the one hand, he is told that while mills in a cotton state increased two and one-half times in twenty years, textile mills in New England only increased one-third and that New Hampshire industries on a forty-eight hour schedule cannot continue to survive in competition with the southern textile mills with their advantage in cheaper cost of living, cheaper power and raw material, their cheaper labor and a fifty-six to sixty hour schedule. President J. H. Hustis, of the Boston & Maine Railroad writes: "There are constantly coming to our attention cases of industries seeking locations, many of which fail to locate within New England because of what are regarded as certain already severe restrictive laws." And the president of the New Hampshire Manufacturing Association makes the statement that "New Hampshire cannot enjoy a reasonable prosperity unless her manufacturing industries are prosperous. It is for the best interests of the state to encourage manufacturing rather than to discourage it by the enactment of any law which will make successful enterprises more difficult if not impossible."

On the other hand, the supporters of the forty-eight hour schedule flatly deny most of these contentions. They deny that southern competition necessitates an increase in hours beyond the forty-eight hour week. They cite figures showing a steady and remarkable increase in the earnings and profits of the Amoskeag Corporation during the last twenty years, the last three years operated on a forty-eight hour schedule being the most profitable of all. They point to Massachusetts which,





with a forty-eight hour schedule for the last four years, has been able to compete very successfully with the south.

They also argue that from the sociological point of view women should not be permitted to work more than forty-eight hours per week. "We must concede" says Mrs. Arnold Yantis, Republican member of the House from Manchester "that eight hours is a long enough time for a woman or child to toil at hard labor. When anyone works to the point of fatigue, the quality of the work suffers and the health of the worker is injured. Women and children are not machines..... Our high infant mortality in Manchester is due in part to our present industrial conditions, according to the report of the Children's Bureau in the Department of Labor." And Dr. George W. Webster of the Illinois Industrial Survey, appointed by Governor Lowden in 1918, says: "Surely it is not enough that a woman is able to endure the hardships and fatigue of a ten hour day and not die—women should and do mean more to our country than mere machines. The science of physiology and psychology, the law, the decisions of the courts, the example of Congress, the Peace Conference, the joint interests of both employer and employee, the right of society expressed in the voice of an enlightened social conscience all unite in favoring the establishment of the eight hour day as the maximum which should be required of women in industry. For upon women depends the vigor of the race, and the vigor of the race must not be exploited for present day purposes instead of for racial conversation."

Among the supporters of the principle of the forty-eight hour week

for women are those who believe that if the forty-eight hour schedule will be, under present conditions, a handicap to New England industry, then our industries must change these conditions. They believe the forty-eight hour schedule from a sociological point of view must come and they believe that New England industry, through increased efficiency, through that initiative and resource heretofore characteristic of our business men, must and can overcome any economic handicap which may at present exist.

IT is easy to imagine, with all these radical difference of opinion, how difficult will be the task of the legislature in trying to make a wise decision and one which will be for the best interests of New Hampshire as a whole.

One grave menace to the public welfare, according to Ex-Gov. Bass is the danger that the next legislature may become involved in an disastrous class struggle with the workers aligned against the farmers, the city against the country. Powerful interests he believes, will bitterly oppose not only the forty-eight hour law but also the tax reform that the farmer so vigorously advocates. There is no way he says, "that these interests could so effectively accomplish their purpose as to align the farmer against the industrial worker, hoping thereby to create a deadlock and prevent any action on either issue."

That such an alignment may possibly develop is clearly indicated by a recent statement of Horace A. Riviere, organizer for the United Textile Workers of America, who says: "The labor interest, in the next legislature are going to stage the bitterest fight ever made in this state for





the reduction of working hours, and if they do not gain their point, and the farm district members are responsible for the reverse, then I predict there will be few if any bills passed in the legislature which will aid the agriculturists."

"Such a class alignment," declares Ex-Gov. Bass, "would have a most harmful and far-reaching effect. Measures would then be acted upon not on merits but as a solution of the blind opposition of one class of people to another..... To dispose of legislative measures by this device is to sacrifice public interests for private personal advantage. I feel sure that the mature judgment and hard common sense of our people of New Hampshire will not sanction such a procedure. Neither do I believe that the rank and file of legislators will approve of it. They will approach these important matters in an open-minded attitude, securing fullest information....before they make up their minds and then take such action as is for the best interests of the state as a whole. Above all, we should not support or countenance any class alignment or any trading of support or opposition to important measures. As a member of the legislature, I shall consider each question separately on its merits after weighing all the evidence. I shall act as a representative of no one class, but will try to give fair and unprejudiced consideration to all elements and support such bills as will

promote the best interests of the average man and woman throughout the state."

After reviewing all these conflicting arguments and statements it is not hard to prophesy that the next session of the legislature will be one of the liveliest and most agitating in many a year. A wise decision in this matter is so vital to the welfare of so many people and so important to the prosperity of the state, that feeling is bound to run high with many becoming extremely bitter. Very timely indeed is the meeting in Concord on January 11 of the New Hampshire Civic Organization to discuss the forty-eight hour law for women and children engaged in industry. Henry Dennison of Dennison Manufacturing Co. will give a talk on the problem of the forty-eight hour law. Representatives of organized labor and of the manufacturing association will discuss their points of view, while agricultural interests will be represented by Richard Pattee, Director of the New England Milk Producers' Association and once Master of the New Hampshire State Grange. It is expected that this meeting will be largely attended and it is hoped the discussions will help clear up some of the more radical differences of opinion and be a means of bringing people nearer to a better and more enlightened understanding of the problem as a whole.





## FRED H. BROWN

BY ROBERT JACKSON

IN keeping with the general dislocation wrought by war, political majorities the world over have become astonishingly unstable. In New Hampshire it has been evident for some years past that the centre of political gravity has not rested in either of the great parties but was rather to be sought in a steadily increasing body of independent opinion not definitely inclined toward either Democratic or Republican tenets, which has been swinging from one side to the other, little influenced by partisan considerations. Notwithstanding general recognition of this development, there was something cataclysmic in the effect of the tremendous reversal of public sentiment at the last election. In a brief two years a Republican plurality of 31,000 was converted into a Democratic plurality of 11,000 although the total vote cast but slightly exceeded 131,000. Taking percentages into account, New Hampshire registered the greatest political overturn recorded in the country.

Like the great convulsions of nature, the event broke without warning. There was no Cassandra seeking to arouse overconfident Republicans against impending danger. No Democratic Isaiah foretold a Babylon fallen. It was indeed a tide too full for sound or foam and it swept out of the gray mist of that November morning and passed on, leaving victor and vanquished alike lost in amaze. Political observers and analysts have been busy assigning responsibility to one cause or another. Worldwide economic forces played their part and general dissatisfaction and industrial unrest, especially acute in the state's

manufacturing communities, were indubitable agencies in the Republican defeat. But whatever reasons may be assigned for the recent *debacle*, the victory of the Democratic candidate for governor was too overwhelming not to be construed as a personal triumph and it is clear that his salient and attractive personality supplied the final element essential to so decisive a result.

The orthodox biographical sketch is fashioned to a rigid formula which leaves much to be desired. It recites the date and place of its subject's birth, the names of his father and mother—her maiden name scrupulously enclosed in parenthesis, the schools and colleges he attended. It records the titles and dignities he has acquired, not omitting corporation directorates, club memberships and fraternal affiliations. It affirms his unswerving allegiance to the principles of this religious faith and that political party, and usually concludes with a defiant declaration, carrying somehow a hint of the "Believe it or Not" cartoons, that he is a well beloved and highly respected member of his community. All of which is about as valuable for the purpose of gaining knowledge of the individual as would be a description of the clothes he wears.

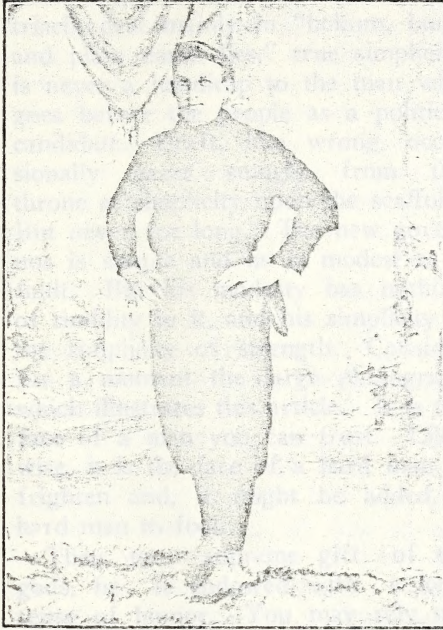
It is a simple enough matter to say of Fred Brown that he was born in Ossipee in 1879, that his father is Dana J. Brown (who, by the way, looks no older than his son), and that his mother's name is Nellie Allen Brown; that he was educated at Dow Academy in Franconia, Dartmouth College and Boston University Law School. At Dartmouth he was a







member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. It may also be noted in passing that he was a freshman in the Class of 1903 when Channing Cox, governor of Massachusetts, was a junior in the Class of 1901. There was a transparency in the parade at the Somersworth celebration proclaiming that "he rode the goat and got the vote" so it is probably safe to add that



FRED H. BROWN  
IN UNIFORM

he is a Mason. In religion he is a Congregationalist. That he is a Democrat has recently been widely advertised. He is unmarried and has been mayor of Somersworth so long that almost the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. A Wilson and Marshall elector in 1912, he was appointed United States District Attorney in 1914 and served until 1922. Adhering to our formula, it may be added that he is apparently well thought of in his home town.

But after these items, all and singular, have been duly recorded, you still have left the man himself untouched. The recital throws no light on a personality which has made him so formidable a political champion. Let it not be forgotten that he has never been defeated in a contest for public office and this notwithstanding his party has been a minority party. What is the secret of his remarkable vote-getting power? There isn't any secret about it. If you knew a man of agreeable manner, who was straightforward, easy to know and understand, courageous, square, a good story teller himself and an appreciative listener to your stories, and in addition he possessed a great fund of common sense, you would think he was a pretty good man to vote for, even if he were the candidate of the opposing party. Well, Fred Brown has all these attributes. Moreover, he has certain special characteristics that add materially to his strength as a popular leader.

First, he is thoroughly a New Hampshire product. He was born here, spent his youth here, was educated here, and has lived his life here. He thinks and feels and acts just as a great majority of his fellow New Hampshire men think and feel and act. He understands them and they understand him. If an expert psychologist could measure his impulses and reactions and compare them with the impulses and reactions of a thousand New Hampshire men chosen at random for the purpose, it would probably appear that his line on the chart diverged but slightly from the average. Such a man enjoys a tremendous advantage in the field of politics. It is unnecessary for him to speculate on the attitude of the electorate. He knows and sympathizes with that attitude instinctively.





His own reactions will inevitably and unconsciously be the reactions of a majority. Thus he advocates his views with all the sincerity and force that spring from profound conviction, while a less fortunate opponent must resort to the faltering gestures of expediency.

In spite of the occasional ascendancy of gentlemen who, in the incisive words of a North Country patriarch, deal mainly in "hokum, bunk and plain damn lies," true simplicity is never a handicap to the man who goes before the people as a political candidate. Craft, like wrong, occasionally gazes smugly from the throne at simplicity upon the scaffold. But never for long. The new governor is simple and he is modest to a fault. But his modesty has nothing of timidity in it, and his simplicity is the simplicity of strength. Consider for a moment the large photograph which illustrates this article. It is the face of a man you can trust. Likewise, it is the face of a hard man to frighten and, it might be added, a hard man to fool.

Then, too, supreme gift of the gods, he is endowed with a keen sense of humor. You may rely upon his instant appreciation of the comic under any circumstances. At Somersworth, when they celebrated his election, speaker after speaker nominated him for future honors, beginning with a second term as governor and reaching a climax when the presiding officer introduced him as a potential occupant of the White House. You could see the incipient smile grow upon the face of the governor-elect until it burst into a hearty, spontaneous, full-sized laugh. "If there had been any more speakers here tonight," he said "I guess I'd have been nominated for ruler of the world." No need to worry lest

such a man be spoiled by praise too fulsome.

Fred Brown was for a time a professional baseball player. He played on several teams, the best of which was the Boston Nationals. Before that he played at Dartmouth. It is no exaggeration to say that he was the best all-round ball player who has matriculated at Hanover in the last thirty years. Very few catchers in the history of the game can have excelled him in throwing to bases. The ball travelled like a bullet and always true to the mark.

Those of you who are versed in the technique of baseball, ponder these facts. At Williamstown, Williams base runners three times attempted to steal second. Each time the runner was caught so far off the bag that instead of continuing and taking a chance on sliding, he turned back and attempted to regain the base he had just left. And these men were the fastest and most skillful base runners on the Williams team. I doubt if so prodigious a feat has been surpassed in a game between teams of this class. In a game between Somersworth and Dover, the Dover management had rounded up a group of professionals from the New England, Eastern and National Leagues, including Hugh Duffy, for several years the heaviest hitter in the National League, and George Mahoney of the St. Louis Cardinals. Pitching for Somersworth, Fred Brown struck out fifteen men, Duffy being a victim twice and Mahoney three times. His team was victorious by a score of 4 to 0 and he drove in two of those runs with a terrific three base hit, scoring himself immediately afterward. While at Dartmouth his batting average exceeded .400. Above all, he was a great competitor and rose to his





greatest heights under the extreme pressure of emergencies. Such infrequent mistakes as he made came when they cost the least and in a crisis, when the result of a game hung in the balance, he was supreme.

He gained his preparatory education at Dow Academy in Franconia. This school, less known than its merit deserves, is set in a physical environment of incomparable beauty. Dominating the eastern horizon rises the mighty summit of Mt. Lafayette where morning and evening the slanting rays of the sun kindle into white flame the cross high on its up-thrust shoulder. To the southward dreams the exquisite Landaff Valley, its more distant meadows half lost under the shadowy charm of Moosilauke. Close at hand a little river, the south branch of the Ammonoosuc, hurries noisily over its shallows. A typical New England village of white houses with green blinds straggles along a mile or so of the main street. It was in this setting, on an afternoon in May of the early nineties, that I first saw the boy who is now to be Governor. It was at a time in my life when I labored under the delusion that I was a pitcher of promise. The innocent victims of my ambition were my fellow players from the Littleton High School. The game with Dow Academy had assumed an importance in our young lives such as no world's series has ever yet attained. There was a chubby, blond boy about fourteen catching on the academy team. Nothing much had happened until about the middle of the game when this boy came to bat with two on bases and two out. Some misguided philosopher says the mind automatically rejects unpleasant memories. It is not true. As I write, nearly thirty years after,

I recall vividly my efforts to keep the ball on the inside corner. I can hear the crack of that bat and see the low trajectory of the ball as it sped over the centerfielder's head and into the river for a home run. I conceived an instant respect for the prowess of that chubby, blond lad which has never diminished in the years that have since elapsed.

Later at Hanover, in a game against Brown University, I saw him at a crucial moment score the present vice president of the Western Electric Company and a prospective Vermont bank president with a smoking single over short, while he who is now president of Dartmouth and another who is now Governor of Massachusetts howled their heads off as undergraduate rooters in the stands. And then he saved the game he had already won by digging a low throw out of the dirt and, utterly reckless of plunging spikes, putting the ball unfalteringly on the runner as he came crashing into the plate. There is the acid test of courage and poise. Let him who doubts try the experiment. These two incidents are perhaps of trivial importance in themselves but they serve to illustrate a habit Fred Brown has. He can be depended upon in emergencies and he will do fearlessly whatever is necessary be done.

In the recent primary campaign he was waited upon by a delegation who took exception to the manner in which he had maintained order on a certain occasion of industrial trouble in Somersworth. They received short shrift. After stating that if the same circumstances arose again, he would follow the same course, he added "I don't want votes on conditions. But here is something for you gentlemen to think over. You need me more than I need you." To







their credit let it be said that they supported him.

The campaign was remarkably free from personalities and from the abuse and vilification which too frequently have stained political contests of other years. Almost at its very close, however, one Republican speaker made a bitter personal attack upon the Democratic candidate which was given a conspicuous display upon the front page of the leading daily newspaper of the state. Fred Brown read it carefully—and laughed. "In his first paragraph he has only made three misstatements of fact," he said, "but this outburst reminds me that this gentleman one time aspired to be a prizefighter. He came to Somersworth to fight Arthur Cote. Cote was too fast for him and jabbed him into a state of exasperation with a fast left hand. So at the beginning of the third round, our orator rushed from his corner, threw both arms about his opponent's neck and bit him in the ear. He's trying similar tactics on me. Let it go without comment." There you have the saving grace of a sense of humor and common sense. And in mentioning the latter quality, it may be said that if the School of Life conferred degrees, it would proclaim Fred Brown Master of Common Sense.

No recital of anecdotes connected with the governor-elect would be complete without including one of a distinctly humorous character which concerns Hanover in the winter of 1900. Dartmouth men of that day will remember the "Golden Corner" where now the ample porch of College Hall lifts its slender columns and the youth of this academic generation gather to while away their hours of ease in speculation on the

prospects of the team and leisurely observation of the passing throng. There then stood on this site a huge mansion of amorphous architecture which once had been the residence of a citizen of affluence and importance, but now, long since subjected to the democratizing influences of time, served the unromantic but utilitarian purpose of housing Lew Mead's drug store and Davidson's dry goods emporium. In Lew Mead's, men gathered between classes to "cut the book" for drinks and cigarettes, occasionally varying the monotony by indulgence in a particularly vicious pastime which consisted in casually lifting an egg from the cut glass bowl which rested upon the soda fountain bar and surreptitiously placing it in the coat pocket of some unsuspecting customer whose attention was concentrated for the moment upon other affairs. The climax came when the egg was scrambled by a sudden blow upon the outside of the pocket. The surprise and horror of the victim as he drew exploring fingers dripping yellow albuminoids from the pocket's dreadful depths were only exceeded by the spontaneous and lurid warmth of his vocabulary, while the perpetrator of the outrage sought sanctuary in parts remote and more secure. A contemporaneous practice which, after the fashion of so many of the exotic conceits of a college community, attained a considerable vogue only to lapse into desuetude, was usually reserved for the early hours of the tranquil Hanover evenings. A window would be raised in Reed or Sanborn or Crosby as youthful impulse prompted and exuberant spirits would find expression in a prolonged, stentorian howl of no significance whatever. Immediately other windows would go up and an-





swering voices give tongue until the swelling clamor filled the night with bedlam. When the group urge for vocal expression had been satisfied, the tumult would subside and the dark resume its wonted calm.

Fred Brown roomed on the top floor of Davidson's Block above Mead's drug store. One February night he had been visiting in Thornton Hall and about midnight started to return home across the campus. Half way to his destination his attention was arrested by what he thought was smoke issuing from the roof of the Davidson building. After a moment he concluded it was some illusion of frost and continued on his way. But when he reached the sidewalk in front of the block it was all too clear that it was smoke and more; sparks and flame were distinctly visible. He looked about. No living thing was in sight. The silence and solitude were complete. He filled his lungs, threw back his head, and at the top of his voice shouted "Fire!" Again and again the cry rang through the astringent winter air. For a moment or two there was no response. Then a window flew up and an angry voice bellowed, "Go to bed, you drunken fool!" Other windows were raised and other voices joined the chorus, "Shut up, you're drunk!" "Go to sleep!" "Lock him up!" and advice of a similar tenor shattered the night air until the entire campus resounded with the hubbub. Meanwhile, the discoverer of danger, indifferent to satire and deaf to taunts, continued his endeavors to lift his own voice above the din and to arouse a stubbornly incredulous community to its peril. His frantic efforts only served to stimulate his detractors to new invention of epithet and more blatant shouts. His alarm increased.

The flames were rapidly approaching the room which sheltered his own lares and penates, such as they were, for it cannot truthfully be said that he ever devoted much attention to making his apartment other than an abode of Spartan simplicity. The situation rapidly became hopeless. The Dartmouth motto "*Vox clamantis in deserto*," adopted by Eleazer Wheelock when the greater part of New Hampshire and Vermont was shrouded in lonely leagues of green forest, was justifying a modern application; but the unheeded voice was crying not in a wilderness of silence, but in a wilderness of sound. At last, after ten minutes of uproar, someone divined that it was not all a joke and turned in an alarm. But the damage had been done. The building burned to the ground. More of the contents might have been salvaged had not those engaged in the work of rescue suddenly developed a refinement of taste hitherto unsuspected and paused overlong in Davidson's store making choice of articles of clothing of their own sizes and favorite designs before proceeding with their task. Legend has it that one deliberately tried on four pairs of rubber boots and six Mackinaws before finding the proper sizes while the flames consumed the flooring at his very feet. To add to the excitement, two others, reported to be Ernest Martin Hopkins and Guy Ham, with great exertion and meticulous attempts to avoid scratches, dragged an upright piano to a third floor window and then dropped it crashing to the ground. In justice to the gentlemen named, it should be said that the report of their identity has never been confirmed. And it is probably safe to say that when Fred Brown again has a communication to make to the





citizens of Hanover, his words will be accorded a different reception than they received on that frosty midnight twenty-two years ago.

Doubtless it would be easy to justify the assertion that no New Hampshire chief executive has concluded his term of office without having errors of omission or commission justly charged against him. Some bold statistician has figured that if you are right three times out of five in solving the ordinary problems of life you are entitled to a place in the ranks of the truly great. How should we rate a governor then who maintains this average the while he grapples with questions infinitely more perplexing and about which too frequently the blind, unreasoning, relentless partisans are ranged in two great hordes? And yet how often that average is exceeded. The new governor will not prove infallible. Certain it is to those who know him that he would be the last to claim infallibility. But it is equally sure that the sanity of mind which enables him to see things in their true perspective will not permit him to go far astray.

Already the misanthropes are crying trouble because it happens that a majority of the governor's council which, under our constitution, forms an integral part of the executive branch of the government are of Republican faith. May I be pardoned for venturing into the field of pro-

phesy. The Jeremiahs will be disappointed. The members of the council are not unknown quantities. They are all men of ability who have had wide experience in public affairs and who enjoy the confidence of their fellow citizens to an unusual degree. There has never been a circumstance in their public careers which would justify the inference that they would resort to narrowly partisan or obstructive tactics in an effort to gain some petty personal or political advantage. Differences of opinion will undoubtedly arise; but they will be honest differences of opinion which will be composed on both sides in a spirit of mutual toleration and co-operation. They will be confronted by difficult and urgent problems. Instead of wasting time and effort in dissension, there will be a concerted effort to give to New Hampshire the best administration of which they are capable.

And now one suggestion to the councilors. Some day when you are gathered in the high-vaulted council chamber under the benign gaze of those old governors who look down upon you from its walls, and the pressure of business relaxes so that you have an idle hour upon your hands, persuade this new governor to tell you tales drawn from his experiences on the diamond, in the courts and the political arena. For he is a *raconteur* of parts.





# A PROGRAM FOR TAXATION

By RAYMOND B. STEVENS.

THE most important and difficult question before the coming legislature is the question of taxation. Taxation has always been and always will be a continual problem, but in New Hampshire today it is particularly acute. All students of our state tax system have long realized that our system of taxation is antiquated, and entirely inadequate for modern conditions. Moreover, the tremendous increase in recent years in the amount of money raised for public purposes has made the inequalities of that system especially burdensome. The causes of the inequalities are two. First, the unequal assessment of property subject to taxation. Second, the large amount of wealth which escapes any contribution to the public expenditures. Of these two causes, the second is by far the more important. Eighty per cent. of all the taxes in the state are raised from real estate which includes, of course, buildings and improvements. The balance of twenty per cent. is largely covered by taxes on live stock, stock in trade, automobiles, and savings bank tax.

The wealth of the state represented by investments in securities, stocks, bonds, and notes contributes practically nothing. This amount of wealth has been estimated at anywhere from \$500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. It undoubtedly exceeds the total amount of all taxable wealth, which is between \$500,000,000 and \$600,000,000. Stock with the exception of that of national banks is not taxable at all in any form. Bonds and notes are taxed as property at the going rate of

taxation and at their full face value. This method of taxation is clearly confiscatory. A thousand dollar railroad bond paying five per cent. interest or fifty dollars per year is assessed for one thousand dollars, and at the average rate of taxation for the state of \$2.50 per hundred would pay a tax of \$25 per year, or fifty per cent. of the income. The result of this method of taxation is to force people to sell their bonds or evade the tax.

The only class of investments which make substantial contribution are savings bank deposits. Savings banks pay annually three quarters of one per cent. on the amounts of all deposits, excluding the amount loaned out on New Hampshire real estate at five per cent. or less. This in effect is a tax upon depositors, since all savings banks by law are mutual companies not operating for profit. The state tax merely reduces by that amount the interest payable to depositors. This tax is equal to fifteen per cent. of the income from savings bank depositors. This is a very burdensome unjust tax levied upon a class of people least able to pay.

It will be obvious that this system of taxation is particularly burdensome to real estate, and especially to certain forms of real estate, farms, and small homes, and city and village property. Moreover such property is generally more highly assessed than any other class of property, because it is held in small units, frequently changes hands, its market value is easily ascertained.

Briefly stated, the problem is to find new sources of revenue. Such





increased revenue, of course, must be used to afford relief from the unjust burden now laid upon real estate, live stock and other forms of tangible property, and not merely to encourage increased expenditures. This is a difficult problem under any circumstances. In New Hampshire it is further complicated by the restrictions laid upon the legislature by the Supreme Court in its construction of the taxing power given the legislature in our constitution. Some brief statement of the history of our taxation and the interpretation of the constitution is necessary to an understanding of the difficulties of the problem.

In the main, our system of taxation is that adopted when the state was founded more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago. In those primitive times real estate, live stock and stock in trade covered practically all the wealth of the state, and that system was just, adequate, and a fairly accurate measure of the ability of men to pay. In the grant of power to the legislature to levy taxes, the constitution provides that the "taxes must be reasonable and proportional." In its earliest decisions, the Supreme Court took the position that "proportional" required all property to be treated alike. Any property or class of property might be exempted entirely from taxation, but if taxed, must be taxed by the same uniform method. This rule of uniformity of treatment was a sound rule applied to primitive conditions when property was more or less uniform. Under our modern developments of property such a rule is senseless and is entirely responsible for our present unjust, unreasonable distribution of the tax burdens.

Under these limitations imposed

by the Court there is no way by which the class of wealth represented by investments, salaries, professional earnings can be reached. The only method of dealing with this kind of property or income is on the basis of an income tax. Such a tax has generally been supposed to be contrary to the constitution, although the Supreme Court in its last opinion, indicated that it might be still an open question. The constitutional convention of 1912 and the last constitutional convention both submitted to the people amendments giving power to the legislature to impose income taxes. Both times these amendments failed to receive the necessary two-thirds majority.

Consequently there will be two different questions before the coming legislature. First, what action can it take under the constitution as it is to-day? Second, what steps can be taken to secure the necessary changes in the constitution?

Unfortunately, there is little that the legislature can do under the present constitution, and even some of these proposals are subject to constitutional doubt.

There are three changes in our present tax law which have been suggested. First, a different distribution of the railroad tax. At present one fourth of the railroad tax is distributed to towns and cities where railroad property is located. The remaining three fourths is distributed first to the communities in which stockholders reside, the balance, representing foreign stockholders and stocks held by trustees or institutions, is retained by the state. Since railroad stock is not taxed nor taxable, there is neither logic nor justice in distributing part of this tax to communities where stockholders reside. This





distribution is a benefit to a few cities and towns and is unjust to the rest of the state. It is proposed that hereafter the three fourths of the railroad tax should be entirely retained by the state. This will increase the state revenue by about \$125,000 a year, and will make possible a corresponding reduction in the direct state tax.

It is also proposed to increase substantially the rates of taxation upon collateral and direct inheritances. The rates in New Hampshire are lower than those in other states and the amount of revenue derived by the state could be about doubled without hardship and without making our rates out of line with other eastern states. Here again, though, there is a constitutional question involved. While the constitution expressly gives the legislature power to levy inheritance taxes, it is held by some lawyers that this general power does not include power to levy graded taxes, with higher rates upon the larger estates. Our direct inheritance tax has exemptions and is graded. So far the question has not been tried out as to whether or not this present graded tax is constitutional. Undoubtedly an increase in the rates would bring about a trial on this question.

A large part of the increase in taxation is due to the maintenance of our highways. We now secure from automobiles a larger revenue per automobile than any other state in the Union. It is proposed to reduce somewhat the present tax on automobiles and levy a tax upon gasoline. This tax would be levied upon the wholesale companies selling gasoline in New Hampshire, and eventually, of course, would be borne by the users of gasoline. Many states have adopt-

ed a gasoline tax. Obviously it is a much fairer way of distributing part of the burden of the maintenance of the highways. Moreover it would secure a much larger contribution from out-of-the-state cars, which use our highways. This proposal has received general public approval. However, here again, a constitutional question is involved. Undoubtedly, such a law, if passed, would be questioned, and carried to the Supreme Court. In view of some of the decisions of the Court in the past, it is extremely doubtful what the action of the Court would be.

These three measures, if adopted and upheld by the Court, would probably add to the state revenue in the vicinity of \$1,000,000. While it is desirable to secure this additional revenue if possible, it would go but a small way towards giving the necessary relief to real estate and other tangible property. Obviously, no substantial relief can be afforded except by securing a reasonable contribution from the owners of securities, stocks, bonds, and so-called intangibles. It has been suggested that even without constitutional amendments some revenue could be derived from this class of wealth. In Governor Spaulding's administration, the Supreme Court handed down an opinion stating that the income from stocks, bonds, and money at interest might be taxed as local property and at the local rate. Such a tax would be entirely inadequate from the point of view of revenue, and it is extremely doubtful if it is worth the attempt.

What can the coming legislature do to bring about the removal of the constitutional limitations which now prevent the adoption of just and reasonable tax laws? There





are two courses open. First, the legislature could vote to submit to the people at the next election the question of whether a convention should be called to amend the constitution. If such a resolution were passed, the people at the next election would vote upon the question. If the vote was in the affirmative the next legislature would provide for calling a constitutional convention. The amendments proposed by such a convention would have to be submitted at the next general election or special election. Such amendments, of course, would have to receive a two-thirds majority. Under this method, if every step succeeded, it would be at least five years before legislation granting relief could be passed. Five years is a long time to wait, and yet the delay would give ample time for a campaign of public education, which would be sure to result in the adoption by the people of the necessary amendments.

Another method offering much more immediate action has been suggested. Governor Brown has pointed out that the last constitutional convention is still in existence, and could be recalled by the chairman, and he has further stated, that if the coming legislature should pass a resolution requesting him so to do, he would, being chairman of the constitutional convention, immediately re-convene the convention. It is supposed the convention would immediately vote to re-submit the same amendments which have already twice been submitted to the people. These amendments could be voted on at the regular March Town Meetings, and at a special election for the cities called at the same time. If adopted in this third attempt, the coming legislature would be in a

position to exercise the power granted in the proposed amendments. Now, there are two objections to this proposal. First, it is not at all certain that the people, having twice turned down the proposals, will now adopt them. It seems unwise to make the attempt, unless there is an excellent chance of adoption. Opinions vary widely on this point. There has been in the last year considerable agitation and public discussion of taxation, and the need of constitutional changes. Personally, I am inclined to believe that the work already done, supplemented by intense work in the next few months would result in the adoption of the proposed amendments.

There is another objection more serious, and that is, that the amendments proposed by the last constitutional convention are limited in their scope, and would leave unsettled many constitutional difficulties regarding taxation. The amendments, if adopted, would permit the imposition of graded income taxes, and would settle the question of the constitutionality of a graded inheritance tax, but it would still leave open the question of taxing timber lands, and also the question involved in levying of such taxes as the one proposed on gasoline. If the convention, when assembled, would adopt one simple amendment, in effect removing the word "proportional" from the constitution, and giving the legislature general power to pass any reasonable tax laws and to classify property for the purpose of taxation, it would, in my judgment, be well worth trying. Such a general amendment would be more certain of adoption than the limited piecemeal proposals submitted by the last convention and also that of 1912.





# LAST YEAR OF THE OLD REGIME

By H. H. METCALF

IN these "latter days" party ascendancy veers suddenly from one side to the other, in state and nation, on the waves of popular discontent, with little regard to party policy or political principle. In the earlier days the situation was entirely different. For more than a generation, previous to 1855, the Democratic-Republican party, founded by Jefferson, whose leading disciple in New Hampshire was John Langdon, first president of the United States Senate, held power in New Hampshire, and the country at large, with one or two brief interregnums occasioned by factional divisions, through the fixed adherence of a majority of the people to its proclaimed principles; but went out of power in the state in the year named, and in the nation a few years later, through the growth of the anti-slavery sentiment.

The election of 1854 was the last in New Hampshire at which a clear majority of all the votes cast were for the Democratic ticket, until that of November last. At that election there were 122 scattering votes; Jared Perkins, the Free Soil candidate, received 11,080 votes; James Bell, Whig, 16,941, and Nathaniel B. Baker, Democrat, 29,788, a clear majority of 1,605 for Baker, above all others. Since that time no Democratic candidate for Governor has been accorded a majority of the popular vote, until at the last election, Fred H. Brown, the Democratic nominee, was elected by a majority of more than 11,000. It is true that in four different years, in the long period from 1855 to 1922, the gubernatorial chair of the State was

occupied by Democrats—in 1871 and 1874 by James A. Weston, and in 1913-14 by Samuel D. Felker; but in neither case was the Governor elected by a majority in the popular vote; but by the legislature, through a combination of Democrats and Labor Reformers, in the first instance, and of Democrats and Progressive Republicans in the last.

Nathaniel B. Baker, who was the last of the old time Democrats to hold the chief magistracy of the State, into which he was inducted in June, 1854—the state election occurring on the second Tuesday in March, and the legislature convening on the first Wednesday in June in those days—was a native of the town of Hillsborough, born September 29, 1818, and was, consequently, but 35 years of age at the time of his election—one of the youngest men ever elected to the position. He had been educated for the bar but took a deep interest in politics, as a Champion of Democratic principles; was for a time editor of the *New Hampshire Patriot*, served as a member of the House of Representatives from Concord in 1851 and 1852, in which latter year he was also one of the presidential electors who cast the vote of the State for Pierce and King. He held the office of Clerk of the Common Pleas and Superior Courts for Merrimack County at the time of his election. He was re-nominated for Governor by the Democratic State Convention, then held during the legislative session, but as the party went to defeat in the following election, his tenure of office was for a single year only, and he terminated his residence in





the State the year after his term expired, removing to Clinton, Iowa, in 1856, where he served in the State legislature, and as Adjutant General of the State from 1861 till his decease—September 11, 1876, at the age of 53.

There was a clear Democratic majority in both branches of the legislature, in this year of Gov. Baker's administration, the Senate—then composed of twelve members—having ten Democratic members and the Whigs but two, those last being William Haile of Hinsdale and Nathan Parker of Manchester. Jonathan E. Sargent of Wentworth was elected president of the Senate; George C. Williams of Lancaster, Clerk, and Charles Doe of Rollinsford, Assistant Clerk. It is not a little significant that Messrs. Sargent and Doe later became ardent Republicans, and not long after landed upon the bench of the Supreme Court, where each was for some time Chief Justice.

In the House of Representatives, which was Democratic by a small majority, Francis R. Chase, then of Conway, but later of Northfield, was chosen Speaker, receiving 156 votes to 153 for Mason W. Tappan of Bradford, the candidate of the Whig and Free Soil combination. Ellery A. Hibbard of Laconia was chosen Clerk, receiving 157 votes to 149 for James O. Adams of Manchester, while Anson S. Marshall of Concord was made Assistant Clerk.

It may be interesting to note the names of some of the members of the House, on both sides, who subsequently became prominent in public life in various official capacities. Among them were such men as Ichabod Goodwin, James W. Emery and Daniel Marcy of Portsmouth; John D. Lyman, then of Milton but

later of Exeter; Mason W. Tappan of Bradford; George W. Nesmith of Franklin; Daniel Clark of Manchester; Aaron P. Hughes and Aaron F. Stevens of Nashua; Person C. Cheney of Peterboro; Josiah G. Dearborn of Weare; Jonathan H. Dickey of Acworth; John G. Sinclair of Bethlehem; William P. Weeks of Canaan; John L. Rix of Haverhill; Aaron H. Cragin of Lebanon; Samuel Herbert of Rumney and Jacob Benton of Lancaster. Two of these men subsequently became Governors of the State, three United States Senators, five Representatives in Congress, one a Justice of the Supreme Court, one a Judge of the United States District Court, one a Secretary of State and one Speaker of the House.

Very little in the line of actual legislation was accomplished at this session of the Legislature, though it extended into the second week of July, making it a long session for those days. The time was largely occupied by partisan wrangling and debate, a protracted debate being carried on over a certain resolution denouncing the Kansas-Nebraska bill, enacted by Congress, repealing the Missouri Compromise, so-called, and permitting the people of territories, themselves, to determine whether slavery should or should not be allowed within their limits. The resolution failed of adoption; but a great deal of bitterness was engendered by the discussion.

Another cause of the failure to do much real business was a long contest over the choice of a United States Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Charles G. Atherton, which had been temporarily filled, by the appointment by the Governor of Jared W. Williams of Lancaster. Many balloting were





had but no choice was effected. John S. Wells of Exeter was the Democratic nominee, and came within a narrow margin of election each time, but failed through the defection of a few Democratic members who were close friends of Franklin Pierce, then President, who had taken a strong personal dislike to

ed by this legislature, the first being a bill requiring notice of marriage intentions to be filed with the town clerk. Among others were those empowering married women to make wills; dividing the town of Lyman and creating the town of Monroe, and changing the name of Poplin to Fremont. There were,



Courtesy, The Kimball Studio, Concord, N. H.

#### NATHANIEL B. BAKER

Mr. Wells, on account of something said or done by the latter, who was, nevertheless, one of the ablest lawyers and most brilliant orators in the State, and who, after the failure to elect, was appointed by Governor Baker, and held the office until the election the following year of John P. Hale.

Only eighteen public acts were pass-

however, quite a number of private acts, mostly of incorporation or increasing the capital stock of existing corporations. Many new state banks were incorporated; also the Manchester Locomotive Works, the Claremont, Keene and Exeter Gas Light Companies, the Claremont Railroad Company, the Abbot Coach Company of Concord, the Webster





Mills of Franklin and the New Hampshire State Teachers' Association.

The legislature elected John L. Hadley of Weare, who had served for four years previously, Secretary of State. He was the last Democrat holding that office until 1874, the year of Governor Weston's second administration, when Josiah G. Dearborn, of the same town, was chosen. In 1871, when Weston was first chosen Governor, John H. Goodale of Nashua, Labor Reformer, was Secretary of State and Leander W. Cogswell of Henniker, Treasurer, these offices being accorded the Labor Reformers for their few votes for Weston for Governor. Walter Harriman of Warner was chosen State Treasurer. He had served the previous year in the same capacity, and his annual report, filed for that year, showed the entire receipts into the treasury, from all sources, to have been \$138,751.11; while the total expenditures of the state government for the year were \$110,614.38—a remarkable contrast with present time figures.

The Governor's salary at this time was \$1,000 per year, that of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, \$1,400, while the three associate justices and the three judges of the Court of Common Pleas—the trial court of those days—received \$1,200 each. John J. Gilchrist of Charlestown, who was soon after made Chief Justice of the United States

Court of Claims at Washington, was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and Andrew S. Woods of Bath, Ira A. Eastman of Gilmanton and Samuel D. Bell of Manchester were the Associate Justices; while the Common Pleas judges were Charles R. Morrison of Haverhill, George G. Sawyer of Nashua, and Josiah Minot of Concord.

The probate judges, at that time, as now, were appointed by the Governor and Council; but their compensation was very different, and consisted of certain fees, which amounted, during the previous year, to \$546.52 for the Rockingham County judge, and ranged all the way down to \$93.17 for the Coos County judge.

All the department reports for the year including those of the trustees, superintendent and treasurer of the Hospital for the Insane, the Bank Commissioner, Insurance Commissioner, Railroad Commissioner, Adjutant General, State Librarian, Warden, Physician and Chaplain of the State Prison, etc., were printed and bound in the same volume with the journals of the Senate and House, the whole for the year 1854 included in 960 pages—another sharp contrast with the present day output in this line. Many other contrasts between present day and earlier time operations and expenditures might be presented, but are uncalled by the scope of this article.





# A MYSTERY OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY GEORGE WILSON JENNINGS.

ONE of our famous authors once said, "there is a profound charm in mystery—every grain of sand is a mystery; so is every one of the flowers in summer, and so is every snowflake in winter. Both upwards and downwards, and all around us, science and speculation pass in mystery at last."

In 1768 an event occurred at the home of the writer's maternal great grandparent, Jacob Sheafe of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. This event has puzzled the descendants of this once-renowned family for many generations. Whether or no a man is to be classed as peculiar who vanishes without rhyme or reason on his wedding night is a question left to the reader's decision.

Mr. James McDonough was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was richly endowed in this world's goods and was the fortunate suitor of Margaret Sheafe, who was the youngest daughter of Jacob Sheafe, a well-known merchant of his day. Mr. Sheafe was a man of affluence and known as one of the richest men in the Colonies. The Sheafe and McDonough families had been close personal friends and neighbors for many years. Margaret Sheafe and James McDonough were playmates in their childhood. This friendship culminated in this young couple's engagement.

Miss Sheafe at this time was twenty-three years of age. She possessed a great charm of personality, combined with rare talents which gave her an enviable place in the most exclusive and aristocratic circles of society in that city. Her wedding day was set for

June first, 1768. On that evening the spacious mansion in State Street, the home of the intended bride, was resplendent in floral decorations and was brilliantly lighted for the nuptials. A host of friends of both the bride and groom elect assembled at this hospitable home to wish the happy couple godspeed and witness the launching of their ship on the "matrimonial sea," (the groom having remarked the evening previous to a friend, "I chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, for qualities that will wear well.") In one of the upper rooms were displayed the wedding gifts which were rare and very beautiful, many from foreign countries; many were considered priceless. Among them was a mantel mirror having a Parian marble frame combined with silver, this having come from Balboa, Spain. In the lower main hall were stationed the artists who were to render the music on the harp, mandolin and spinet.

The banquet table in the great dining room was a delight to look upon with its rich damask linen, the old family silver and imported china, here and there a shaded candelabrum which cast a sheen of great beauty over this important feature of the occasion. The minister in his robe stood in the drawing room near the magnificent carved mantel-piece, book in hand, and waited. Then followed an awkward silence during this interval. A strange quiet fell upon this gay company and soon the laughing groups became more serious; the very air grew tense with expecta-





tion. In the butler's pantry, Amos Boggs, the butler, in his agitation spilled a bottle of old burgundy over his new cinnamon-colored short clothes.

Then a whisper, a whisper suppressed for over half an hour, seemed to pervade the home. "The bridegroom has not come!"

What had happened to James McDonough? He never came. His disappearance on that night remains a mystery after a lapse of many generations. What had become of James McDonough? The assassination of so notable a person in a community where every strange face was challenged, where every man's antecedents were known, could not have been accomplished without leaving some trace. Not a shadow of foul play was ever discovered. That James McDonough had been murdered or had committed suicide were theories accepted at first by few, and then by no one. On the other hand he was truly in love with his fiancée, the gracious and charming Margaret Sheafe.

James McDonough had wealth and power as well as position. Why had he fled? He was seen on one of the public streets of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the afternoon of his wedding day, and then was never seen again. It was as if he had turned into air.

Meanwhile the bewilderment of the bride-elect was dramatically painful to behold. If James McDonough had been waylaid and killed she could mourn for him. If he had deserted her, she would wrap herself in her pride. But neither course lay open to her, then or afterward. In the King's Chapel Burying Ground, south of the Chapel, Tremont Street, Boston, is the tomb of Jacob Sheafe. On a tablet is found this simple inscription, "Margaret Sheafe, Daughter of Jacob Sheafe of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Died September 1, 1768, Aged 23 years." Mystery hovers over all things here below.

An outline of this event was published many years ago. The writer, being a descendant of Jacob Sheafe, has in his possession the details of the account of this event in the year 1768.





# NEW HAMPSHIRE'S WOMEN LEGISLATORS

BY LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

MUCH has been said in the last few years regarding the benefits that would be likely to result from the introduction of the "Mother element" into the civic life of municipalities, states and the nation. New Hampshire will perhaps feel the effect of this element in the coming session of the Great and General Court.

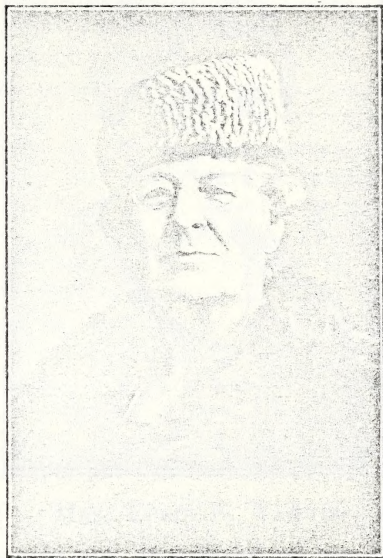
The three women who have been elected to the House of Representatives are all of mature age. They have reached the calm waters beyond the turbulent tide of youth. All have borne children, and thereby experienced the finest of human emotions, mother love. In conversation with them one is impressed with the fact that they have a common desire—to work for measures aimed at social betterment, raising the standard of health and morals in the state and the bringing about of certain reforms with as little hardship as possible to all concerned.

Of the three women Mrs. Emma L. Bartlett of Raymond is the oldest. She is sixty-four years of age, has four children and seven grandchildren. She is alert, well informed, a rapid-fire speaker and her middle name is "Justice." "I just love the people," she says, "and I am keenly interested in all measures which affect their welfare. I do not wish to see any injustice wrought in working out certain measures which are to come before the next session of the legislature."

Mrs. Effie E. Yantis of Manchester is ten years younger than Mrs. Bartlett. She is the wife of a clergyman, and has a married daughter. She is a woman of broad education, is exceptionally talented, is fair-

21  
minded and has some very determined views regarding certain things which she believes should be accomplished in the state and nation.

Mrs. Gertrude Moran Caldwell is the youngest of the trio. She is forty years of age and has four children. She is extremely interested



Photograph by Leslie's Studio.

MRS. EMMA L. BARTLETT

in politics and believes that women can be of great service in this field. She says that service faithfully rendered in the political field is fundamental and imperative in the life of the government.

While Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Yantis do not claim to strict partisanship, Mrs. Caldwell is of the opinion that it is very important that women consider carefully the political parties they may wish to join. "A country the size of America," says Mrs. Caldwell, "must have party government. No large organization





can exist without organization, and, of course, the largest business concern in the world to-day is the American government. The best way for the individual woman to make her influence felt is through the medium of a political party and, for this reason, each woman should be absolutely sure to which party she wishes to pledge herself."

While the three women do not belong to the same political party (Mrs. Yantis is Republican and the other two were elected on the Democratic ticket), all are in favor of the 48-hour law and will work for its passage. On this subject Mrs. Yantis says:

"Eight hours is a long enough working day for any woman. There are two reasons for this. First, most employed women are trying to do their own housework, and second, they are nearly all of mother age.

"I think," says Mrs. Yantis, "that when we do frame up the 48-hour bill we must be careful and not make one mistake that was made in the Massachusetts bill. This bill specifies that women shall not be employed more than eight hours a day or 48 hours a week. Sometimes there is a pressure of work on a rush order and sometimes women would prefer to work nine hours a day and make up for the time in some other part of the week. The bill should provide for not more than nine hours a day for two consecutive days."

Mrs. Yantis calls attention to the fact that while nine states have a 48-hour law, all but Massachusetts are Western agricultural states. Massachusetts is the only industrial state having such a law. In five states there is no limitation of working hours. A fact-finding commission is favored by Mrs. Yantis in the matter of the 48-hour law, and she believes that nothing was ever lost

by a careful investigation of facts.

Of the 48-hour law Mrs. Bartlett says: "I believe in the eight-hour day for women and children. In regard to the labor question, both sides have my sympathy. It is only through co-operation and education that we can come to a fair settlement of the problem. I do not believe in vio-



MRS. EFFIE E. YANTIS

lence in any department of our civic life, in the home, in the schools or in our industries. I consider the plan of a fact-finding commission good, as suggested by Mrs. Yantis."

Mrs. Caldwell will stand by her party platform, and the 48-hour law will consequently receive her strong support.

Mrs. Yantis is strong in her belief that a reform is needed in New Hampshire's marriage laws and will probably introduce a bill in the coming legislature calculated to accomplish this. She says: "I have found upon looking up data regarding our marriage laws that girls of 13 and boys of 14 can marry with the consent of their parents. I think this





should be raised to 16 and 18. Without parents' consent the ages are 16 for girls and 18 for boys. This, I think, should be raised to 19 for girls and 21 for boys. I believe the age of consent should be raised so that girls under 19 and boys under 21 cannot marry without the consent of parents or guardians."

Both Mrs. Yantis and Mrs. Bartlett are avowedly against war. The former says: "We (the women voters) are interested in bringing about a permanent peace through such conferences as the Washington peace parley, through reduction of armaments by international agreements and by the establishment of an international court of arbitration."

Mrs. Bartlett says on this subject: "There are only two things I am radical about, capital punishment and war. War weakens the moral fibre and we get an aftermath of crime. Capital punishment is legalized crime."

"The great subject that is confronting us is war," says Mrs. Bartlett, "and I feel that this country ought to encourage every move toward international good will and mutual aid. These are the only things that will produce permanent peace."

Mrs. Yantis claims one real hobby. It is getting rid of tubercular cattle in the state. She thinks there should be a much larger appropriation for this work and that it should be worked out by the area method; that is, clean up one area at one time and work as little financial hardship as possible on the farmer.

With this movement Mrs. Bartlett professes entire sympathy. She says: "I have been looking rather carefully into the laws governing the elimination of tuberculous cattle from our state. I find that when the state voluntarily tests and condemns an animal the owner receives one-half

its value (previous valuation). When the farmer asks the state to test, if the animal is condemned the total loss is the owner's. It is clear that this law defeats its own successful operation in so far as spontaneous action on the farmer's part is concerned. With laws protecting the owners of cattle from loss, it would be possible, I believe, to enlist the farmers and secure their whole-hearted co-operation in the movement."

In matters pertaining to public health all three women will work unitedly. In this regard Mrs. Yantis asserts that New Hampshire needs better laws. She says that the state is among the highest in its death rate and that one-third of the children in the schools throughout the state are suffering from malnutrition. She believes in more physical education in the schools and in more public health clinics.

Mrs. Caldwell, in her pre-election campaign, took a decided stand upon the abolition of the five-dollar poll tax for women and will probably introduce the bill in the coming session of the legislature to abolish it. In this she is likely to meet with opposition from at least one member of her sex. Mrs. Bartlett says that in her opinion women, having entered into full citizenship, should pay a poll tax. "It preserves their self respect," she declares. "But five dollars is too much. The tax should be so small that it would not be a hardship for any working woman to pay it."

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Mrs. Bartlett was born in Deerfield, January 15, 1859, in the old homestead settled by her paternal ancestors. Her parents were Charles Clinton and Hannah (Lake) Tucker. She attended Coc's Academy at Northwood and, in 1878, graduated from the Plymouth Normal school.





She taught in the public schools of the state for ten years, during four of which she taught in the graded school in Raymond. Mrs. Bartlett, who is the widow of Judge John T. Bartlett, has two sons and two daughters. John T. Bartlett, Jr., of Boulder, Colo., the older son, is a well known magazine writer on economic and industrial subjects. His wife is also a writer. Robert L., a Dartmouth graduate, is with the Western Electric company. Ada Louise is the wife of Ralph Sanborn, station agent at Sanborn, and the younger daughter, Bessie, is the wife of L. D. Dickinson, superintendent of the Faulkner factory in Raymond.

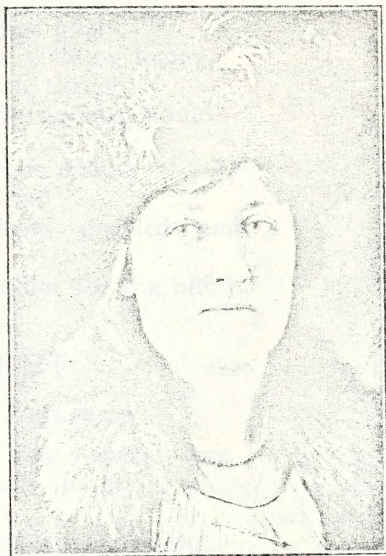
Mrs. Bartlett is deeply interested in the activities of the Women's Civic Club of Raymond, which has one of the finest club houses in the state. She conducts a successful insurance business. She knows every family in Raymond and is known and esteemed by them all. She is "Mother Bartlett" to the young people of the town and says she "just loves young folks."

Effie Earll Yantis was born in Skaneateles, New York, June 28, 1869. She graduated from Skaneateles Academy and in 1888 from the Clinton Liberal Institute. In 1893 she was graduated from Cornell University.

Before her marriage to Mr. Yantis she did illustrating for scientific magazines and made lantern slides for colleges and institutes. She organized the Home-Makers' Club of Manchester, is a member of the New Hampshire Sunday School Association, the Elliott Hospital Associates and the Federation of Women's Clubs. Her husband, Rev. Arnold S. Yantis, is pastor of the First Universalist church of Manchester.

Mrs. Gertrude M. Caldwell, wife

of William W. Caldwell of 190 Deer Street, Portsmouth, is a native of that city. She was born June 2, 1882, the daughter of Stacy G. and Adalaide F. Moran. She graduated from Portsmouth High School in 1901. For the next year she pursued a post graduate course, at the end of which her marriage to Mr. Caldwell took place. She is a member of the Woman's City Club



MRS. GERTRUDE M. CALDWELL

and is a member of the executive board of the Farragut School Parent-Teachers' Association.

Since her high school days Mrs. Caldwell has followed with considerable enthusiasm the political happenings in the country. Her interest deepened with the granting of suffrage to women. She says she believes it the duty of every woman to exercise the privilege of suffrage.

Mrs. Caldwell is pleased with her victory in the recent election and attributes it partly to her stand upon the abolition of the \$5.00 poll tax for women. For several years her ward has gone Republican by a considerable margin.





## MOLE

J. L. McLANE, JR.

Shy mole that in the unseeing dark  
Feeds on the root of flower and weed,  
Beauty has nourished with her spark  
Your body's love and hunger, lust and greed.

Her hand has plumped with grub and root  
Your silvery sleekness, silked your fur:  
Night with her heavenly star-strung lute  
Has claimed you for her lowly worshiper.

Blind little creature, when you push  
Your soft snout through the yielding loam,  
Do you then, even as the lyric thrush,  
Also serve God in your dark-tunneled home?

For we, too, push adventurous snouts  
Into the dark—and yet we find  
That truth is sucked from gnarled and  
knotty doubts  
And God lights spectral candles for the blind.

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## DREAMLIGHT

BY ALICE SARGENT KRIKORIAN.

The moon—a broken silver ring,—makes way  
Through thick opposing clouds, to lie  
Upon the far horizon's rim,  
The stars are blown like blossoms in the sky.

Now, from the river, boughs of rosy mist  
Trail over tops of trees, whose branches sway  
Singing their endless songs,—the folded rose  
Lies with her upturned lips across the way.

Shining like stars of glowing brilliancy,  
They light the path of dreams,—those eyes!  
those eyes!

The rising wind is sounding like the sea,  
As with the dawn the dreamlight pales—and  
dies.

Calm Night, your great white blossoms close  
not yet!

Day, with your roses passion-red, begone!  
Moon, stars, dreamlight, and happiness have  
met!

Oh, would that nevermore might come the  
morn!





## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

**A SCHOOL IN ACTION. DATA ON CHILDREN, ARTISTS, AND TEACHERS: A Symposium.** With Introduction by F. M. McMurtry, Professor of Elementary Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. Published by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

This book spreads before the teacher, in a peculiarly interesting way, the activities of the Bird School, Peterborough, founded in 1917 by Mrs. Arthur Johnson (Joanne Bird Shaw) for the summer instruction of her own children, for those of her neighbors, and for a small group of children from Peterborough village. The book is not the work of any single observer, but is, as its sub-title states, a "symposium": that is to say, a book written by those immediately concerned,—the teachers and pupils themselves. From the beginning of the school, Mrs. Johnson wished to have a complete record of each class, and to this end a stenographer was always in attendance, jotting down verbatim whatever teachers and pupils said to each other day by day in working out their tasks together, their questions, their answers, their unstudied observations and reactions: in short, the whole "conduct" of the education that was under way. From these typewritten stenographic reports a wholly unedited selection has been made and published, giving us a volume of some three hundred pages that are curiously real and vital. These reports are unedited in the sense that they are not "smoothed out" or revised for the sake of attaining some ideal literary standard; they are given frankly and precisely as

the stenographer jotted them down. But the book is very carefully and intelligently selected and arranged so that the reader may get without undue tedium a complete and clear cross-section of the school as a whole and observe it, as it were, in full operation. In this respect the book is a unique experiment in the literature of pedagogy, and a highly successful one.

There are three factors in such a work that are bound to impress the interested observer. First, the head of the school: for a school inevitably takes its tone from its founder or head, derives its programme from its founder's initiative, and depends for its successful conduct upon its founder's enthusiasm and intelligent guidance. The second factor is the teachers, and the third the pupils; and we shall deal with these last two in detail in a moment.

Little or nothing is said in the book of Mrs. Johnson, the school's founder, and yet the school itself and, consequently, the whole book are a permanent memorial to her constructive imagination and executive ability; after reading "A School in Action," a discerning reader will come to the conclusion that both are of an exceptionally high order. She was led to found the school, the Foreword explains, by the conviction "that during the long summer school vacation, often from June to October, the hiatus in the systematic mental training of young children was a very serious handicap to them and entailed much loss of effectiveness in the autumn resumption of school work when several weeks are annually spent in the painful effort to re-





connect with long dropped work and to re-establish habits of attention and application."

She built the school "on a height beside the mountains, on her own estate of some six hundred acres—a charming stone building, with, in addition, open-air pavilions and class room, a laboratory, a workshop for carpentry, and a completely equipped playground. From the very beginning she secured the services of some of the most accomplished teachers of America, teachers of a rank in the academic world of higher education which would preclude their devoting their time to a school for young children did not the experiment occur in summer and did it not also offer possibilities of exceptional interest to them."

So far we have a summer school on a very sound but not altogether unusual basis. But to this Mrs. Johnson, with the bravery of her youth, presently added a touch of genius, by deciding to take on her staff of teachers a small group of creative artists of acknowledged eminence. It was her belief that no one else could give the children the same interest in Music as a composer, in Literature as a writer, in Art as a painter or sculptor; and with the courage of this conviction she managed to give her little school of very young youngsters the high privilege of being taught modelling by Mr. Howard Coluzzi, sculptor, of acquiring some knowledge and love of English prose and verse from Mr. Padraic Colum, the Irish poet and dramatist, of studying the rudiments of music under the direction of Mr. Ernest Bloch, the eminent Swiss composer. To initiate such an experiment requires imagination, and to carry it through requires a tact and executive ability

beyond the average. The book frankly spreads the accomplishment of the problem before one, and when the end is reached and the reader gauges the measure of its success, he can see how much credit is due to the guiding spirit of the founder—whose name is so modestly suppressed throughout the book.

The first group of reports concern themselves with the classes in "Literature" under two successive teachers, Mr. John Merrill and Mr. Colum. Mr. Merrill is a very well known specialist of the Francis Parker School, Chicago, and it is extremely interesting to note his method with the children, for it is probably the perfection of modern scientific pedagogical theory. At each session of his classes he has a definite end in view and, if possible, an even more definite programme of the means to achieve that end. If the poem to be read is, say, "There was a crooked man who went a crooked mile," every possible kind of acting on the part of the class, mental and physical, is brought into play. One child at once becomes a crooked man, another becomes a crooked mouse, and, I daresay, a third becomes a crooked sixpence, and so on. Nothing is allowed to escape. And the guiding principle seems to be Iteration. The reviewer is lost in admiration of Mr. Merrill's patience and thoroughness, and the precision of his predetermined procedure. The verses are acted and discussed to a standstill. But the old-fashioned reader who was not subjected to this form of torture in his childhood is bound to wonder if it is really worth while. It seems to one such, at least, that what happens under such a system is this—the children come to be considered





primarily as the factors in the working out of a theory,—the theory is very fine, the working out is extraordinarily skilful, and the success is a definite contribution to pedagogy. But throughout there has been a subtle and perhaps unconscious transferral of values: in the old days teaching was a means whereby we strove to develop and make happier the pupil; now it seems a bit as if the pupils are the means, the instrument by which one strives to develop and make more perfect the science of teaching. To be sure, the children must acquire something by such a process (human nature, fortunately, is such that children will acquire something under *any* system). One cannot imagine a child under Mr. Merrill failing to understand well nigh exhaustively any bit of literature which Mr. Merrill has determined shall be elucidated; but an understanding of letters is one thing, and a love of letters is quite another. If the reviewer had been brought to an understanding of Shakespeare by such a process, he feels sure that his favorite set of that author's works would long since have come to repose in a convenient ash barrel. He would certainly love him less—and very probably know him better.

With the reports of Mr. Colum's classes we come into a region of more spontaneity: both teacher and pupils seem constantly to take refuge in improvisation, very obviously to their mutual profit and satisfaction. It would be unfair to say that Mr. Colum has no daily "plan" in the sense that Mr. Merrill certainly has. But Mr. Colum's plan is more subtle—and probably less well considered. It leaves room for inspiration, and achieves an im-

mediate *rapproch* between himself and his little flock with a minimum of apparent apparatus. "I am not at all in favour," he writes, "of children being taught poetry by acting it." And an illuminating foot note here adds: "It is interesting to note here the differing opinions of Mr. Merrill, a professional teacher, and Mr. Colum, a professional poet." Mr. Colum gives his reasons: "In the first place it is often putting to a wrong end poetry that should have the child quiet and reflective. Again, the action, the pitch of the voice tends to formalize the poem in their minds, taking away from it the movement that it might have for them, besides associating it with too much agitation."

The stenographic records of Mr. Colum's classes are full of charm, and contain very quaint specimens of the children's essays in verse and prose. One little poem still haunts the reviewer.

"There was a King

Who had a chariot,

And also a daughter

Whose name was Harriet."

Mr. Colum carries his pupils with a wide catholic sweep from Homer to Vachell Lindsay. He is always the poet and story-teller teaching others to love his art, with a delicacy of insight into the temperaments of his young hearers that is as rare as it is delightful. As for the reactions of the children themselves, so spontaneous, so quaintly frank, so humanly delightful, one would like to quote at length did space permit. But the book itself may be bought, and the reviewer urges its purchase by anyone who loves to study children.

After the reports on Literature, follow the reports on the Music classes. Those of Mr. Bloch abound





in wit and wisdom, and are a revelation of what a great musician, through sympathetic understanding, can do with even very young children. Then come the reports of the Psychological Laboratory, in which Dr. Florence Mateer, among other matters, gives in detail the psychological and the Stanford-Binet examination of a typical pupil. One begins reading this section with reluctance, and ends with enthusiasm, for out of the wealth of detail, skilfully and unerringly marshalled there emerges the personality of the boy in his examination in a rounded portrait of such an authenticity and such engaging appeal that one is grateful for such a complete and human document.

And this is the most of the book as a whole, that while giving to the professional student of education the detailed record of a really valuable experiment, it gives to the unprofessional reader a bit of real life, and vivid self-portrayal of a group of children, as well as of a group of teachers, in a way that is at once fresh, ingenuous, and engaging. If one had such a detailed document as this from any past age, it would be considered priceless. And this itself must have a permanent value because of its sincerity and fundamental soundness.

PIERRE La ROSE.

ROADS OF ADVENTURE, by Ralph D. Paine. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin. \$5.

Here is a book! A book to stir the blood of youth and to revitalize the circulation of middle age. A book to charm by its style as well as by its stories.

The adventures set forth are those of the author. All of them are interesting; most of them are entrancing. Some of them have such a

"bite" that one would guess them tainted with fiction did not Ralph Paine vouch for their truth on his honor as a New Hampshire gentleman farmer, law-maker and guardian of juvenile morals.

Autobiography is the most charming of arts when the author can maintain the right balance between himself and the rest of the world. Most autobiographers who succeed do so by stressing their reaction to others rather than the reaction of the world to them. Mr. Paine, in these sketches, has done something of this, but has succeeded even more by the delightful humor with which he treats himself and not a few of his "busted" schemes. He is unsparing in the detection of himself in frequent spasms of what he terms *damfoolitis*.

The book may be divided roughly into four parts. First come a half dozen chapters covering rowing days at Yale in the nineties. Nobody can do this better than Paine. The sketches are equally good reading for the youngster and the oldster. Both will enjoy the spice of excitement. The youngster, at least, may profit by the red-blooded philosophy that underlies them; the oldster, at least, will appreciate the manner in which Paine matches this philosophy against the postures of the Young Intellectuals.

There follow a dozen sketches of filibustering days during the Cuban insurrection, full of swing and color of the most fascinating sort. Then come ten equally stirring chapters on the Spanish War, catching the adventurous atmosphere of the days when war gave comparatively free vent to individual action. These are done with an admirable dash. There are incidental appreciations of some of





especially of Stephen Crane—which add the flavor of literary reminiscence.

The scene then shifts, for a half dozen chapters, to the other side of the world, with vivid pictures of the aftermath of the Boxer uprisings. Then follow random incidents in a newspaperman's career, and finally some of Paine's experiences with the American and British fleets during the World War.

This fat volume of four hundred and fifty pages hardly gives the reader a feeling of satiety. One wonders if the advice of the author's eleven-year-old son to write "The End" was well taken. The titles of the possible additional chapters appeal to the imagination. Perhaps there is more like this splendid book to follow. The reviewer will live in hope.

E. L. P.

### TO R. B.

(A love-lyric after the manner of an earlier age)

By R. W. B.

How dare I dream, dear love,  
     Thou can'st be mine?  
 Too beautiful thy face  
 To share my humble place,  
 Such radiance from above  
     Doth through thee shine.

Thine eyes of deepest blue  
     Do light my way,  
 And scatter wide the gloom  
 That oft would fill my room,  
 And give the world the hue  
     Of brightest day.

The shimmer of thy hair  
     Is more than gold.  
 With dainty ribbon bound,  
 And daisies all around,  
     It doth my heart ensnare,  
     Yea, e'en enfold.

Thy lips are like the dream  
     Of sweetest rose.  
 I crave the vantage rare  
 To taste the nectar there,  
 How heavenly that would seem  
     My heart well knows.

Thy cheeks of softest pink  
     Are like the west  
 When touched by parting ray,  
 As with the dying day  
 The sun doth slowly sink  
     To nightly rest.

In every waking thought  
     I see thy face;  
 And when the darkness falls  
 Within my shadowed walls,  
 Thy spirit fills each spot  
     So full of grace.

Thy love doth make me bold  
     To try my lance.  
 Let me thy champion be!  
 If there be aught in me,  
 For thee it would unfold!  
     Bid me advance!

God, who created me,  
     And her so fair,  
 Make me to rise above  
 Low things, and so to move  
 That I may worthy be.  
     Hear this my prayer.





## BALLAD

BY LOUISE PATTERSON GUYOL.

There was a Jester loved a Queen.  
He pranked about the court  
Gaudy in crimson; and his pride  
He pawned to made her sport.

Painted he was, and hung with bells  
That tinkled like his tongue,  
And for his paint and bitter wit  
None guessed that he was young.

The Queen had hair of curled gold  
And a face like a white flower.  
(The King was old.) To make her smile  
Only the Fool had power.

The Queen walked in the garden-ways;  
The moon was marvellous fair,  
Silverly shining. Mad, the Fool  
Begged one bright lock of hair.

The King was old, the Fool was young.  
The Queen had lips of rose.  
(Behind a twisted yew, the King  
Stood in the garden-close.)

\* \* \* \*

The King is old. About the court,  
Chattering all the while,  
Gambols a Fool in gold. The Queen  
Doth never smile.

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## DAWN

BY LILIAN SUE KEECH.

Black is the night, and hot the stirless air.  
Black as a thought that savors of despair.  
Even the silent trees, against the sky,  
In gruesome and distorted shadows lie.

The crazy screech owl's weird and laughing cry,  
Within the formless space, sounds somewhere nigh.  
All is a black abyss, where Hell may be,  
Where man may hear, but only devils see.





A flapping bat flits, like a banshee, by  
 And from the unseen graveyard, comes a sigh,  
 From those who fain would rise, but must lie still.  
 Afar, off mourns the foolish whip-poor-will.

But presently a hesitating breeze  
 Begins to tremble in the maple trees.  
 A faint light tinges all the murky dark,  
 A few soft notes come from the wakening lark.

Grey breaks the dawn on hill tops fresh and green.  
 A thousand diamonds on the grass are seen,  
 Aurora trails her pink robe in the east,  
 And beauty calls her lover to the feast.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

MR. HENRY H. METCALF is a life-long Democrat and his pleasure at the recent turn in state politics has prompted a reminiscence of the last democratic regime. THE GRANITE MONTHLY considers that it is especially auspicious to have an article by Mr. Metcalf in this issue, which is in a sense the first issue under the new board, for Mr. Metcalf is the founder of THE GRANITE MONTHLY and during the course of its history has edited it many years.

MRS. LILIAN M. AINSWORTH is a newspaperwoman of long experience in Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. For about seven years she has been on the staff of the MANCHESTER DAILY MIRROR, and will this year be legislative correspondent for that paper. She is the first woman to have a regular assignment of that sort.

MR. ROBERT JACKSON, who writes so understandingly of the new governor, is chairman of the Democratic

State Committee. The picture Mr. Jackson draws has an undeniable appeal and will be interesting to many, as one of the first personal sketches to appear of the second Democratic Governor since the Civil War.

MR. RAYMOND B. STEVENS was member of Congress from the second New Hampshire district in 1913-1915, member of the Constitutional Convention in 1912. He is well fitted to write on tax reform, a subject to which he has given years of careful study. The constitutional amendment which he advocates in this article is the same which he upheld in the Convention of 1912. The Convention did not see fit to submit that amendment at that time, but Mr. Stevens feels that public sentiment in the last ten years has tended to strengthen his argument. Around the suggestion outlined in this article is sure to center much discussion in the next few weeks.





## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

### ALVAH H. MORRILL

The Reverend Alvah H. Morrill, D. D., died at his home in Newton in October. He was born at Grafton in 1848, the son of the Reverend W. S. Morrill. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1872 and entered the ministry of the Christian Church and was for many years prominent in his denomination. He held pastorates at Haverhill, Massachusetts, at Laconia and Franklin, at Woodstock, Vermont, at Providence, Rhode Island, and finally at Newton. Much of his life was spent in the teaching profession. For thirteen years he was Professor of New Testament Greek at the Christian Biblical Institute at Stanfordsville, New York, and was also the head of Starkey Seminary at Eddytown, New York.

### WILLIAM D. SAWYER

William D. Sawyer died November 12, at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York, as the result of an apoplexy. Born in Dover, November 22, 1866, the son of the late Governor Charles H. Sawyer and Susan E. (Cowan) Sawyer, he was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and at Yale University. For more than ten years he was treasurer of the Sawyer Woolen mill. He then studied law and practised in New York City.

Mr. Sawyer was quartermaster general on the staff of Governor John B. Smith, a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1896 and a member of the committee that notified Mr. McKinley of his nomination. He was a Mason and a member of the Amoskeag Veterans and of many clubs. He was formerly president of the New Hampshire Society of the Cincinnati.

General Sawyer is survived by his widow, Gertrude, a daughter of former Congressman Joshua G. Hall of Dover, a son, Johathan, and a daughter, Elizabeth.

### JAMES BARTLETT EDGERLY

On November 1 there passed away in Farmington, after a brief illness, James Bartlett Edgerly, one of the town's most useful citizens. Mr. Edgerly was born at Farmington on January 29, 1834, and was the son of Joseph Bartlett and Cordelia (Waldron) Edgerly. His education was obtained in the schools of his native town and at Gilmanton Academy.

His early life was occupied at the shoemaker's bench. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the regimental band of the Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers, and served until 1862, when he

was honorably discharged and returned to the manufacture of shoes in Farmington, a business which he successfully followed until 1879. He then became cashier of the Farmington National Bank, and filled that position with ability until, with advancing years, he retired.

But he continued to enjoy life largely until within a few days of his death.

Mr. Edgerly married in 1863 Maria T. Fernald, who died in 1877. They had two daughters, Agnes A., deceased, and Annie M. (Mrs. Elmer F. Thayer). He married second Martha E. Dodge, who died some years ago.

Mr. Edgerly was always actively identified with the life of the community. Ardently devoted to the Congregational Church, he contributed a substantial sum to its permanent funds some years ago. To the town he gave the Edgerly Park as a memorial to his Civil War comrades.

At the time of his death Mr. Edgerly was a trustee of the Farmington Savings Bank, a director of the Farmington National Bank, a member of the Carlton Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and the oldest member of Fraternal Lodge of Masons.

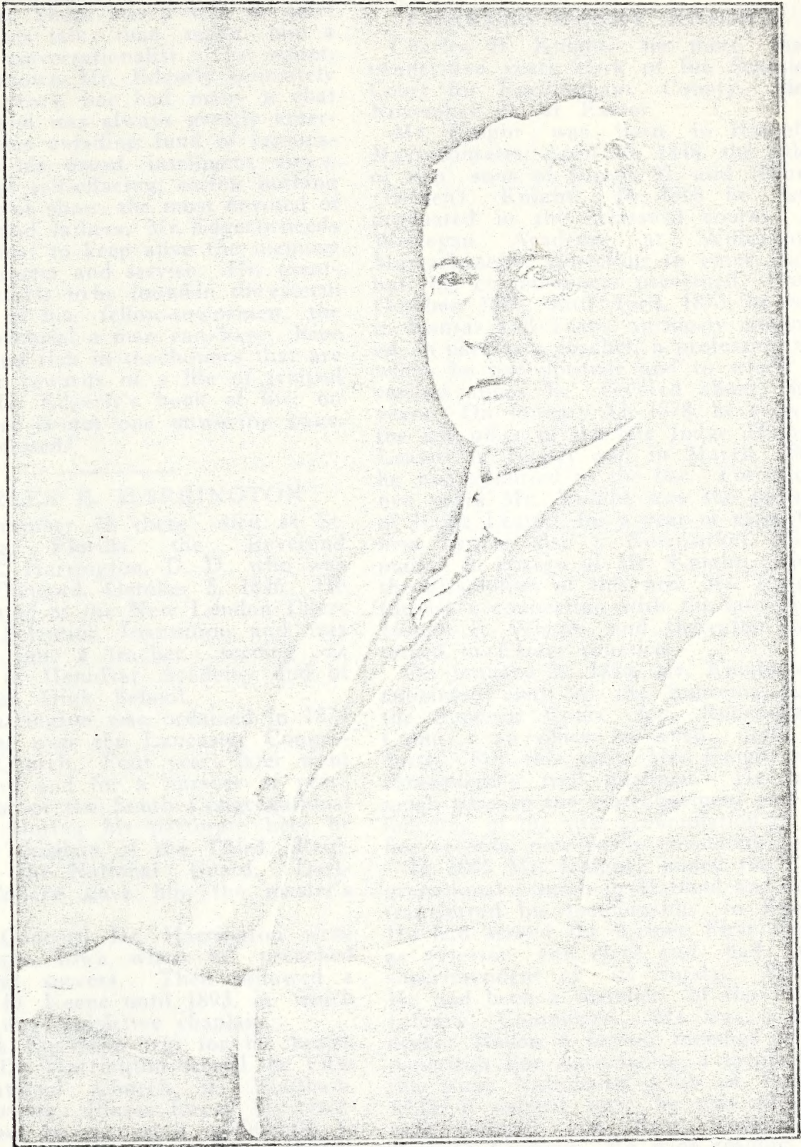
Besides his daughter, Mrs. Thayer, he is survived by a grandson, James Edgerly Thayer, by a sister, Mrs. C. A. Cooke of Los Angeles, California, and by two brothers, Brigadier General Winfield Scott Edgerly of Cooperstown, New York, and Henry I. Edgerly of Dover.

At the funeral the Reverend J. G. Haigh said: "For physical and mental traits men may be admired, they can be loved only for qualities of the heart. Here was a citizen who in an unusual degree combined all those qualities in sterling fashion. His personal appearance was striking, and easily impressed one even at first meeting with the thought that here was no ordinary man. His carriage and bearing, his affable courtesy and dignified speech betokened at once a gentleman of the old school, a typical New Englander of old, untainted stock. Wherever you met him, in whatever circle, he was always just that; and in the various relationships of business and civic affairs as well as in social, fraternal and religious connections his clear insight, good judgment, his wise counsels, his friendly spirit, his skill and efficiency marked him a man of unusual attributes, and for all these his fellow-citizens welcomed him, admired him, honored and trusted him; but most of all it was the heart-quality that added love to admiration."

Judge Wells paid tribute in the Somersworth Free Press in these words:







JAMES BARTLETT EDGERLY





"And this good man, representing, as he did, the highest type of American citizenship, has passed on in the community where practically his entire life was spent. His was a kindly heart and his ear was attuned to sympathy. A generous supporter of worthy movements, he took a deep interest in the welfare of his town. He was clean in his life and in his expressions. There was a vein of quiet humor in his talk that made him a delightful conversationalist. The writer, who has known Mr. Edgerly intimately for many years, has had many a chat with him and was always greatly entertained by his unfeeling fund of reminiscence and his broad, intelligent views. Modest and self-effacing, caring nothing for display or show, the most devoted of husbands and fathers, Mr. Edgerly needs no monument to keep alive the memory of his character and service. His greatest memorial is to be found in the esteem and love of his fellow-townsmen, the noblest memorial a man can have. Ripe in years and rich in the honors that are the proper rewards of a life of fruitful service, Mr. Edgerly's book of life, on which there is not one unworthy page, is finally closed."

#### CHARLES E. HARRINGTON

On November 18 there died at St. Petersburg, Florida, the Reverend Charles E. Harrington, D. D., who was born in Concord, October 5, 1846. He was educated at the New London Literary and Scientific Institution and was for some time a teacher, serving as principal of Henniker Academy and of Farmington High School.

Mr. Harrington was ordained in 1874 and settled over the Lancaster Congregational Church. Four years later went to Concord and for a number of years was pastor of the South Congregational Church. During his pastorate here he was also chaplain of the Third Regiment of the National Guard. Dartmouth College gave him the master's degree.

From Concord Dr. Harrington went to Dubuque, Iowa, where he preached with great success. Then followed a ministry in Keene until 1893, in which year he was legislative chaplain.

After a European trip for his health in 1893, Dr. Harrington served the First Congregational Church in Waltham, Massachusetts. Illness forced his resignation, but he recovered sufficiently to preach again at Holliston, Massachusetts. Since 1913 he had lived in Florida, whither he went for his health, but was able to accept a St. Petersburg pastorate and preached for five years more.

His first marriage was to Miss Sarah

Howard Russell, daughter of the Reverend Carey Russell of Norwich, Vermont. They had two children, who both survive: Harriet R., a teacher in the Cambridge schools and Dr. C. W. Harrington of Peterborough. He is also survived by his second wife, Mrs. Ella Leland Harrington.

#### CHARLES HENRY KNIGHT

Charles H. Knight, for more than twenty-five years clerk of the Superior Court for Rockingham County, died November 21, at Exeter.

Mr. Knight was born in Hatfield, Massachusetts, April 26, 1848, the elder of two sons of Joseph H. and Diana (Belden) Knight. In 1868 he was graduated in the classical course of Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, expecting to enter Yale, but this circumstance prevented. From October, 1869, until April, 1875, he was in Kansas and Texas, variously employed, in part as a teacher, a profession for which he had aptitude and to which at various times he devoted about five years. On January 12, 1878, he entered the law office of the late Judge Thomas Leavitt in Exeter and in March, 1880, he was admitted to the bar. For about five years Mr. Knight was the partner of Judge Leavitt, for a year or more the firm having also a Newmarket office, mainly in charge of Mr. Knight. Upon the dissolution of this firm Mr. Knight formed a connection with the late Hon. Joseph F. Wiggin, and thereafter continued in Exeter practice.

On January 20, 1896, Mr. Knight was appointed clerk of the Supreme, later the Superior Court for Rockingham County, an office he filled until his death. For this post, Mr. Knight was exceptionally well qualified. He gave much time to the rearrangement and re-indexing of the vast accumulation of office records, now easily consulted.

In 1865 Mr. Knight joined the Congregational Church in Hatfield and early transferred his membership to Exeter. He had served the former First Parish as assessor and clerk and had been superintendent of its Sunday School. He had been a member of the Public Library Committee. He was a 32nd degree Mason, a former member of the American Bar Association, a member of the First Nationalist Club of Boston, while it existed, and he was affiliated with Gilman and East Rockingham Pomona Granges. By wide reading and reflection, Mr. Knight had made himself an exceptionally well informed man. His individuality was marked and his attractive qualities many.

He has left his devoted wife, a daughter, Miss Ruth E. Knight, and a son,





Charles H., Jr. There is also a son by the first marriage. He was the last of his own family.

#### FRANK W. MAYNARD

Frank W. Maynard, well-known business man and politician, died at his home in Nashua on November 24. He was born at Bow on April 2, 1853, and was educated in Goffstown, at Pembroke Academy and at the Canton, Massachusetts, High School.

When he came to majority he located in Nashua, served as an apprentice at tailoring, six years later became a partner, and continued in the business until his death. Active in the interests of the Republican party, he was on both the city and state committees, and served as both representative and state senator. He was alternate to the national convention of 1908. He was one of the prime movers in the organization of the short-lived New Hampshire Republican. He was an aide, with the rank of Colonel, on Governor Tuttle's staff.

Col. Maynard was active in all community affairs and had served as president of the Nashua Memorial Hospital Association and of the Nashua Board of Trade. For thirty years he was the leading spirit in the Hunt Free Lecture Fund, of which he was the first trustee. He was a leader in the Universalist Church, and a member of various Masonic bodies, of the Odd Fellows, the Elks, the Moose, the Fortnightly Club, the Country Club and the Rotary Club.

Col. Maynard made a collection of tailors' print covering nearly a century, which is considered one of the most complete and valuable in existence.

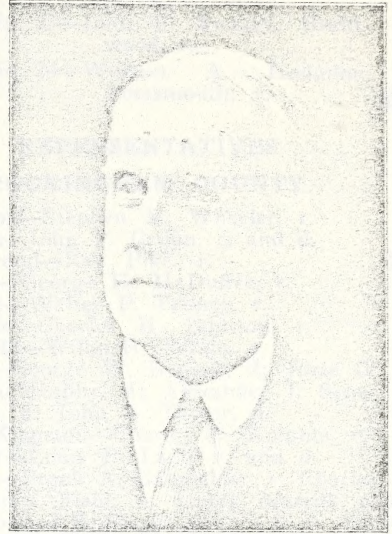
#### CHARLES F. EMERSON

Emeritus Dean Emerson, beloved by several generations of Dartmouth men, died at his Hanover home on December 1. Prior his retirement nine years ago at the age of seventy, Dean Emerson had given the college forty-five years of unbroken service.

Charles F. Emerson was born at Chelmsford, Massachusetts, on September 28, 1843, son of Owen and Louisa (Butterfield) Emerson. After attending the Westford (Massachusetts) Academy and Appleton Academy at New Ipswich, and engaging in part time teaching in his native state for three years, he entered Dartmouth, whence he graduated in 1868 with Phi Beta Kappa rank.

Following his graduation Mr. Emerson became instructor in gymnastics at the college, instructor in mathematics at the College of Agriculture and tutor

in mathematics at Dartmouth. From 1872 to 1878 he was associate professor of natural philosophy and mathematics, then for twenty-one years Appleton Professor of natural philosophy, and dean of the college from 1893 to 1913, when he retired after the longest service in the history of Dartmouth.



CHARLES F. EMERSON

After his retirement Dean Emerson continued his lively interest in the college and in affairs. He served in the House of Representatives for the terms of 1915 and 1917, taking a prominent part, especially in educational legislation. He was actively identified with the Church of Christ at Hanover, a life member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

He married January 20, 1875, Caroline Flagg and had two daughters, Martha Flagg, of the Dartmouth College Library, and Emily Sophia, wife of Professor Edmund E. Day of Harvard University. All of them survive him.

#### JEFFREY G. HAIGH

The Reverend Jeffrey G. Haigh, pastor of the First Congregational Church at Farmington, died on December 16. He had been stricken with apoplexy while working in his study the previous Sunday. Mr. Haigh was born sixty-seven years ago at Canterbury, England, and came to this country at the age of twenty. He had served at Farmington for six years.

Mr. Haigh is survived by a widow, a son, George, who is at Yale, and a daughter, Denna, at Wheaton College.





# NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE GOVERNMENT

## 1923

### GOVERNOR

FRED H. BROWN, Somersworth, d.

### COUNCILLORS.

- Dist. No. 1—Oscar P. Cole, Berlin, r.  
 Dist. No. 2—Stephen A. Frost, Fremont, r.  
 Dist. No. 3—Thomas J. Conway, Manchester, d.  
 Dist. No. 4—Philip H. Faulkner, Keene, r.  
 Dist. No. 5—Arthur P. Morrill, Concord, r.

### SENATORS

- Dist. No. 1—Ovide J. Coufombe, Berlin, d.  
 Dist. No. 2—Leon D. Ripley, Colebrook, r.  
 Dist. No. 3—Dick E. Burns, Haverhill, r.  
 Dist. No. 4—Sewall W. Abbott, Wolfboro, r.  
 Dist. No. 5—Ora A. Brown, Ashland, r.  
 Dist. No. 6—John A. Hammond, Gilford, r.  
 Dist. No. 7—John A. Jaquith, Northfield, r.  
 Dist. No. 8—Ralph E. Lufkin, Unity, r.  
 Dist. No. 9—Harry L. Holmes, Henniker, r.  
 Dist. No. 10—Herman C. Rice, Keene, r.  
 Dist. No. 11—Chester L. Lane, Swansey, r.  
 Dist. No. 12—James H. Hunt, Nashua, r.  
 Dist. No. 13—Daniel J. Hagerty, Nashua, d.  
 Dist. No. 14—Walter H. Tripp, Epsom, d.  
 Dist. No. 15—Benjamin H. Orr, Concord, r.  
 Dist. No. 16—Frederick W. Branch, Manchester, d.  
 Dist. No. 17—Clinton S. Osgood, Manchester, d.  
 Dist. No. 18—John S. Hurley, Manchester, r. and d.  
 Dist. No. 19—Omer Janelle, Manchester, d.  
 Dist. No. 20—Edgar J. Ham, Rochester, d.

r stands for Republican; d for democrat;  
 r and d indicates a nomination by both parties.

Dist. No. 21—Homer Foster Elder, Dover, r.

Dist. No. 22—Wesley Adams, Londonderry, r.

Dist. No. 23—John F. Swasey, Brentwood, r.

Dist. No. 24—William A. Hodgdon, Portsmouth, r.

### REPRESENTATIVES

#### ROCKINGHAM COUNTY.

- Atkinson—Stephen M. Wheeler, r.  
 Auburn—John P. Griffin, r. and d.  
 Brentwood—Ray Pike, r.  
 Candia—George H. McDuffee, r.  
 Chester—Walter P. Tenney, r.  
 Danville—Charles H. Johnson, r.  
 Deerfield—Wilbur H. White, r.  
 Derry—George W. Benson, d; Jesse G. MacMurphy, d; Alexander J. Senecal, d; John A. Taylor, d.  
 East Kingston—Charles F. Knights, r.  
 Epping—Louis P. Ladd, r. and d.  
 Exeter—Frank A. Batchelder, r; Charles Curtis Field, r; Harry Merrill, r; Howard E. Swain, r.  
 Greenland—Eugene S. Daniell, r.  
 Hampstead—Isaac Randall, r.  
 Hampton—Warren H. Hobbs, r.  
 Hampton Falls—Walter B. Farmer, r.  
 Kensington—Horace P. Blodgett, r.  
 Kingston—Levi S. Bartlett, r.  
 Londonderry—Edward E. Kent, r.  
 Newcastle—Elmer S. Pridham, r. and d.  
 Newfields—Alfred Connor, r.  
 Newmarket—Philip Labranche, Jr., d; Adelard Rousseau, d; John Wardman, d.  
 Newton—Andrew G. Littlefield, r.  
 North Hampton—Samuel A. Dow, r.  
 Northwood—Joel W. Steward, r.  
 Plaistow—Joseph S. Hills, r.  
 Portsmouth—Ward 1—Gertrude Caldwell, d; Harry L. Dowdell, d; Edward B. Weeks, d.  
 Ward 2—Leon E. Scruton, r; Harold M. Smith, r; Stanley P. Trafton, r; George A. Wood, r.  
 Ward 3—William Casey, d; John F. Cronin, d.  
 Ward 4—George E. Cox, r.  
 Ward 5—Patrick E. Kane, d.  
 Raymond—Emma L. Bartlett, d.  
 Rye—Irving W. Rand, r.  
 Salem—James S. Coles, r; Amos J. Cowan, r.  
 Sandown—George Bassett, r.  
 Seabrook—Myron B. Felch, r.  
 Windham—Charles A. Dow, Jr., r.





**STRAFFORD COUNTY.**

Barrington—Irrving M. Locke, d.  
 Dover—Ward 1—Charles A. Cloutman, r; Hubert K. Reynolds, r.  
 Ward 2—Patrick J. Durkin, d; William F. Howard, d; Felix E. O'Neill, Jr., d.  
 Ward 3—Frank E. Fernald, r; Thomas Webb, r.  
 Ward 4—Ferdinand Jenelle, d; Stephen W. Roberts, r; Charles T. Ryan, d.  
 Ward 5—Edward Durnin, d.  
 Durham—Sherburne H. Fogg, r.  
 Farmington—Ulysses S. Knox, r; Frank J. Smith, r.  
 Lee—Fred P. Comings, d.  
 Middleton—Samuel Abbott Lawrence, d.  
 Milton—Frank D. Stevens, r.  
 Rochester—Ward 1—Thomas H. Gotts, d.  
 Ward 2—Claudis E. Edgerly, d.  
 Ward 3—Harry H. Meader, r.  
 Ward 4—Adelard Gaspard Gelinis, d.  
 Ward 5—Edmond J. Marcoux, d; Louis H. McDuffee, r.  
 Ward 6—Guy E. Chesley, r; Charles W. Lowe, r.  
 Rollinsford—Henry B. Davis, d.  
 Somersworth—Ward 1—Honore Girard, d.  
 Ward 2—Louis P. Cote, d.  
 Ward 3—Peter M. Gagne, d.  
 Ward 4—Walter A. Hanagan, d; Fred L. Houle, d.  
 Ward 5—George Heon, d.  
 Strafford—Adrian B. Preston, r.

**BELKNAP COUNTY.**

Alton—Harry E. Jones, d.  
 Barnstead—Frank J. Holmes, d.  
 Belmont—Albert A. Smith, r.  
 Center Harbor—Loui L. Sanborn, r. and d.  
 Gilford—Fred R. Weeks, r.  
 Gilmanton—Ernest H. Goodwin, d.  
 Laconia—Ward 1—Walter E. Dunlap, d.  
 Ward 2—William D. Kempton, r. and d; Fortunat E. Normandin, r. and d.  
 Ward 3—Charles M. Avery, r.  
 Ward 4—Theo S. Jewett, r; John H. Merrill, r.  
 Ward 5—Truman S. French, d; tie vote  
 Ward 6—Edwin A. Badger, r; Laurence B. Holt, r.  
 Meredith—Charles N. Roberts, d.  
 New Hampton—Adelbert M. Gordon, r.  
 Sanbornton—Robert M. Wright, r.  
 Tilton—Everett W. Sanborn, d; Osborn J. Smith, d.

**CARROLL COUNTY**

Bartlett—Lucius Hamlin, r.  
 Brookfield—Charles Willey, r. and d.

Conway—Arthur W. Chandler, d; William A. Currier, r; Clarence Ela, r.  
 Effingham—Robert M. Fulton, d.  
 Freedom—Tie vote  
 Madison—John F. Chick, r.  
 Moultonborough—George A. Blanchard, r. and d.  
 Ossipee—Harry P. Smart, r.  
 Sandwich—Charles B. Hoyt, r.  
 Tamworth—Arthur S. Fall, d.  
 Tuftonboro—Willie W. Thomas, d.  
 Wakefield—Isaac L. Lord, d.  
 Wolfeboro—Stephen W. Clow, r; Frank W. Hale, r.

**MERRIMACK COUNTY**

Allenstown—George H. Desroche, d.  
 Andover—Arthur H. Rollins, d.  
 Boscawen—Cecil P. Grimes, r.  
 Bow—George Albee, d.  
 Bradford—Joseph W. Sanborn, d.  
 Canterbury—William C. Tallman, d.  
 Concord—Ward 1—Fred M. Dodge, d; John H. Rolfe, d.  
 Ward 2—George O. Robinson, d.  
 Ward 3—George W. Phillips, d.  
 Ward 4—Harry M. Cheney, r; William P. Danforth, r; James O. Lyford, r.  
 Ward 5—Earl F. Newton, r; William W. Thayer, r.  
 Ward 6—Harry R. Cressy, r; Hamilton A. Kendall, r; Nathaniel E. Martin, d; Charles G. Roby, r.  
 Ward 7—Bert J. Carleton, d; Peter J. King, r; John G. Winant, r.  
 Ward 8—William A. Lee, r. and d.  
 Ward 9—William J. Ahern, d; James J. Gannon, d.  
 Danbury—Noah E. Lund, d.  
 Epsom—Blanchard H. Fowler, r. and d.  
 Franklin—Ward 1—Herrick Aiken, r.  
 Ward 2—Edmund J. Judkins, d; Joseph Newton, d.  
 Henniker—Ralph H. Gilchrist, r.  
 Hill—Joseph B. Murdock, r. and d.  
 Hooksett—Edgar Ray Chaney, d; Benjamin J. LaSalle, d.  
 Hopkinton—Milton J. Walker, d.  
 Loudon—Archie L. Hill, r. and d.  
 Newbury—James C. Farmer, r.  
 New London—Joseph Cutting, r.  
 Northfield—Charles S. Carter, r.  
 Pembroke—John O. Bellerose, d; Llewellyn S. Martin, d.  
 Pittsfield—Albert E. Cheney, d; David F. Jackson, d.  
 Salisbury—George B. Sanborn, d.  
 Sutton—Harrington C. Wells, r.  
 Warner—Charles P. Johnson, d.  
 Webster—Joseph Wheelwright, r.  
 Wilmot—Arthur C. Scavey, d.

**HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY**

Amherst—Robert J. Ford, r.  
 Antrim—Wyman K. Flint, r.





- Bedford—Charles H. Clark, r. and d.  
 Bennington—James H. Balch, r.  
 Brookline—George M. Rockwood, d.  
 Francetown—Leon E. Hoyt, d.  
 Goffstown—Charles L. Davis, r; Asa Spaulding, d.  
 Greenfield—Frank E. Russell, d.  
 Greenville—Louis O. Boisvert, d.  
 Hancock—Ephraim Weston, r.  
 Hillsborough—Charles F. Butler, r; John S. Childs, r.  
 Hollis—Charles E. Hardy, d.  
 Hudson—Karl E. Merrill, r. and d; Edward A. Spaulding, r.  
 Lyndeborough—Algernon W. Putnam, r.  
 Manchester—Ward 1—Harry B. Cilley, r; John P. Cronan, r; James E. Dodge, r.  
 Ward 2—Oscar F. Bartlett, r; Isaac N. Cox, r; Arthur W. DeMoulpied, r; Harry T. Lord, r; Effie E. Yantis, r.  
 Ward 3—Harold E. Hartford, d; Charles O. Johnson, d; Alfred Moquin, d; Denis A. Murphy, d; Harry E. Nyberg, d.  
 Ward 4—George D. Burns, d; Charles A. Grant, d; John F. Kelley, d; Maurice F. Fitzgerald, d.  
 Ward 5—Patrick J. Clancy, d; Martin Connor, d; John Coyne, d; Patrick Creighton, d; Dennis M. Flemming, d; John F. Kelley, d; Joseph P. Kenney, d; Frank P. Laughlin, d; Michael McNulty, d; Jeremiah J. Tobin, d.  
 Ward 6—Leonard E. Barry, d; Michael T. Burke, d; Charles C. Currier, d; Robert J. Murphy, d; George L. Sibley, d; Frederick M. Smith, d.  
 Ward 7—Thomas A. Carr, d; Francis A. Foye, d; Emile J. Godbout, d; Jeremiah B. Healey, Jr., d; John J. Quinn, d; Denis Sullivan, d.  
 Ward 8—Damis Bouchard, d; Joseph Chevrete, d; Michael S. Donnelly, d; William Leonard, d; John McLaughlin, Jr., d; Charles H. Morin, d.  
 Ward 9—John W. Conboy, d; Valentine McBride, d; Joseph E. Riley, Jr., d; Thomas Rourke, d.  
 Ward 10—Oscar E. Getz, d; Sylvio LeClerc, d; Mortimer B. Ploss, d.  
 Ward 11—Henry R. Blais, d; Ora W. Craig, d; George W. Gowitzke, d; Alex J. McDonnell, d; George E. Roukey, d.  
 Ward 12—Louis E. Gauthier, r. and d; Wilfred A. Lamy, d; Alfred F. Maynard, r. and d; Charles A. Pecor, d; Edward E. Rajotte, d; Arthur H. St. Germain, r. and d.  
 Ward 13—Joseph A. Dionne, d; Adolphe Duval, d; Horace Gagnon, d; Pierre Gauthier, d; Joseph W. Remillard, d.  
 Merrimack—Arthur G. Gordon, r.  
 Milford—Samuel A. Lovejoy, r; Frank W. Ordway, r; Charles W. Robinson, r.  
 Nashua—Ward 1—Gerald F. Cobleigh, r; Elbert Wheeler, r; Ovid F. Winslow, r.  
 Ward 2—Ivory C. Eaton, r; Thomas E. Pentland, r.  
 Ward 3—Joseph Boilard, Jr., d; Thomas E. Dube, d; William B. Trombly, d.  
 Ward 4—John L. Spillane, d; David F. Sullivan, d.  
 Ward 5—Edward Sullivan, d.  
 Ward 6—Henry M. Burns, d.  
 Ward 7—Raymond S. Cotton, d; Robert J. Doyle, d; John J. Lyons, d.  
 Ward 8—William H. Barry, r. and d; James B. Hallisey, d; Charles B. Rigney, d; Romuald A. Sylvestre, d.  
 Ward 9—Arthur Bilodeau, d; Alfred F. Girouard, r. and d; Arthur Papachristos, r. and d; Arthur A. Peltier, d.  
 New Boston—Herbert M. Christie, r.  
 New Ipswich—Robert B. Walker, r. and d.  
 Pelham—Asa A. Carleton, r.  
 Peterborough—Robert P. Bass, r; Ezra M. Smith, r.  
 Temple—Charles W. Tobey, r.  
 Weare—Charles F. Eastman, d.  
 Wilton—William E. Hickey, d.

## CHESHIRE COUNTY

- Alstead—Frank Dewing, r.  
 Chesterfield—Angelo M. Spring, r.  
 Dublin—Archie R. Garfield, r. and d.  
 Fitzwilliam—Julius H. Firmin, r.  
 Gilsum—Charles H. Blake, r.  
 Harrisville—George F. Bemis, d.  
 Hinsdale—Patrick L. O'Connor, d.  
 Jaffrey—George H. Duncan, d; Peter E. Hogan, d.  
 Keene—Ward 1—William J. Callahan, r. Harry D. Hopkins, r; Ora C. Mason, r.  
 Ward 2—Robert C. Jones, r; Austin H. Reed, r.  
 Ward 3—Leston M. Barrett, r; Cameron M. Empey, r.  
 Ward 4—Wilder F. Gates, r.  
 Ward 5—Lewis S. King, d; John J. Landers, d.  
 Marlborough—John D. Tuttle, d.  
 Marlow—Fred G. Huntley, r.  
 Rindge—Oren F. Sawtelle, r. and d.  
 Stoddard—Edward T. Davis, r. and d.  
 Surry—Samuel Ball, r.  
 Swanzey—Milan A. Dickinson, d.  
 Troy—Charles L. McGinness, d.  
 Walpole—William J. King, r; Arthur E. Wells, d.  
 Westmoreland—Perry W. Burt, r. and d.  
 Winchester—Franklin P. Kellom, Sr. d; Edward F. Qualters, r. and d.





## SULLIVAN COUNTY

Acworth—Almon E. Clark, d.  
 Charlestown—Leon H. Barry, d.  
 Claremont—Charles W. Barney, r; Hart-  
 ley L. Brooks, r; Clarence B. Ets-  
 ler, r; Adelbert M. Nichols, r; Al-  
 fred T. Pierce, r; Ray E. Tenney,  
 r; Arthur S. Wolcott, r; Edward J.  
 Rossiter, r.  
 Cornish—Frederick J. Franklyn, r.  
 Croydon—Herbert D. Barton, d.  
 Grantham—Dellivan D. Thornton, r.  
 and d.  
 Lempster—Thomas F. Bluitte, r.  
 Newport—John H. Glynn, r; George E.  
 Lewis, r; Ernest A. Robinson, r.  
 Plainfield—Earle W. Colby, d.  
 Springfield—William P. Gardner, r.  
 Sunapee—Leo L. Osborne, r. and d.  
 Unity—Willard H. Walker, d.  
 Washington—Elgin G. Farnsworth, Ind.

## GRAFTON COUNTY

Ashland—Willis F. Hardy, d.  
 Bath—Timothy B. Southard, r.  
 Benton—Lebina H. Parker, r.  
 Bethlehem—Henry C. Barrett, r. and d.  
 Bristol—Charles S. Collins, r. and d.  
 Campton—Willard C. Pulsifer, r.  
 Canaan—Lynn S. Webster, d.  
 Dorchester—Herbert H. Ashley, r.  
 Enfield—Loring C. Hill, d.  
 Franconia—William D. Rudd, r.  
 Grafton—Herman G. Chellis, d.  
 Groton—No representative chosen  
 Hanover—Don S. Bridgman, r; Ran-  
 som S. Cross, r.  
 Haverhill—Harold K. Davison, r; Olin  
 A. Lang, d; Charles P. Page, r.  
 Holderness—Joseph W. Pulsifer, r.  
 Landaff—Raymond B. Stevens, d.  
 Lebanon—Floyd E. Eastman, d; Leon  
 M. Howard, d; Thomas J. McNam-  
 ara, d; Charles B. Ross, r; Thomas  
 P. Waterman, r.  
 Lincoln—Alfred Stanley, r.  
 Lisbon—Ernest H. Hallett, r; William  
 E. Price, r.  
 Littleton—George Houle, d; James C.

MacLeod, r; Ora A. Mooney, d;  
 Fred O. Nourse, d.  
 Lyman—George O. Elms, d.  
 Lyme—Sidney A. Converse, r.  
 Monroe—Oscar A. Frazer, r. and d.  
 Orford—Willard R. Harris, r.  
 Piermont—William B. Deal, r.  
 Plymouth—Ezra C. Chase, r; Lyman R.  
 Sherwood, r.  
 Rumney—George D. Kidder, d.  
 Thornton—George W. Fadden, d.  
 Warren—Norris H. Cotton, r.  
 Woodstock—Harry D. Sawyer, r. and d.

## COOS COUNTY

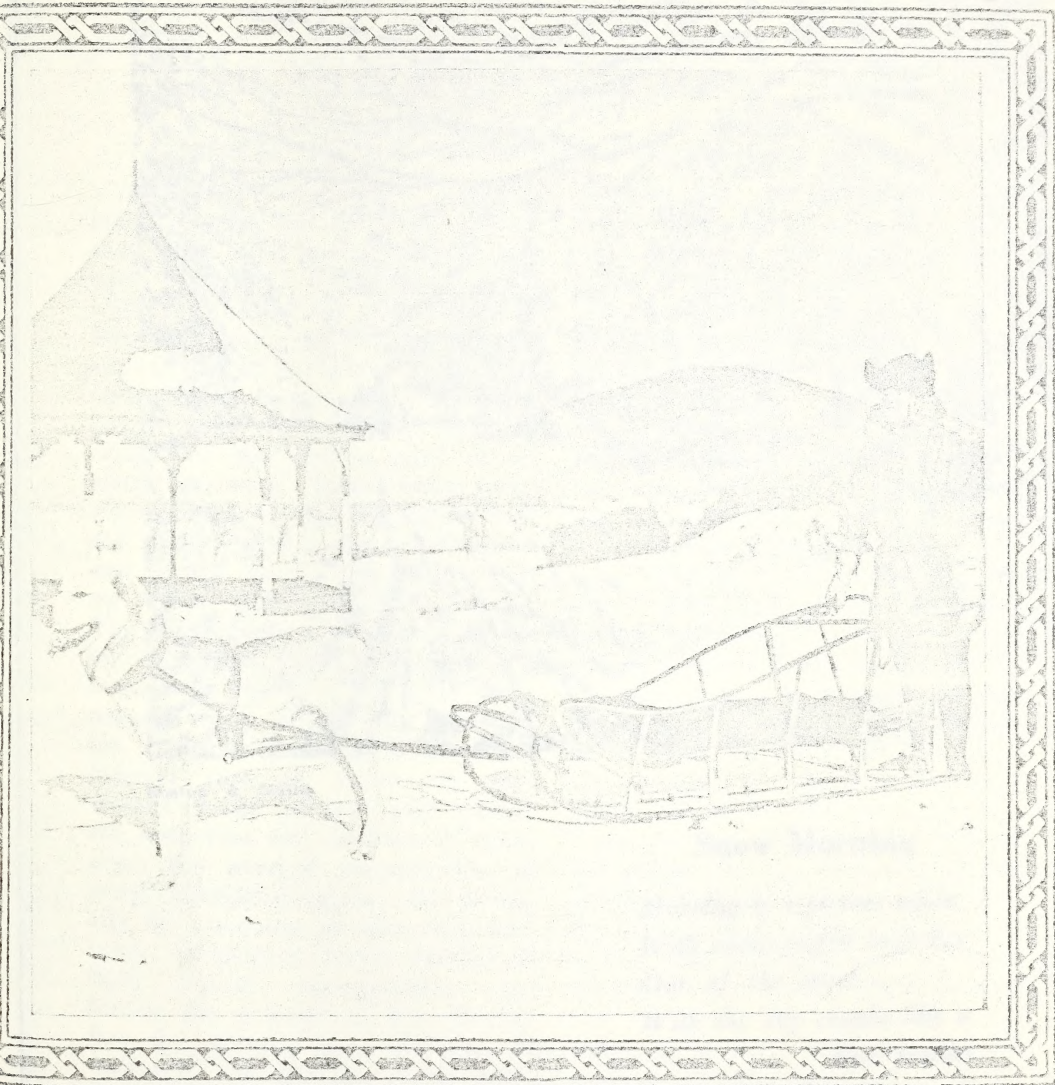
Berlin—Ward 1—John A. Hayward, d;  
 John E. Keleher, r. and d; Achille  
 H. Larue, r. and d; Elden E. Pierce,  
 r. and d.  
 Ward 2—Walter L. Griffin, r. and d;  
 George O. Larochelle, r. and d;  
 Hugh Kelsea Moore, r. and d;  
 Moses E. Young, r. and d.  
 Ward 3—Joseph G. Blais, r. and d;  
 Homer H. Marks, r. and d; John J.  
 Smith, r. and d.  
 Ward 4—George V. Hopkins, r. and d;  
 George E. Hutchins, r. and d; John  
 A. Labrie, r. and d.  
 Carroll—Leon G. Hunt, r.  
 Colebrook—George B. Frizzell, d; Ellis-  
 worth D. Young, d.  
 Columbia—Ernest N. Sims, r.  
 Errol—Clinton S. Ferren, Ind.  
 Gorham—Bartholomew F. McHugh, d;  
 Alfred O. Mortenson, d.  
 Jefferson—Frank B. Pottle, d.  
 Lancaster—Bernard Jacobs, r; John B.  
 McIntire, d.  
 Milan—John B. Nay, r.  
 Northumberland—William F. Rowden,  
 r; Harry B. Smith, r.  
 Pittsburg—Willie J. Nutting, d.  
 Randolph—Laban M. Watson, r. and d.  
 Shelburne—No representative elected  
 Stewartstown—George L. Wood, r.  
 Stratford—Ralph M. Hutchins, d.  
 Whitefield—Joseph W. Brown, r;  
 Ebridge W. Snow, r.





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

copy jan24



oston & Maine

In This Issue—NEW HAMPSHIRE'S EDUCATIONAL PLANT

cents per copy

\$2.00 per year







Boston & Maine

### Snow Morning

*Morning is a picture again  
With snow-puffed branches  
Out of the wind—  
With the sky caught like a  
blue feather  
In the butternut tree.*

—Hilda Conkling





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



FEBRUARY 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### The Governor's Inaugural

A thunder of applause, clapping hands, stamping feet, and cheers that split the roof, greeted the new governor, Fred H. Brown, when he stood in the Hall of Representatives to deliver his inaugural speech before the first Democratic house in sixty-eight years. In a manner quiet and serious, for the better part of an hour, he read from manuscript his message to the legislature and the people of his state. Forceful and to the point, his address left no room for misunderstandings. Ten principal measures were recommended: the passage of a home rule measure for cities; the passage of a bill to tax gasoline for motors; the return to fixed interest rate on loans; to free women from paying poll taxes; the reduction and revision of taxation; the prompt presentation of constitutional changes; the necessity for economy in state expenditures; immediate funds needed to fight bovine tuberculosis; and finally the passage of the 48-hour law for women and children in industry. On this last recommendation the Governor laid special emphasis. Declaring that the state had given a clear mandate for its

passage, he recommended "without qualification" that it be enacted at this session and "put into effect without delay."

In marked contrast to the inaugural messages in many of the states this year, Governor Brown made no mention of prohibition or the Volstead act. The new governor of New Jersey, for instance, has pledged himself to do what he can to make his state wet, while his neighbor, Gifford Pinchot, governor of Pennsylvania, in a remarkably able and brief inaugural speech, promises to do all in his power to drive every saloon out of Pennsylvania. "I regard," he declares, "the present flagrant failure to enforce the Volstead law as a blot on the good name of Pennsylvania and the United States..... I propose not only to press with all my power for the abolition of the saloon, but also to make sure that the government of this state takes a full and effective part in such an effort..... This administration will be dry. The executive mansion will be dry. And the personal practice of the governor and his family will continue to be dry in conformity to the spirit and letter of the 18th amendment."





## Civic Association Discusses 48-Hour Week

The question of the 48-hour week still holds the center of the stage in Concord. One of the very interesting occasions during the first week of the legislative session was a meeting called by the New Hampshire Civic Association to discuss this problem. This meeting was held in the Hall of Representatives. Over five hundred people crowded the floor and galleries, taking part in what was probably one of the biggest forums of discussion ever held in New England. Among the speakers were Henry W. Dennison, President of Dennison Manufacturing Co., who spoke in favor of a thorough investigation before legislating on the 48-hour week; Prof. Malcolm Keir of Dartmouth, who spoke for the manufacturers; Edwin Nudick of Boston, representing the labor point of view; and Richard Pattee, Secretary of the New England Milk Producers Association, who spoke for the agricultural interests. Another important meeting held during the first week of the legislative session was the annual convention of the N. H. Farm Bureau. Two hundred delegates were present representing a membership of about 8,000 families. On the recommendation of George M. Putnam, who was re-elected President, the convention unanimously endorsed the fact-finding commission plan as proposed by the Republican Platform.

## House Defeats Fact-Finding Resolutions

The first three measures to be introduced in the house concerned the 48-hour law. Mr. Barry of Nashua introduced the administration bill calling for the immediate

passage of the 48-hour week law. Mr. Bass of Peterborough and Mr. Lyford of Concord both introduced bills calling for a searching investigation of facts concerning the possible effects of the passage of the 48-hour law to be made by an impartial fact-finding commission, the report of which should precede legislation. These two fact-finding resolutions, however, differed radically in their make-up. Mr. Bass's called for a legislative joint committee with two appointed by the house, two by the senate, and one by the governor, while Mr. Lyford's provided for a commission made up of representatives of the employers, employees, the farmers, and the public.

Both of these bills were referred to the committee on labor, where Mr. Lyford's met defeat, while Mr. Bass's was returned to the house for final vote with a majority of eight against it and a minority of seven favoring it. The debate which followed and which resulted in the defeat of Mr. Bass's resolution was one of the most acrimonious and bitter since the legislative session of ten years ago. The vote divided practically on party lines, 174 democrats and 10 republicans voting against the resolution, and 113 republicans and 16 democrats, led by Raymond Stevens and including Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Caldwell, favoring it.

"I cheerfully accept the verdict of the house," declared Ex-Gov. Bass, in speaking of the defeat of his fact-finding resolution, "I was sorry, however, that the question was made a partisan political issue, for this will make it more difficult to have the measure considered on its merits. Furthermore the responsibility for precipitating a deadlock with the Senate, if one occurs, will now rest on the shoulders of





the majority leaders of the house. ....I am still of the opinion that a thorough inquiry by a broadly representative commission..... would have carried more weight with New Hampshire people than any other procedure. However, this method of procedure has been rejected, and I shall be glad to co-operate heartily with any other procedure which aims to bring out all the facts which bear on the 48-hour legislation for woman and children, and which will lead to the consideration of this important question on its own merits rather than to have it used for the political advantage of any party or individual."

### Was It a Democratic Victory?

Though the defeat of the fact-finding commission has been hailed as a Democratic victory, it is the general opinion in Concord that this action on the part of the democrats in the house will result in the ultimate defeat at this session of the administration bill calling for the immediate enactment of the 48-hour week. "The democratic leaders who control the house," says the *Manchester Union*, "have no real expectation that the 48-hour bill will pass the Senate.....It is fair to say that there is just one absolutely necessary condition upon which the eight-hour legislation can be enacted this year. That, of course, is by co-operation by the Democratic House and the Republican Senate.....By refusing point blank to co-operate with the Senate in the only practicable way possible the house majority killed whatever chance existed for an eight-hour legislation this year."

"The whole situation affecting the 48-hour proposal," according to the *Milford Cabinet*, "is a matter of politics and has been from the hour the legislature convened."

And the *Manchester Union*, in an editorial entitled "Eight-Hour Politics," says, "It appears that the eight-hour bill is being killed in the house of its friends with the purpose of having this issue with which to fight the important campaign of 1924 when a U. S. Senator is to be elected."

The House Labor Committee is now holding daily hearings on the 48-hour law. It is expected they will report favorably on the administration bill calling for the immediate enactment of the 48 hour law, and that it will pass the house with a good majority. Its fate in the Senate however is more problematical.

### Other Measures Pending

In the turmoil and controversy of the 48-hour law measure it is sometimes forgotten that over 300 bills have been presented, and of these many are of vital importance to the state. Probably the most talked of bill is a measure providing for the recall of the Constitutional Convention and asking that it submit to the people one single resolution which will remove those limitations which now prevent the Legislature from taking the action necessary to equalize taxes. If this Constitutional Convention is not recalled it will probably be five years before any adequate relief can be secured from the present tax situation, a situation which both parties have pledged themselves to remedy. Another bill of great interest provides that the Public Service Commission shall construct one or more storage reservoirs on streams which have power plants. The state is to advance the money which is to be paid back little by little by the users of the water through contracts made previous to construction between the state and





the plants on the stream. The purpose of this bill is to make a beginning toward providing our manufacturers new power at a low cost, and will thus help to make

them independent of coal. This would be done without adding anything to our public expenditures and without increasing our taxes.

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## THE OWL

By GEORGE QUINTER.

On an autumn night  
When the crescent moon  
Gleamed haggard white  
In the dark of the sky,  
The owl  
Flew to the branch of an oak,  
Ruffled his feathers,  
And made wail.

Far off in his little tunnel  
The mole stopped to listen,  
Then with impatient squeaking  
Buried his nose in the moist earth.  
The dormouse hurried along  
A furrow, to his corn shock,—  
The owl's cry is the curfew  
For mice.  
But the frogs,  
Secure in the dark, rippling lake,  
Answered in a shrill chorus.  
The blue heron,  
Asleep in the vine-clad sycamore  
That gently rocked in the night breeze,  
Opened an eye,  
Gave a low "quawk,"  
And slept again.

A thick blanket  
Of dark fleecy clouds came stealing,  
Effaced the rickety moon,  
And the owl  
Departed silently across the meadows.





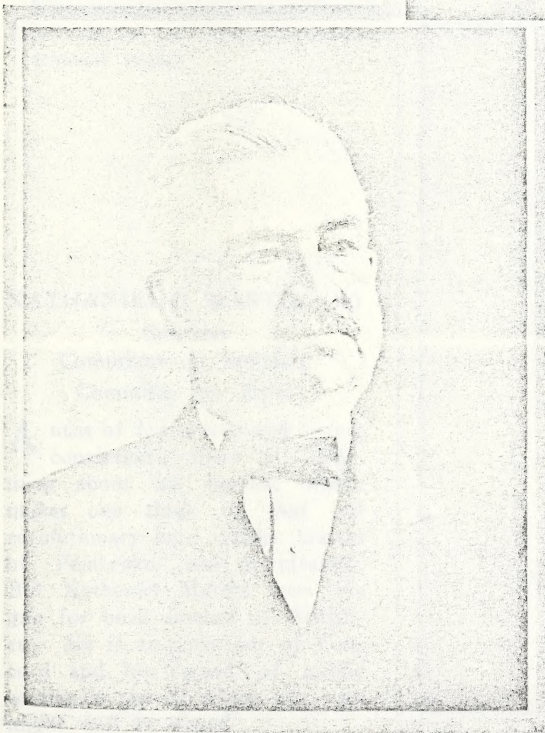
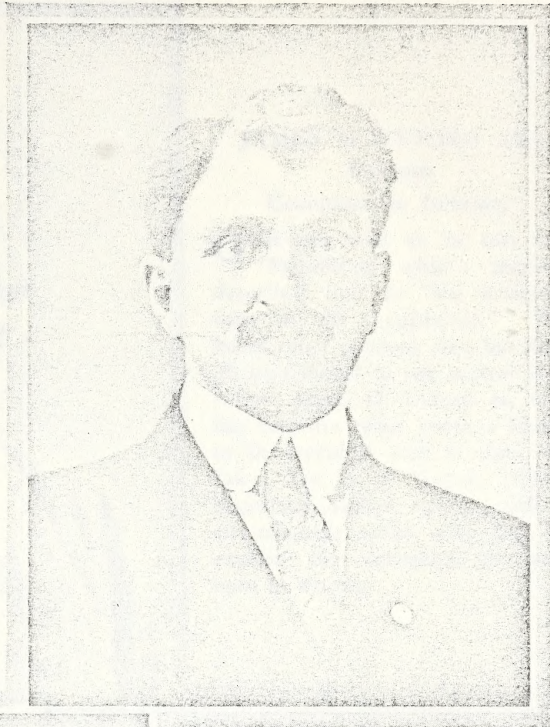
# PROMINENT NEW HAMPSHIRE LEGISLATORS

WESLEY ADAMS (R)

LONDONDERRY

President of the Senate

TO make one's first appearance in the Legislature as President of the Senate is an achievement worthy of note. But in Mr. Adams' case the explanation is readily found for his two sessions as Chairman of the Grange Legislative Committee gave him as much knowledge of the Legislature and its proceedings as any member. Mr. Adams was Master of the Grange from 1913-1917 and is now a member of its executive committee.



Kimball Studio

WILLIAM J. AHERN (D)

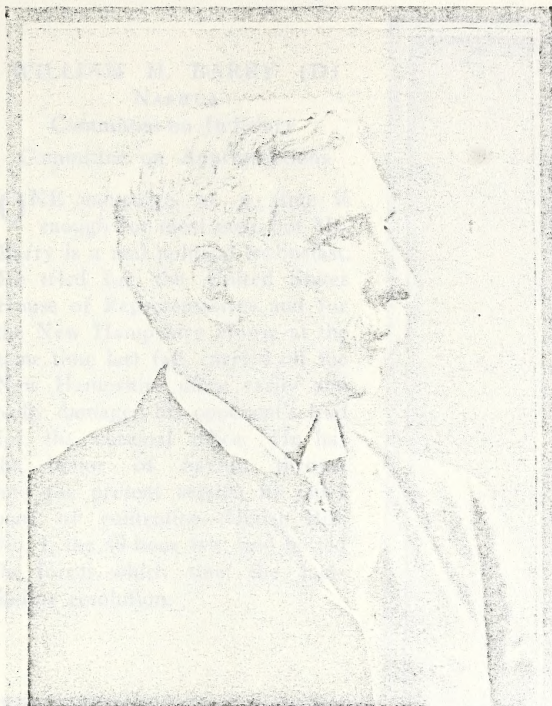
CONCORD

Speaker of the House

THE House will be in Order!" He handles the gavel as to the manner born. Which is not strange since he has been attending Legislature sessions regularly for fourteen years—a longer term than that of any other man now living. Either because of or in spite of this experience he has great faith in New Hampshire's representative body. "I've never seen a man succeed in fooling them yet," he says with a twinkle in his eyes.







JAMES O. LYFORD (R)

CONCORD

Committee on Judiciary

ONE man told us he was the "Republican whip"; another described him as "the brainiest man in the Legislature." We heard other opinions also, but they all contributed to one central idea—that James O. Lyford is, and has been for many years, a leader to be reckoned with in state affairs. He is a lawyer, editor, statesman, author, scholar, and—a circumstance which may help to explain the foregoing—he was born in Boston.

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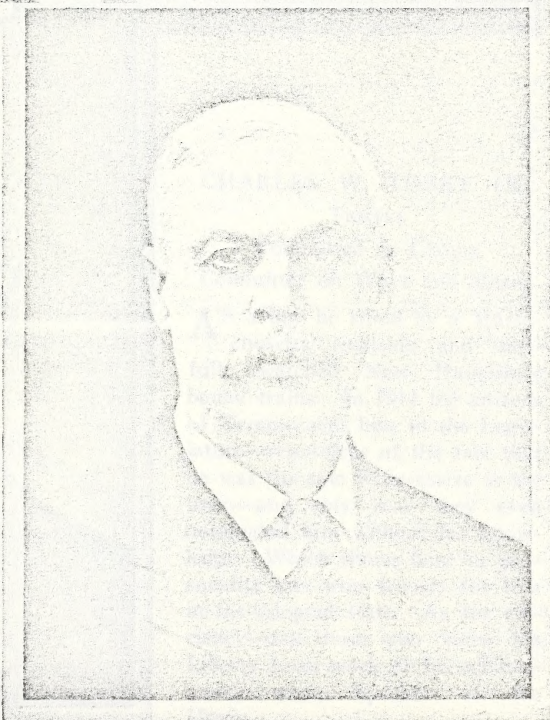
NATHANIEL E. MARTIN (D)

CONCORD

Committee on Judiciary

Committee on Rules

A man of few words and strong convictions, there is something about his bearing which makes one think of that old revolutionary hero, James Martin of Pembroke, his grandfather. But Nathaniel Martin uses his gun for birds instead of Britishers. He is an ex-mayor of Concord and his record of public service is one of which any man might well be proud.







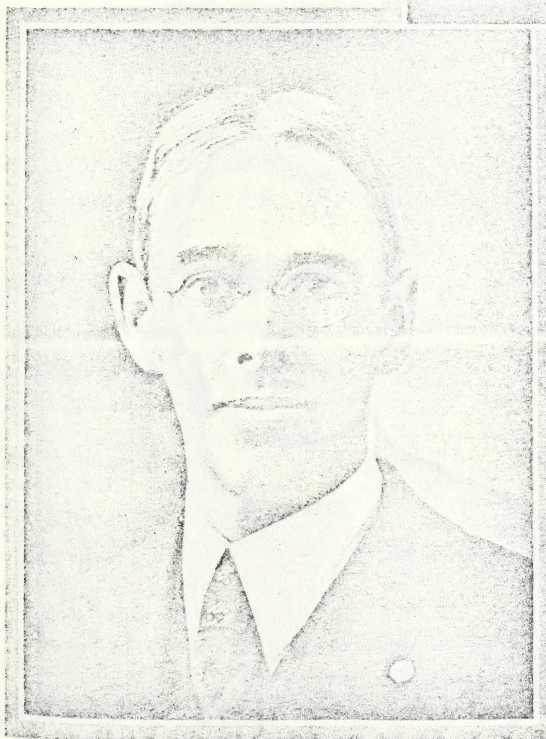
WILLIAM H. BARRY (D)

NASHUA

Committee on Judiciary

Committee on Appropriations

ONE campaign at a time is enough for most men, but Mr. Barry is a real political enthusiast. He tried for the United States House of Representatives and for the New Hampshire House at the same time last fall, carried off the New Hampshire office easily and badly damaged his opponent's lead for the national office. He has the honor of having thrown into the present session its chief bone of contention—House Bill, No. 1, the 48-hour law, and he led the forces which slew the fact-finding resolution.



CHARLES W. TOBEY (R)

TEMPLE

Committee on Claims

Committee on Ways and Means

AS a boy he stood by a Massachusetts roadside and wistfully watched New Hampshire bound trains. In 1914 the citizens of Temple sent him to the Legislature—regardless of the fact that he was the sole Progressive in the town—and this year they even nominated him without his knowledge. Which shows how his personality has won friends for him in his adopted state. As for efficiency—ask those who know his Liberty Loan work or his achievements when Speaker of the House.





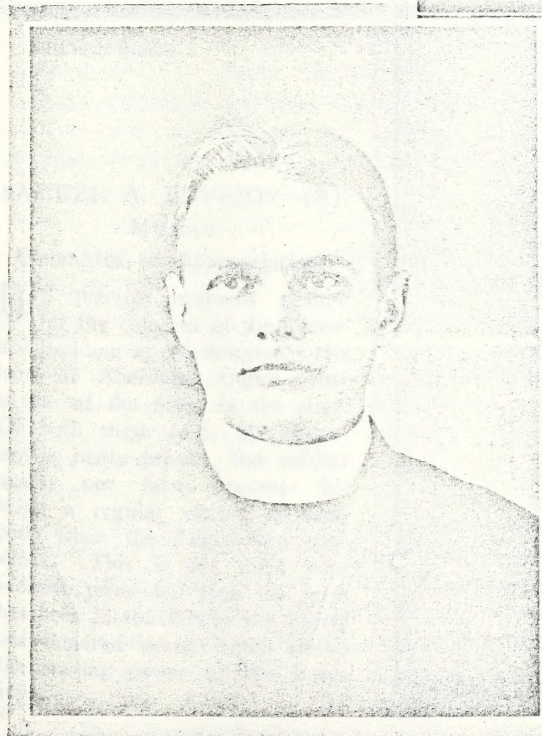
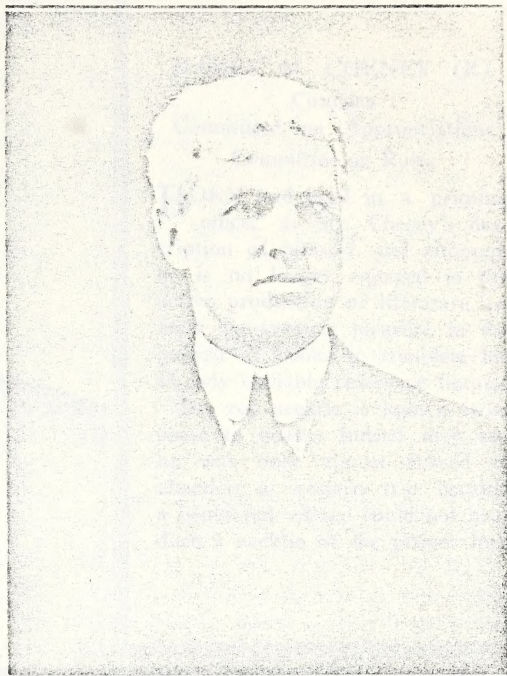
SENATOR

BENJAMIN H. ORR (R)

CONCORD

**T**ALL men, sun-crowned, that  
stand above the crowd  
In public duty and in private  
thinking..."

Into the halls of the legislature he carries the spacious manner of one who knows and loves life in the open. Whether this is a heritage from his Canadian birth-place or a later acquisition from adventurings in Texas oil fields is difficult for a stranger to say. But it convinces one immediately of the truth of the remark: "Ben Orr would get up at midnight to help out a friend."



REV. ORA W. CRAIG (D)

MANCHESTER

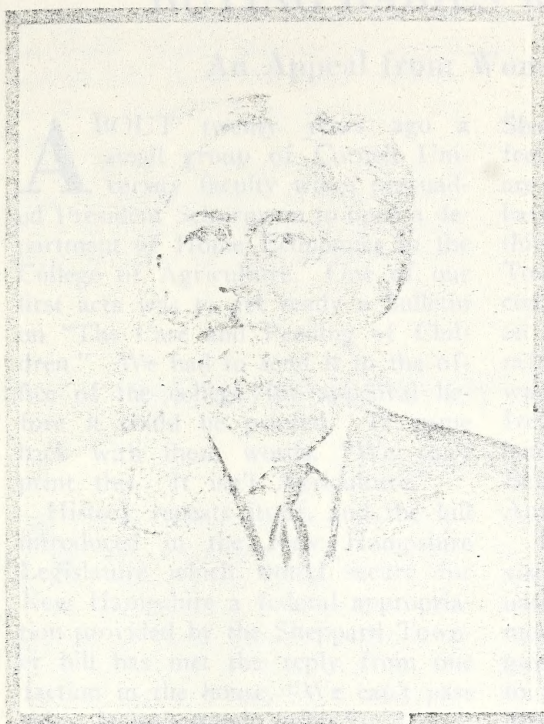
Committee on Labor

Committee on Agricultural College

**P**SYCHOLOGY and chickens" are Mr. Craig's hobbies, but he doesn't mix them. He applies psychology to the management of the diverse elements of the Manchester Delegation of which he is leader. He claims the study is useful in politics as throwing some light on the way in which a man with a fixed idea can be brought to see the other fellow's point of view. His chickens, we suppose, furnish refreshing examples of docility after a legislature session.







HARRY M. CHENEY (R)

CONCORD

Committee on Appropriations

Committee on Rules

**B**ORN and bred in a printing office," is Mr. Cheney's description of himself, and although he is no longer engaged in the active production of literature, he finds his greatest pleasure in the pursuit of books to complete his already enviable reference library.

His red necktie is known from coast to coast. Indeed they say he was once almost forced to abandon a western trip because a benighted village could not produce a necktie of the proper hue.

Kimball Studio

SAMUEL A. LOVEJOY (R)

MILFORD

Committee on Appropriations

**H**IS quarries produced granite for the columns of the Treasury Building at Washington. His herd of Aberdeen Angus cattle is one of the finest in the state. Of both these facts Mr. Lovejoy is justly proud. But neither quarry nor farm prevents his being a regular visitor at Concord when the Legislature convenes. This is his third consecutive term—but then his farm has been in the family for nearly one hundred years, which shows the staying power of the Lovejoys.



TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH





# BUYING BABIES WITH MONEY

## An Appeal from Women to Women

**A**BOUT twenty years ago a small group of Cornell University faculty wives persuaded President Schurmann to open a department of Home Economics in the College of Agriculture. One of our first acts was to get ready a bulletin on "The Care and Feeding of Children." We had to send it to the office of the college for approval before it could be printed. It came back with these words, "We can't print this. It isn't Agriculture."

History repeats itself, and the bill introduced in the New Hampshire Legislature which would secure for New Hampshire a federal appropriation provided by the Sheppard Towner bill has met the reply from one faction in the house, "We can't pass this. It isn't state's rights."

It is difficult for mere women to understand why state's rights should be an argument against the saving of the lives of mothers and babies, whereas it is not the argument when gypsy moths or corn borers are involved, but the history of the Sheppard Towner bill in various states shows almost without exception that the states refusing the federal appropriation are accepting money to protect their crops, their forests, and their cattle. Possibly the reason for this distinction is the same which led to the founding of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals many years before there was any organization for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Every year in the United States we are losing 250,000 babies, and between 15,000 and 16,000 mothers die in childbirth. Most of these deaths are from preventable causes. This deathrate has not decreased in twenty years, until the past year when the

Sheppard Towner Act went into effect. One half the deaths of mothers are from child-bed fever which we have known how to prevent for thirty years. Until the Sheppard Towner money became available this country had spent no federal money on maternal and infant aid. It is safer to be a mother in Sweden, Norway, Italy, France, Prussia, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, New Zealand, Hungary, Japan, Australia and Belgium, than in the United States of America.

The Sheppard Towner Act was devised in an effort to remedy this situation. It provides that a sum of money shall be given by the federal government under certain conditions to each state to be used under the direction of the State Board of Health in co-operation with the Children's Bureau, to be at the disposal of every woman who desires instruction in maternal and infant hygiene, and to provide public health nurses, health centers, prenatal clinics, infant clinics, and medical and nursing care in hospital or home. Nothing is compulsory. Aid is given only on request. The bill further provides that if a state will appropriate dollar for dollar an equal amount a further sum of money will be given for the work. Forty-two state have accepted the provisions of this act.

If New Hampshire adopts the provisions of the Sheppard Towner bill and makes the appropriation provided for in the bill under consideration in the house, there will be about \$20,000 available for use in New Hampshire in furthering this great work, and this with an expense to the state itself of only \$7,988.31. The opposition which we have already referred to provides simply for the re-





fusing of the federal funds, but this seemingly slight amendment would undoubtedly mean the total inability of New Hampshire to undertake the work.

The situation is serious, and it is time for every woman in New Hampshire to make her voice unmistakably heard in favor of the legislature's im-

mediate adoption of the provisions of the Sheppard Towner bill.

EFFIE E. YANTIS,  
EMMA L. BARTLETT,  
GERTRUDE M. CALDWELL,

Members of the House of  
Representatives.

## IMPRESSIONS OF A NEWCOMER

### First Glimpses of Law-making

NEW Hampshire has the largest legislative body of any state in the Union," ....

We are keeping a record of the number of times that information is given us. And to give zest to the research we are running a competition between this remark and "What do you think of this for winter weather?"

Up to the end of last week the weather was ahead—the record standing about like the vote on the Bass fact-finding resolution. Then we went to Boston. New Hampshire natives who live in the Hub have had their impression of New Hampshire weather dulled by comparison with weathers more recently encountered, but they still retain their sense of pride in the legislature. Now the record is slightly in favor of the legislature—but the weather is a close runner-up.

One thing we notice about New Hampshire weather is that it shares the fine democracy of the state. It is no respecter of persons.

In the Hall of Representatives the other day it was our good fortune to behold His Excellency the Governor of New Hampshire in close conference with one of the members of the

Honorable Senate. We aren't used to Governors—or even Senators—yet, and it gave us quite a thrill. We wondered what weighty affair of state was being settled in that informal tete-a-tete. We edged a little closer and caught His Excellency's words—"But I took two aspirin tablets and it didn't do any good!"

And the Governor is not the only one.

It takes a lot of weather to knock out the New Hampshire Legislature, however. In spite of sneezes the game of lawmaking goes on. In our opinion it ranks high among New Hampshire's justly famous winter sports. Even skiing—which we tried ourself the other evening with more or less distinguished success—pales in comparison. Which does not mean that we belittle the sport of skiing. Far from it. It didn't take us long to come to the conclusion in regard to it which Darius Greene reached as a result of his flying-machine experiences. Skiing is wonderful—so long as one keeps skiing; it's only when one stops skiing in the middle of a hill that the sun and stars begin to reel. A day in the Legislature





when the game is really on has all the thrill of a ski jump and is less dangerous.

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We still have an uncertain feeling in the House, similar to our emotions at football games. We are afraid of cheering at the wrong times, but in a general way we know when one side or the other scores a touchdown.

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We are in complete sympathy with the Gentleman from Berlin who made the laconic speech destined to live long in New Hampshire history—"Mr. Speaker, I am a young man. I never was in a place like this before." Neither were we. But we like it. No doubt the gentleman from Berlin does, too.

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Even when we get a bit tangled up about the main trend of affairs we can enjoy the side skirmishes—those times for instance when a player gets his signals mixed and makes an ill-timed motion. Watch the old guard slide from its seats and swoop down upon the offender. There is a hasty whispered conversation. The motion is withdrawn. The wheels of government move smoothly once more.

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We are apt to be pretty serious-minded and the educational aspects of our new association with the big men of the state loom large in our thoughts. Every day and in every way we are getting wiser and wiser. For instance, we had always thought that the Lewandos Cleansing Company's trade mark, with its clothesline full of freshly laundered chicks, was allegorical or symbolic or something until a Reverend Gentleman from Manchester discoursed to us at length

one day on the technique of washing White Wyandotte roosters. Now we are wondering whether running a chicken laundry would pay better than editing. Of course we'd expect the Gentleman from Manchester to act on our board of directors.

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So far our biggest thrill in the session came from a speech by the Honorable James O. Lyford. We've forgotten his subject, but it was masterly oratory and—which is the point—he used a copy of the GRANITE MONTHLY to punctuate and accentuate his remarks. Only an editor—and a green, young one at that—can fully realize the effect produced upon us by the incident. In editorial conference afterwards the GRANITE MONTHLY gave Mr. Lyford an unanimous vote of thanks for his help in making the magazine a power in state affairs.

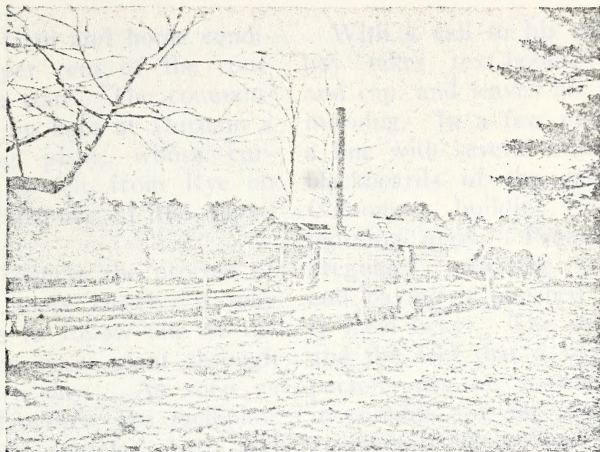
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That speech of Mr. Lyford's must have been on the 48-hour law, that being the chief source of oratory these days. Being a strictly non-partisan publication we mustn't make remarks on this controversial issue. But we may so far overstep the bounds of non-partisanship as to say that the GRANITE MONTHLY pledges its full support to the movement, briefly mentioned in the heat of argument by one gentleman whose name has slipped our memory—the movement in favor of a 48-hour DAY. It is a measure for which humanity has long waited in vain. We believe it would solve labor troubles and insure everlasting peace and happiness—even to editors. In comparison to it even the bill to increase the bounty on hedgehogs seems trivial.

H. F. M.







THE SAW MILL IN THE COLLEGE WOODS

## NEW HAMPSHIRE'S EDUCATIONAL PLANT

Where New Hampshire Brain Power Is Generated

BY HENRY BAILEY STEVENS

**I**T is a strange experience on a moonless evening to walk along the country road that leads into Durham village from the west. The occasional tall elm tree that looms like a great umbrella above, the stone-walls whose outlines can be just distinguished at each side, even the ruts and stones of the highway itself, suggest only the peace and quiet of the open country. Ahead one would expect to find a grocery store, a church or two, a few vine-covered houses, and nothing else. Suddenly a turn in the road brings one into the electric glare of the hundred lighted windows of several dormitories. A great blaze they make into the night, while over at the left, like a tall sentinel, stands the clock-tower of Thompson Hall, and beyond it the power-house chimney shoots up sparks impudently toward the hidden stars.

As I viewed this scene one evening last November, the thought came to me insistently that I was looking at a large modern factory. Behind those lighted windows some process

was going on that was intimately geared into the high-powered machinery of current life. Something was being manufactured here.

"Why not?" I asked myself, and was at once amused with the thought that evidently there was a night shift on the job.

After all, is not this institution of New Hampshire College a great Knowledge Factory, receiving yearly its unfinished products in the shape of human minds and turning out a yearly grist of trained young men and women to do a better duty in the world? Putting a point to raw ambition? Giving the edge to unshaped creative force? Yes, and more than this; for, at least so far as agriculture is concerned, its dynamos have been hitched up with the people throughout the whole state. Here, in the research laboratories of the State Experiment station, new combinations of facts are being evolved to improve New Hampshire's 2,600,000 farm acres, while a force of extension agents, like a body of commercial salesmen, is carrying the





idea of better farm and home conditions into 93 per cent of the communities of the state. The commonwealth has set up here at Durham a power-producing plant, whose current generated is felt from Rye on the coast to Pittsburg at the Canadian line.

In order to observe the process of "manufacture" more closely, it may be worth while to follow one of the products of the main plant through the course of a day. As soon as one does so, however, the metaphor falls flat. This rumpled hair and freckled face which have just had their morning pull through an elastic blue jersey defy the conception of a machine-made product. Those firm muscles and tingling nerve-cells do not run along oiled trackways like the assembling parts of a Ford car. We must be more careful now in our language.

It is seven o'clock in the morning, and the young man who has pulled on the jersey has recently taken his turn under the common shower-bath of his "floor." The looking-glass before which he combs his moist hair reflects part of a blue banner with "New Hampshire" in large white letters on it, the corner of a desk with an array of text-books, and the white end of a small iron bed in an alcove. In fact, there is a second bed which does not show in the glass and which is occupied by our friend's room-mate. On the chiffonier which holds the glass are three or four photographs, one of the boy's mother and others of younger ladies—girl friends. There is nothing luxurious about the room; it is a place to study in and to sleep in; that is all, and that is enough. There are about 250 rooms like this in the various college dormitories, accomodating nearly 500 students, and rented by the college at a price sufficiently low to pay only a nominal interest on the investment.

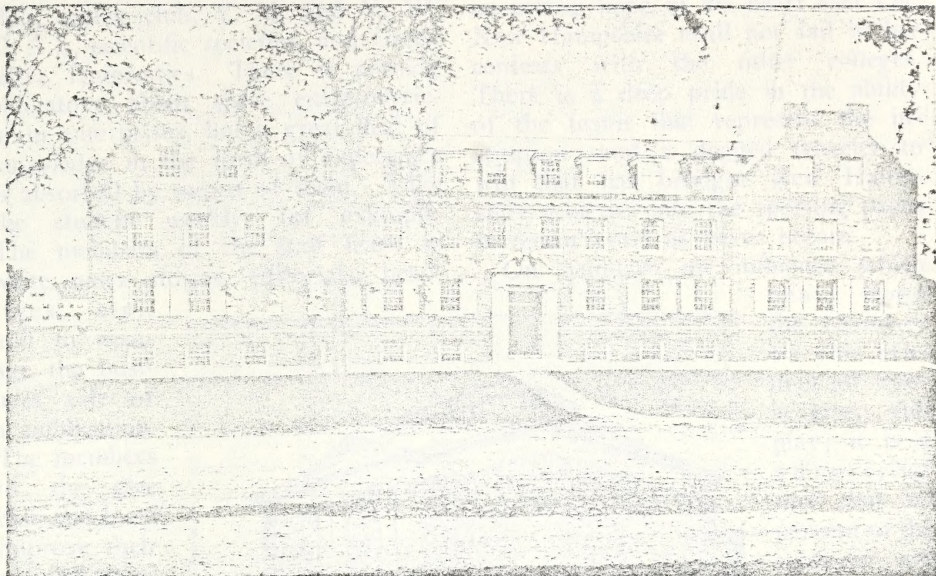
With a call to his room-mate, the boy takes text-books, a note-book and cap, and leaves his room for the morning. In a few minutes he is in a line with several others before the blackboards of the cafeteria in the Commons building, selecting his morning meal. Probably he has a "regular," collecting it on his tray and having it punched on his weekly meal ticket. The self-service plan and the fact that a large number of persons can be accommodated make it possible for the dining-hall management to serve food at low prices. There is no attempt to make a profit, but it is insisted that the food should be of good quality and that the entire establishment be kept clean and wholesome.

The boy carries his tray of steaming oatmeal, eggs, muffins and coffee to one of the long tables where several fellow students are seated; they talk earnestly, between bites, of studies, of basketball, of girls, of professors, of whatnot.

There is time for a few minutes' study before recitations begin at eight o'clock; but as the clock in the Thompson Hall tower strikes, long lines of students from various parts of the campus start for their appointed classes. There are three divisions, into which all of the students fall, according to their choice,—those of Agriculture, Engineering, and Arts and Science. It is nearly an even chance as to which of the three will have been selected by our friend, the boy. If he is specializing in agriculture, his choicest courses will be found to lie in the following lines: general agriculture, animal husbandry, dairy husbandry, forestry, horticulture, poultry husbandry, or teacher training; but he must also, in order to have a well-rounded education, include other subjects, such as English, economics, chemistry, mathematics. If he is training to be an engineer, he may







ONE HUNDRED AND SIX MEN LIVE IN FAIRCHILD HALL

specialize in chemistry, electrical or mechanical engineering, architectural construction, industrial engineering, or teacher training. If his interest is in arts and science, the general course, the arts course in chemistry and the teacher training work are open, while the girls find in this division the opportunities of home economics. In any case, in accordance with the origin and function of the college, the courses are designed to be essentially practical, leading directly to the student's preparation for a successful livelihood.

The morning is filled with recitations, lectures, laboratory work, perhaps an hour of reference reading in the library with its classical columns at the entrance and 44,000 volumes inside. The boy has to take notes quickly in his note-book; he has to be on the alert for recitations or a possible "quiz"; he has to be nimble with tools at the shops, or accurate with test-tubes at the chemical laboratory; he has to have his eye well cocked to judge animals, or to note the details of an architectural design; he has to use the card-index,

readers' guides, encyclopedias, etc. at the library; he has to have his brain open for knowledge at all times. After the noon-hour he usually goes back to the laboratories, or takes his bit of physical training and military drill.

At four o'clock he is free for recreation; and the chances are that after the long mental grind of the class-rooms and laboratories, it is a relief to get his muscles into action. This is probably the main reason why athletics forms such a popular part of the rounds at all colleges. To boot a football, follow a basketball madly about the gymnasium floor, race at a track meet, or chase over the countryside in running trousers on a cross-country run:—these may not be such mad pursuits after all. Physical education is required of all women students as well as men; and hockey, basketball and volley ball are perhaps more popular than dances.

Aside from recreation, there are other activities of a socially educational nature: student publications, dramatic club, debating society, glee





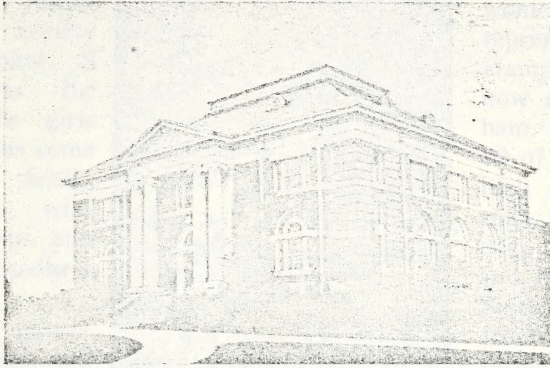
club, outing club, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s, scientific societies, and Greek letter fraternities. There is nothing obligatory about these extra-curriculum enterprises, but a great deal of knowledge in the form of experience is absorbed by means of them. Take the student weekly, for example. The members of the staff learn to write news stories, editorials, headlines, etc., and to manage the business side of a publication. The members of the glee club and band improve their musical training. The Cercle Francais conversations are as valuable as classroom recitations. The debaters and actors acquire the ability to speak clearly on their feet.

After our friend, the boy, has taken his part in these various recreational, and social activities, has had his supper, studied his lessons for the next day and perhaps done some more reading at the library, he is ready to "call it a day," and to put out one of the lights which has helped to give his dormitory the appearance of a factory on the night shift.

This is an ordinary day at New Hampshire College. Once a week there are chapel exercises in the gymnasium which has to serve as the main auditorium; and on these occasions the student body is usually addressed by some well known speaker from the outside world. On Saturday afternoon there may be a 'varsity game, when half of the student's loyalty to his "alma mater" is expressed in resounding cheers for the team, and half of it remains as

an aching hope in his heart that Old New Hampshire shall not fail in her contests with the other colleges. There is a deep pride in the ability of the teams that represent the institution; and a dogged tenacity to win that has brought New Hampshire athletics into the sporting pages in recent years as never before.

On Sundays an influence which bears upon the character of the student all week is given full play; it is a surprising fact that 63 percent of the students are members of some church, while 76 percent of the remainder have consid-



THE LIBRARY WITH ITS CLASSICAL COLUMNS  
AT THE ENTRANCE AND 44,000 VOLUMES WITHIN

ered joining seriously enough to have formed a preference for certain denominations. Among the churches represented are the Advent, Baptist, Catholic, Christian Science, Christian, Congregational, Friends, Greek Orthodox, Jewish, Lutheran, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, Protestant, Protestant Episcopal, Union, United Brethren, Unitarian and Universalist. The Community Church at Durham welcomes all denominations; a student pastor conducts religious services during the week and keeps a friendly eye and ear open for opportunity to give assistance and counsel; a Catholic priest from a neighboring town performs the rites of the mass for the members of his faith; and the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are rallying centers for all.

Then there are the special days of the year: New Hampshire Day when the students take pick and shovel, paint brush, saw and hammer, dump





cart, stone boat and truck, and do manual labor in the interest of a better looking campus, while the girls serve every one with a great noon-day meal; Spring Festival, when nymphs in brilliant colors dance classically on the green lawn, finishing with the Maypole ribbon-weaving rites of old; Home-Coming Day, when all doors are opened for the returning alumni; Junior Prom, when Society with its capital S reigns all over the campus and the girls we left behind us come to town; and finally Commencement, with its dignified caps and gowns, and its sadness of farewell.

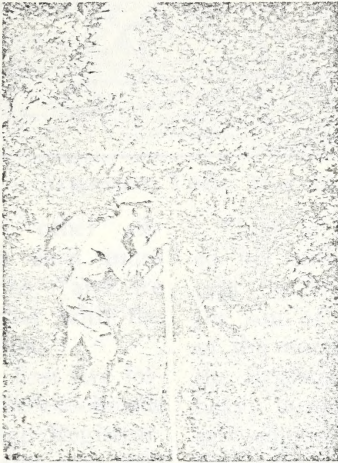
So the days pass—the ordinary days and the extraordinary ones, each of them dripping slowly but forcefully like water forming a channel in the clay. What four years of this sort of life mean to a New Hampshire boy or girl may hardly be estimated; and what they mean to the state may not be guessed when it is considered that there are now 1055 students registered at the institution.

So far, much of what has been said would apply to most of the other colleges in the East besides New Hampshire; but there are several respects in which this is peculiarly an institution of the state. In the first place, about 80 per cent of the student body are New Hampshire residents, and the great majority of these were actually born here. In the old days before it became a national institution, this was true of Dartmouth; and I think that every loyal citizen of the state cherishes as a New Hampshire product, the "College on the Hill," and is as proud of it as are its graduates who sing of

"the granite of New Hampshire

In our muscles and our brains."

Of recent years, however, Dartmouth has been pressed into the service of the entire nation; and the State College, born and nourished at Hanover under the wing of its older sister, is continuing the traditions that it learned there.



PART OF HIS FORESTRY COURSE

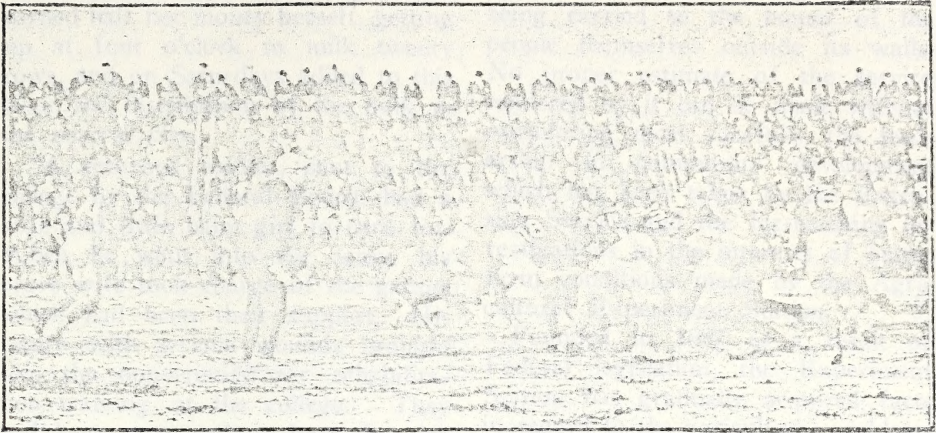
Six hundred and thirty young men and women of the state, representing 145 New Hampshire towns, are now enrolled at Durham. They come from 80 of the 84 approved high schools of the state. More than this, they are from the rank and file of the people. Sixty per cent come from the families of farmers, tradesmen and laborers; twenty-five per cent from those of business and pro-

fessional men. Only seven per cent of their fathers are college graduates, and only one per cent of their mothers.

The great majority of these students help in some way to put themselves through college. Many of them work all of their spare time for board or room or both. Serving meals, washing dishes, helping with house-work, doing farm chores, these are popular tasks; and the doing of them wins respect from fellow students. The captain of last fall's football team and president of his class not only has worked his entire way through college, but won the prize for scholarship ranking among students who earn at least half of their expenses. The two oldest girls from a family of eight, whose father is dead and whose mother is struggling to get a living for her other children, told me recently that they earned their board and room and







"ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON THERE MAY BE A 'VARSITY GAME'"

practically all of their other expenses. "We want to earn more for our family," said one, "and we know we can do so better with the aid of a college education."

"Running through the first five letters of the alphabet in the enrollment of boys," says the College Registrar, "one can pick out casually over 100 who earned more than half of their expenses and 43 per cent of these state that they have earned every penny they spent. Most of them are sons of farmers, small tradesmen, laborers, railroad men, bricklayers, salesmen—not the "privileged classes" but the hard-working people who are the foundation and support of the democracy. It is their sons who have given the State College the reputation for thorough democracy of spirit. Student after student, in stating on his admission registration blanks the reason he chose New Hampshire as his college, has said: 'Democratic atmosphere,' 'Financial reasons, and N. H. C.'s growing reputation'; 'Reasonable expenses and courses offered'; 'Reputation of the college, personal knowledge of it, and fact that it is my own state'; 'Nearness, small expense and growing reputation'; 'Good chances for help in a financial way, together with the fine courses offered', etc.

"One of the young men who earned his entire expenses recently, except for his Grange scholarship, was the son of a cook in a timber town in the north of the state," continues the Registrar. "He did not allow the heavy burden of combined study and self-support either to deprive him of the advantages of association with other youths, of athletic sports or of special activity in the department of military training. He was a member of a fraternity, played on his class baseball team two years and in basketball also; won a sergeant's stripes in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps; and was an active member of the Economics Club which studies and discusses the political and social problems of the day. Add to this that he was on the honor roll for high standing in his studies and it is easy to see why the college is proud of its men.

"One recent girl graduate with an honor record was born in Vilna, Russia, daughter of a Jewish junk-dealer. She earned 90 per cent of her expenses, and specialized in sociology and economics with a view to the alleviation of the lot of the poor among her own people.

"For three years another girl walked six miles in all sorts of weather in order to be able to take the home





economics course at the college. She earned half her money herself, getting up at four o'clock to milk twenty cows, and on Saturdays added to this labor the distribution of the milk in the nearest city.

"A returned soldier, sent to the college by the Federal Board, had a wife and little baby girl to care for. When he went into the army, his brave wife took charge of the garage which had been their support. His return with serious wounds brought him the opportunity for rehabilitation training at the college. They had been separated so long that his wife decided to sell their small business and take 'roomers' in order to be with him. He has done good work in the mechanical engineering department, and is a good influence among the less mature men he comes in contact with."

The names of these and a multitude of other students who work hard for the education which they desire so earnestly are on file at the Registrar's office, and their records tell dramatically the price that hundreds of young men and women are willing to pay for the opportunities furnished by the state. For the convenience of students who may find it more economical to borrow a small amount of money rather than devote such a large part of their time to outside work, gifts from various sources have enabled the Student Loan Committee of the College to assist a large number in their Junior and Senior years. For the most part the loans are small, but they are usually necessary in order that studies may be kept up satisfactorily. They are made on strictly business principles, going on interest at the close of the course.

The institution is a people's college in more than the sense that the sons and daughters of the rank and file come to it for a higher education,

however; for the college is now being carried to the homes of the people themselves outside its walls. No proper estimate of the service rendered by it can be made without considering most carefully the leadership in community development which has been taken by the Extension Service and the far-reaching investigations in the interests of better farm conditions made by the Agricultural Experiment Station.

Founded in 1887 as a result of Federal legislation, the Experiment Station has gradually acquired facts in regard to the agricultural problems of the state which have already in important instances shaped a better farming policy. For detailed information as to what this work has meant the reader may be referred to a recent bulletin, published by the Station, entitled "Digging Up Facts for New Hampshire Farms." This bulletin shows graphically how the research investigations have answered such fundamental questions as: "Can we afford to buy fertilizer?" "How can we cut our grain bill?" "How can we grow better crops?" "How can we raise livestock more profitably?" and "How can we reduce the taxes paid to pests and disease?"

The fund of information acquired by the Experiment Station has constantly been spread, through bulletins, through lectures, through correspondence, and through press articles, among the people of the state. During the past decade, however, both the investigations and the teachings of the college in agriculture and home economics have been through the medium of a new agency written with amazing rapidity into farm politics. This agency is the Extension Service. Built up from the beginning under the direction of the head of the Experiment Station, Director J. C. Kendall, the extension work is combined with the research





investigations and more comprehensively than in most other states of the union. It has now reached a point, to quote a recent report, "where over 8000 of the more active farmers of the state have solidly aligned themselves behind it; where over 1000 persons are serving on committees to promote definite extension projects; where nearly half of the funds in support of the work is raised in the counties themselves; and where it is clear that the farm and home practices of the state are being momentarily affected."

It is worth while considering that the welfare of the state is bound up inevitably with the problem of rehabilitating its agriculture. Unless farming can be made more profitable, the drift away from the country, which was clearly shown by the 1920 census, will continue; and unless more of New Hampshire's food can be raised economically within her own borders, her manufacturing concerns will find themselves more and more unable to hold their own with the competition of the South and Middle West. To produce more at less cost per unit, to market more efficiently, to improve farm home conditions, these are the slogans to which the Extension Service has rallied the bulk of the farming population.

Among the far-sighted plans of President Hetzel none has been developed with greater determination than to make the institution a great educational forum, at which all interested state organizations and individuals might confer on methods of state progress. Boiled down to its essence, it is only good "factory management;" the state's educational plant should be kept busy in its off-seasons. Hence various civic, social, religious, official, agricultural and home organizations are welcomed to the campus during the vacation periods. The buildings are thrown wide

open; and the people who attend are treated not so much as visitors as the rightful heirs of a public institution.

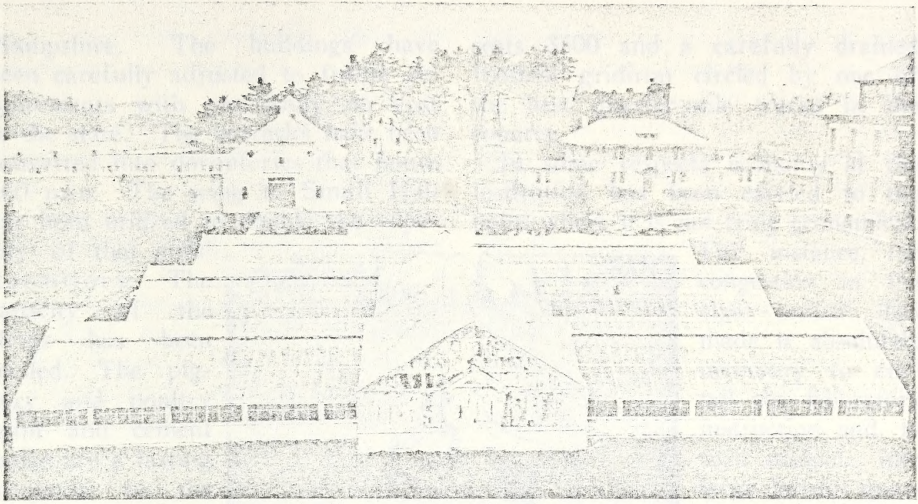
For four summers practically all of the state-wide agricultural and home organizations have united in the Farmers' and Home-Makers' Conferences. The streets of Durham are lined on both sides with parked automobiles; the lecture-rooms are filled with intensely interested men and women; and from five to six thousand people in one week have enjoyed the facilities of the college. Last summer for the first time a summer school was also started, with a view to giving six weeks' instruction to teachers, students needing extra credits, graduate scholars, and others.

Still another service to the state has been rendered through the Smith-Hughes teacher-training work. Sixteen high schools where agriculture is taught now receive the benefit of supervision from the college, while students at the college are trained in all of the divisions along pedagogical lines, and students in the home economics courses are assisted for eight weeks in the year in actually giving instruction in this subject in various centers of the state.

Perhaps nothing has been more phenomenal in regard to New Hampshire College than its rapid growth during the last decade. Legislators have been alarmed by it. Alumni have viewed it with swelling pride. Faculty members have scratched their heads to find ways to accommodate it. Executives have even raised tuition and fees to check it. Yet the enrollment and demands upon the institution have kept mounting. Something in the state has reached out to Durham as a plant gropes instinctively towards the light; and this desire, in the breasts of multitudes of people, for a higher education is one of the most hopeful and significant signs of the times.







THE COLLEGE GREENHOUSES ARE USED BOTH FOR INSTRUCTION  
AND EXPERIMENT WORK

Ten years ago the complete registration at the college amounted to only 336; to-day it is 1055. This tells the story of the series of crises which in the past few years have had to be faced by these who have had charge of steering the institution's course.

More students have meant more teachers. The faculty to-day numbers nearly one hundred, and, together with the members of the extension and research staff, is now as large as the entire student body was at the beginning of the century. Class rooms, laboratories, dormitories, auditorium, faculty offices, library, heating plant, all of the resources of the institution have been strained to the utmost to respond to this urge on the part of the people of the state for greater knowledge and better training.

"We have been in the position of a growing family," says President Hetzel. "There have been each year more mouths to feed, new calls for room and accommodations. The need for economy has been constant—we have had to measure carefully each expenditure, and yet the necessity for expenditure has been more and more urgent."

Yet during the past five years, in spite of the fact that the institution has more than doubled in size, the state has not been asked to provide more buildings! This fact, amazing on the face of it, can only be accounted for in three ways: (1) the generosity of a true friend of the college, Mrs. Alice Hamilton Smith, in providing a girls' dormitory caring for more than 100 young women; (2) the foresightedness of the college executives in making a permanent use of the buildings, labor and funds provided by the Federal government during the emergency period; and (3) a most careful expenditure of all moneys.

A great part of the increase in enrollment has been due to the growing demand on the part of young women for an education on a par with that given by the state to young men; and the gift of Mrs. Smith was an inestimable aid in making it possible to fill this need. No less valuable was the construction work done during the war when the college was a military training camp. In a great many institutions the buildings erected at that time have been considered only of temporary value and have been scrapped. Not so at New





Hampshire. The buildings have been carefully adjusted to future requirements with practically no cost to the state. The barracks have been converted into dormitories that house 160 men. The wing to Smith Hall has been utilized to double the capacity of that girls' dormitory. The capacity of the shops has been tripled. The pig-gery and poultry plant and cement walks are a lasting memorial to the practice labor of the construction units. The "Y" hut has been made into a combination of recitation room and faculty headquarters.

The important agricultural investigations of the Experiment Station have been made almost entirely with federal funds; in fact, New Hampshire was one out of only three states in the Union until the last biennium not to provide state appropriations for this purpose. The far-reaching development of extension work, in similar fashion, has been conducted with a minimum of requests upon the state. And the expenditure of all funds is planned carefully by a budget system and scrupulously carried out with rigid economy by the Business Office, which, at the entrance to Thompson Hall, guards the institution like an impartial watch-dog.

One other source of aid to the institution should be mentioned, and that is the loyal body of alumni. Hardly greater in numbers than the present student body itself, these men and women have recently met the crying need for greater recreational space by contributing over \$25,000 for the construction of a Memorial Athletic Field with a grandstand that

seats 3500 and a carefully drained football gridiron circled by one of the best quarter-mile tracks in the country.

In some respects economy at the institution has been carried to the point where it is not truly economical.



NOT ALL THE COLLEGE WORK  
IS DONE IN CLASSROOMS

For instance, the congestion in the class-rooms has made it absolutely necessary to curtail the laboratory instruction and to turn students into large lecture quarters, an inefficient procedure and one that must be only temporary.

"Aside from a slightly increased maintenance appropriation," says President Hetzel, "we have only one plea to make to the present legislature; and that is to make possible the construction of a new class room building which will put a stop to this congestion which is so damaging to our educational work. We cannot afford to lower our standards of instruction even temporarily; and the need for action to prevent this cannot longer be staved off."

As soon as one compares the expense of New Hampshire's state college with the educational plants of the other states of the Union, the magnitude of the accomplishments at Durham may be better realized. The average part played by public funds in the support of all of the state colleges of the country is 72.8 per cent, whereas in New Hampshire the public funds amount to only 54.7 per cent. With the exception of one or two very heavily endowed institutions, this is the lowest in the country. On the other hand, New Hampshire exacts a larger tuition and fee charge for out-of-state students than





any other state college, while its charge to state students is only exceeded by one. In the majority of state colleges no tuition fee at all is required of residents.

In the face of these facts, the increasing demand on the part of New Hampshire's young men and women to share in the opportunities of a state educational plant can well be considered anew. New Hampshire College is not so much of a problem to the tax-payer as it is to the prospective student. Viewed in the

light of the popular response of other states to the movement for a higher education, the state has been asked for an absolute minimum of support. It is a conservative and safe statement that in no other commonwealth has the state received as much for the amount which it has put in. If state appropriations were bonds and increased education were dividends, then would the brokerage columns of our newspapers quote "N. H. C." at the highest point above par.

## NEW ENGLAND DISCOVERS WINTER

NEW England's discovery of winter is to be ranked as one of the most beneficial discoveries of the last decade. Ten years ago one put away sleds and skates with other childish things and spent the months from November until March hibernating either in some warmer clime or huddled close beside the fire at home. Today there are not a few of us who get more real outdoor sport in January than in June.

On our desk as we write is a partial list of Winter Carnivals which have been held or which will be held in New England this winter. The list includes twenty-five events and is incomplete and tentative at

that. It is interesting to notice that of the twenty-five nearly one-half are in New Hampshire.

During January perhaps the most unique event was Manchester's carnival. This month all eyes are turned upon Dartmouth, whose celebration February 8-10 promises to be even better than in years past. Immediately following the sports at Dartmouth, Laconia will be the scene of the races of the New England Skating Association. Concord and Berlin are having their carnivals early in the month and undoubtedly other towns and cities will follow suit, either formally or informally, before the snow begins to melt.

### NOTE

The editors regret that it has been necessary to postpone publication of the article on Manchester's growth by Miss Savacool, which was an-

nounced<sup>\*</sup> for this issue. It will appear in the March issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY—and it's worth waiting for.





# THE BENT TWIG

## A Story of a Victory

BY WILLIAM M. STUART

WITH a sudden premonitory whirl, the sitting room clock struck nine. Bob Brownell started in his chair by the fire and arose, exhaling his breath sharply as he did so. He glanced around the room and a sly look came into his eyes.

"Why not help myself to a part of it before Mike comes?" he murmured. "He'll think Joshua sent it away at the last minute."

He pondered the matter awhile, breathing deeply. His eyes narrowed as he asked himself another question: "Why not all of it? I might as well be a whole hog as part."

Carefully he considered the proposition, glancing uneasily around the room as though he half-expected some eye was upon him. Finally he tiptoed across the room, took a box from the mantel-shelf, and opened it. He fumbled for a moment, then brought forth a key. Laying this on the table, he drew out a shapeless object which gleamed redly in the light of the kerosene lamp. At first he stared at this curiously, then as if fascinated. His breathing became audible and he ran his fingers through his hair with a nervous gesture. For perhaps ten minutes he stood there and stared at the shapeless object which lay in the palm of his trembling hand. At last, as if awaking from a trance, he replaced the article in the box, threw the key in after and put the receptacle back on the mantel.

"No," he ejaculated, "I'll not double-cross Mike. I hope I've got a little honor left. 'Honor among thieves.'" he soliloquized.

"Well, that's better than no honor at all. If it wasn't for Mike I'd give it up. Joshua's been good to me. And then that little—. I wonder why he kept it? Did he—?"

He broke off suddenly and strode across the room to the front door. Placing two fingers in his mouth, he sounded a piercing whistle. A moment of waiting and an answering call came from somewhere in the darkness outside.

Bob stood in the doorway waiting. Although it was October, the night was not cold; yet he shivered. He shivered until his teeth clicked together as he stood in the doorway waiting. A full moon spread its light over the landscape and rendered far distant objects visible. Bob could plainly see the hay barn in the south meadow one-half mile away. There was a shadow on the north side as though the sun were shining.

Somehow the moon affected Bob curiously. He did not feel at all comfortable. A vague fear oppressed him. He tried to assume a blasé manner, but many disturbing thoughts came into his mind. One thought that persisted was of the shapeless object that he had just held in his hand and that had gleamed redly in the light of the kerosene lamp. He laughed nervously as he rolled a cigarette.

"Must be I'm moonstruck," he murmured. "I've heard of such things."

A shadow, which had detached itself from the woods below the garden, was coming up the road. The shadow speedily resolved itself into a man and entered the dooryard.





"All to the mustard, Bob?"

"Yep, the coast is clear. Come along in."

The man entered the room and gazed about curiously. "Great night for our getaway," he growled harshly. "Where does the old boy keep his kale?"

The newcomer differed materially in appearance from the one who had admitted him. His red face, bull neck, projecting chin and shifty eyes indicated as plainly as his words that he was of the criminal type. A striped sweater and a cap added to the effect.

On the other hand, Bob presented the appearance of one who was a novice in crime. His meager seventeen years was evident, and the awe and admiration with which he regarded his companion could not be suppressed.

"They haven't been gone an hour," he said tremulously, "but I guess it's safe. They won't be back until midnight. Big supper with speaking and all that. It's our chance."

He tried to talk big, but his manner was not as confident as his words would indicate. "Do you suppose they can trail us, Mike?"

"Trail nothin'. These rubes around here don't know they're alive. Lead me to the filthy lucre."

"I'll get the key to his box. We don't want to take the box, do we, Mike?"

"Naw, we don't want the box, but we want the long green, pronto. Get the key."

"It's in the little wooden box on the mantel. He keeps all his keys there."

The youth crossed the room, took the key from the shelf and opened it. He picked out a key, then hesitated as his eyes were attracted by the other object within the receptacle. A strange look came into

his eyes as he drew forth again a little red woolen mitten.

Bob Brownell stared at the mitten. It was old, frayed, and faded, but it fascinated him. Many thoughts coursed through his mind and the scroll of the last nine years of his life, which had started to unfold before the entrance of Mike, resumed the presentation of memory's pictures to his mental gaze. Mike coughed and shuffled his feet impatiently, but still the boy stood and looked at the little mitten while the dreamy look deepened in his eyes and his lip trembled.

Like lightning his mind ran back over the years that were gone. Vividly he recalled that bitter winter's day in wind-swept City Hall Park when Joshua Brownell had stopped to speak to him and then had offered him a home.

He recollected the long ride home from the station, over the squeaking snow and with now and then a rabbit darting from a bush and hopping away through the moonlight.

But mostly he remembered that first night around the comfortable kitchen fire after such a supper as he had never dreamed of before. His new friends had brought forth gifts: and greatest among them was a pair of gorgeous little red mittens. Before their beauty he had succumbed, and when he went to bed he wore them. He had slept with them on his hands. And during the years that followed, he had never forgotten them.

Also his active mind recalled an overheard conversation of recent date that had both alarmed him and given rise to disturbing thoughts. This had transpired but the day before when Mrs. Brownell had held converse with her husband at





the breakfast table. The lad was supposed to have gone to the field, but in reality he lingered in the kitchen and heard all.

"Joshua, I don't like the way Bobby is acting lately," Mrs. Brownell had announced. "He's getting to be tough. He swears at the team dreadful and he associates with that Mike McGee, who was once in the reformatory. He seems to take to such company. I think he crawls out the window nights and goes away with Mike. And this morning I found a revolver under the straw-tick of his bed."

"What did you do with the gun, Martha?"

"Left it alone, of course. I dasn't touch it. What does he have it for—and keep it hidden that way?"

"I'll have to look into the matter, Martha."

"I should say it's about time. I'm afraid you made a mistake in picking him up the way you did—slam-bang, without any investigation. He's got bad blood in him, I'll bet. And the Bible says 'blood will tell.' He's older now than he was and it's beginning to crop out."

"No, Martha, the Bible doesn't say that. It says, however, that 'the way a twig is bent so will the tree be inclined.' I know I took a big chance, picking him up that way, but he looked so much like our Bobby used to that I was just drawn to him. Maybe he's got bad blood—wouldn't wonder 'n he had—but we caught him young and have tried to train him right. He'll get sick of the company of Mike after a while."

"It's risky, Joshua. I'm getting afraid of him. We hadn't ought to keep him any longer. I'm glad we didn't adopt him."

"Maybe you've been reading the same magazine article that I have,

Martha. The one by the eugenic chap. He said that no matter what the environment, bad blood would show itself—that a boy with bad blood would be a bad man. Now that don't seem fair. A boy can't help how he is born. I'd just like to prove by Bobby that the writer chap is wrong; sometimes at least."

"I tell you it's risky, Joshua—keeping him any longer. That pesky Mike ain't putting any good ideas into his head."

"As for Mike," Joshua had resumed, "he's sort of a hero to Bobby. Boys naturally take to older boys who can tell big stories of what they've done. I happened on 'em—on Mike and Bobby—one day when they were fishing and Mike was telling the most gosh-awful story of how he made a monkey out of a constable on a certain occasion. It's hero worship, Martha. But let's give the boy another chance and make environment win this time."

And the next day—this day—at the dinner table, Joshua had announced: "Bobby, Mother and I are going to the Grange supper tonight and won't be back until about midnight. I wish you'd stay home. I've got that six hundred dollars of hay money in the house yet and I'm a little nervous about it; although I guess there's no danger. You won't be afraid to stay alone, will you?"

"Oh, no," he had promptly answered, "I'll be all right. Go ahead. I'll watch the house. I wasn't going out tonight anyhow."

And now here he was at the parting of the ways.

"Well, fer de love of Pete!" growled Mike, "wot's der matter wid yer? Wotayer standin' there lookin' at dat old mitten fer? Froze to it? Throw me der key if yer can't move. I want ter git me hands on dem shekels."





Slowly the lad drew in his breath as he turned and faced his companion, the little red mitten still in his hand. He stood very straight and there was a look in his eye that Mike had never seen before.

"Thank you, Mike," he said in a queer voice. "You just woke me up. I've decided we won't rob Mr. Brownell tonight—or any other night."

"We won't, hey?" shouted Mike. "Goin' ter double-cross me, hey? Well, dat won't woik, me laddy-buck. I's Mike McGee, I is, an' nobody can't put no hook inter me. Does yer git me, Bo?"

"You'd better be goin', Mike. Good night."

"Good night, is it? I'd jist like ter know wot's to hinder me knockin' you out, you yearlin' calf, and walkin' off wid all der sou-mark-ees."

He started toward the boy, chin thrust out aggressively.

"Oh, merely this," answered Bobby easily as a revolver gleamed in his hand. "Just turn around, Mike, and vanish through that door. Then keep on going. I'm a little nervous and this thing is liable to go off."

Mike swore fluently and with emphasis, but finally turned and bolted through the doorway.

"I'll git you fer dis, you half-baked gutter-snipe," he bellowed.

"Don't come around this way again, Mike," called Bobby from the doorstep. "I've decided to weed out some of my associates and I guess I'll begin with you."

He watched his erstwhile crony until he had vanished around the bend in the road, then gazed about the moon-lit landscape with a strange glow in his breast. "Just

like it was the night I came," he murmured as he re-entered the house.

He started violently, for there sitting easily in a rocking chair, with his double-barrelled shotgun across his knees, was Joshua Brownell.

"Why," began the youth, "I—I thought you was at——."

"Yes, I suppose you did, and so did Mike. As a matter of fact, I was. I took Martha over, then I came back. I saw your struggle, Bobby, and I saw you win. I felt sure you would, but I took no chances. There's an old adage, Bobby, 'Trust in God and keep the powder dry.' 'Tis a good motto—for some occasions."

"I had you covered all the time from the dark—in the parlor. The door was open a crack. If you had unlocked the box in my room, you would have died that instant—and Mike the next. You know what a shotgun will do at close range."

"But I didn't do it," said Bobby tremulously, "and I didn't know you were here."

"No, my boy, you won the fight alone. I was confident you would see where you were headed if something would wake you up and set you to thinking. I thought the little mitten would do it. That's why I put it there. You see, I always kept one of 'em just to—just to——"

He broke off suddenly, placed his gun in a corner, arose and put on his hat. "Bobby," he resumed, "'tain't necessary for Martha to know anything about this. It's just between us men. And now to prove that I trust you, I'm going right back to the grange hall. You've won, Bobby."





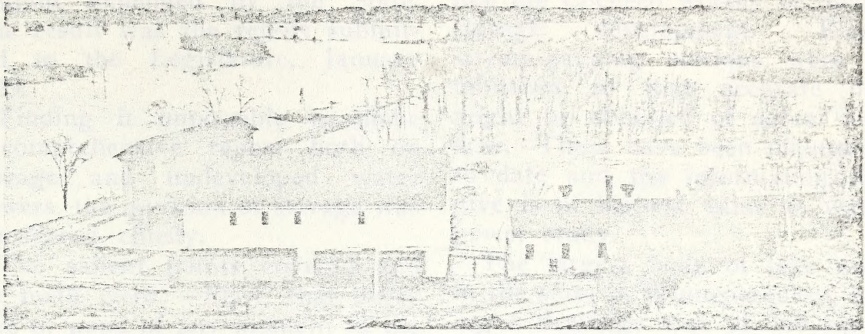


Photo by M. S. Lamprey

THE JUNCTION OF THE CONTOOCOOK AND THE MERRIMACK DURING THE FLOOD OF 1895

## "THE WATER THAT GOES OVER THE DAM DOES NO WORK"

### Why Not Make It Turn Our Mill Wheels?

BY GEORGE B. LEIGHTON

ANY one observing a flow of water over a mill dam will realize on a moment's reflection that the mill gets no power from such water. Do we recognize that if this waste water was impounded it could be used to keep the stream fuller in the dry seasons of the year? In a word, that is the conservation problem of water in New Hampshire. Many thousand of tons of coal could be saved, at a saving of five dollars or more per ton, because most of the mills are forced to have auxiliary steam power on account of lack of storage of flood waters. This problem has interested the writer for a number of years. Before one can suggest solutions of problems of the kind, it is necessary to have accurate information. The water powers of the state have been built by private corporations which only studied the particular location. That was often done in a crude way com-

pared to modern methods. Some storage was created, particularly that on Lake Winnepesaukee. Reliable information as to rainfall and run-off was unobtainable.

During the Legislative Session of 1917 there was sufficient recognition of the importance of water power to the industries of the state and of the absence of comprehensive knowledge of what were the resources of the state to make a survey of the problem. A short bill was passed (No. 256) providing for the appointment of a commission to investigate the natural condition, providing for co-operation in the work with the United States Geological Survey, and appropriating \$3000 for expenses. The writer was appointed Commissioner and arrangements were made with the Geological Survey to do the field work. Mr. C. H. Pierce, the District Engineer for New England had charge of this work, and both he and his assist-





ants were eminently qualified to perform the task. The Survey expended federal money to about the amount expended by the State. The result was the report submitted to the Legislature, January 1919.

Finding it impossible to make a comprehensive report both on storage and undeveloped water powers, the question of storage was considered chiefly.

The salient points covered and set forth were:—First, that every lake or pond of any moment in the state was visited and an estimate made of its storage capacity. Could a considerable amount of storage be effected at reasonable cost? This necessitated a general knowledge of the area from which it received the run-off from snows and rain and of approximating the cost of a dam to hold this water. These ponds were then grouped into smaller river systems as the Ashuelot and Contoocook, and then all these into the large river storage as that of the Merrimack and Connecticut. Secondly, the report suggested a plan for establishing such storage. A subsequent act in 1919 enabled a study to be made of undeveloped powers. This was done in much the same way. In both cases the work was performed considerably within the appropriation, so that today New Hampshire has accurate and reasonably complete information as to its water power resources. It is directly a problem now as to whether the people of the state desire to avail themselves of this natural resource to benefit the industries and themselves in these days of high cost of coal and of manufacture. The storage report showed that there were 101 ponds and lakes capable of conservation of flood waters: 56 in the Connecticut,

54 in the Merrimack; and one on the Androscoggin. There seemed to be none on the costal streams like the Cocheco worthy of further storage development. Eleven stream-gauging stations were established so that accurate data might be obtained of actual river flow. These have been maintained to date and the information they give is of highest value to water-power study.

The largest body of lake water in the state is Winnepesaukee, having a drainage area of 360 square miles or 230,000 acres. There has been a dam at Lakeport for many years and records are available for some fifty years. The dam is not sufficient to hold water from a year or more of heavy rainfall to a subsequent period. It would be a matter of small expense to raise the dam six inches or a foot but the land damages might be considerable if raised more than a foot. If one foot more could be put on the dam, it would, we estimate, develop 10,000,000 horse-power hours down the Winnepesaukee River to its confluence with the Pesnigervasset and of course considerably more on down the Merrimack.

In just such a way were all of the one hundred places studied. There is a possibility near Keene, Tenant Swamp, of making a dam 25 feet high and 1500 feet long which would make a reservoir five miles long and enable all the mills in the Ashuelot Valley to dispense with coal for power—almost if not entirely. The Suncook Ponds afford a similar storage possibility. The dams of each of these places would cost about \$300,000. Assume cost of operation—amortization and all that — at 10%, which would be \$30,000. It would in each case require only the saving of 5000 tons of coal at \$6.00 to make





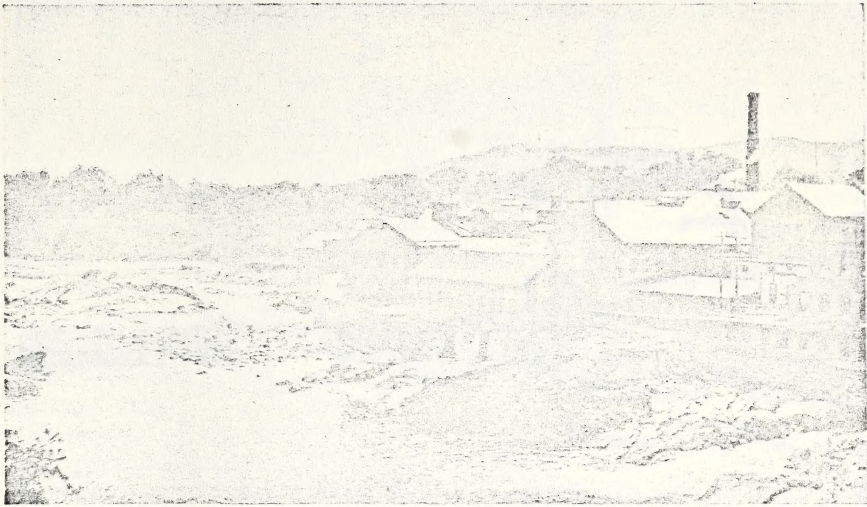


Photo by C. S. Pierce, U. S. Geological Survey

ORDINARILY THE CONNECTICUT AT BELLOWS FALLS LOOKS LIKE THIS—

them worth while, while the actual saving would be far greater, possibly four or five times that amount. Why not do it and do it now?

The two principal rivers of our state reach the sea through Massachusetts. There are important power plants in that state on both the Connecticut and Merrimack and if water is stored in New Hampshire, considerable benefits will be assured to these mills. As yet there is no legal method to compel them to join in the cost of storage or pay for its benefits, but a number of them are ready and anxious to do their part—particularly is this true of the Locks and Canals at Lowell and the company at Turner Falls, so a reasonable assistance can no doubt be assured when New Hampshire has something to offer.

The study of our undeveloped water powers has shown that there are approximately 375,000,000 horse-power hours on the Connecticut and its tributaries and 144,000,000 on the Merrimack. These figures are large and to a

layman convey little, but it may be put in other words by saying that this represents an increase of about 100% over what is now in use. What an undeveloped resource!

Five hundred million horse-power hours annually, equal approximately to one million and a half horse-power hours a day—or three million horse-power hours for ten hours of the day, or, to consider it as one unit of power, it means a plant of about two hundred and fifty thousand horse-power added to the state's resources!

Water powers are located in particular places and for specific uses and markets. Therefore, it seems better to leave their development to private capital. Water storage is of general benefit and quite properly is a matter the state should establish; and water storage if privately owned by certain mills may be released only as they may desire, whereas it should be released for the benefit of all the mills on the stream.

With the absence of storage of flood waters and of stream control







Photo by F. J. Blake

—BUT THIS SHOWS ITS APPEARANCE DURING THE FLOOD OF 1913

as it is today, there is less inducement to the establishment of power plants. A considerable time each year flood waters pass down stream doing no work and at other times the streams are so low that auxiliary steam power is needed.

Water storage on a considerable scale has been established at several places in New England—one on the Androscoggin near the New Hampshire line and another on the headwaters of the Deerfield River in Southern Vermont. The storage of the Aziscoos dam on the Androscoggin has been developed by joint action of the large power interests on the river at Berlin, Rumford Falls, and Lewiston; that on the Deerfield by the Connecticut River Power Company for its several plants on the Deerfield. Owing to the local conditions, a small mileage of the river within the confines of the state and the mutual organization of the large mills, little

mention is made of the Androscoggin in the reports. That river is not a New Hampshire problem. Neither is the Saco. Its storage reservoirs, developed and undeveloped, lie principally in Maine. Maine has a law, the constitutionality of which has not been passed upon as yet, that electric power cannot be transmitted beyond the state line. It is theoretically possible to take Maine power to Massachusetts, and Maine has enormous power resources, but such a power must needs pass through our state. This is a question which sooner or later must be adjudicated.

The recent decision of the United States Supreme Court holding that the Pennsylvania anthracite tax is constitutional may have a bearing on the question, but, of kindred nature, the question arises if New Hampshire may not tax users in Vermont for Connecticut River





water power, for the river to its west bank belongs to New Hampshire. In the report on Water Storage rendered to the Legislature of 1919, the water power and storage on the Androscoggin is fully reported by Walter H. Sawyer, the consulting Engineer in charge of the work, showing how that problem was analyzed and handled in practice. In addition plans and policies under consideration and in effect particularly in Wisconsin are touched upon in this report.

The New Hampshire problem seems to call for a different method on account of the importance of the smaller rivers in the aggregate and of the large number of comparatively small mills. It would be difficult to get all interested to unite in policy or share the financial requirements on a theoretical basis. Therefore, some state policy must be resorted to. The plan laid down in the report and which has as yet, after four years of publicity, not been objected to except as to some detail, which was to be expected and desired, has these recommendations:

1. That water storage should be developed by state authority.
2. That the state should lend its credit by the issuance of bonds, but that no work should be undertaken until long time contracts for the payment of stored water should be made by responsible power plants.
3. That such payments must include the full interest paid by the state on the bonds, plus a sinking fund and plus cost of operation



THE DAM AT CONTOOCCOOK RIVER PARK

and upkeep. All this should not amount to over ten per cent—or, for example, the construction of dams costing \$1,000,000, at least \$100,000 a year would have to be shown in contracts for water.

4. That the value of stored water be translated into coal saved.

I quote from the report as follows:

"In conference with power companies it is gratifying to learn that they are willing to pay liberally for water power as a substitute for coal. Several have said they would pay for coal saved by water, for example, at \$3 per ton when coal costs \$4. In this report Mr. Pierce has worked out the Suncook Conservation in order to indicate how an analysis should be made. If, for example, it is found that ten thousand tons of coal can be saved in a certain river basin if the flow is more equal, the mills should be willing to pay at least thirty thousand dollars per year, which would be ten per cent on a cost of three hundred thousand dollars. Coal must be provided at each of the mills on the river during the dry season, whereas if storage is provided at the head waters the power can be used at the successive dams the year round, and as these mills are located one below the other, the same storage development applies to all of them. The relation of cost of construction, rainfall, area affected and benefits must be studied in each case. Each project should be at least self-sustaining. This ten per cent above referred to may be approximated as consisting of five per cent for the use of the money, two and a half per cent, for amortization, and two and a half per cent for costs of operation and control. By the issuance of long term bonds the amortization of two and a half per cent per annum will pay the original cost in forty years. Some developments will undoubtedly prove to be the means of adding to the state treasury. How will the money be secured? Unquestionably the cheapest way is for the state to lend its credit by the issuance of bonds. These may be issued in small or large amounts depending on work; to be undertaken annually. The





people of the state would have no added burden and benefits of the improvements would be secured at a minimum cost. In normal times the state can secure money at less than five per cent, the cost of operation may not be as much as two and a half per cent, so the total cost may be nearer eight per cent than ten per cent.

Coal is materially higher than when the report was written, so the problem is more important today. Coal may decline but it now seems improbable that it will get down to \$4, delivered at New Hampshire mills, for a long time. Several hundred thousand tons of coal can be saved yearly. If twenty-five to thirty per cent is taken off the average coal price as a basis of water value the mills have saved that to start with which would mean a million or more di-

rectly saved to them, and the figure might be twice as much.

In course of time when the bonds are amortized the state will have a very considerable source of income from such a storage development and meantime cannot lose unless certain dams are washed away, which is hardly worth considering even as a possibility.

5. The work ought to be placed in the hands of the Public Service Commission, who can do it with little increase of organization and minimum of expense.

If a beginning is made by creating some storage at one or two important places, the plan can be tested and it can be quickly ascertained if the benefits prove what it is believed they will be.

## A SIMILAR PLEA

### From Another Source

**A**S the magazine goes to press there comes to us a newspaper clipping which has a definite bearing on the subject of which Mr. Leighton writes. It includes a statement by an engineer interested in the plans for the development of the Blackwater valley proposed by a firm in Massachusetts. We quote only a few paragraphs from the statement which appeared in the Boston Herald of Sunday, January 28:

"The importance of the development of the water power resources of New England, if its mills are to survive in competition with the South, has become pretty clearly recognized.

"As New England has no supply of coal within its borders it must rely upon the coal hauled in from outside states or else make use of the

water power resources which nature has provided within its boundaries. The importance of this is particularly clear in the case of the New Hampshire textile mills which are not located on tidewater and which must therefore depend on expensive railroad coal.

"The South with its coal mines close to its mills has a great advantage over New Hampshire and New England in this respect. It is a crying shame to have any part of the rainfall which falls in the upper regions of the great river systems of New England go by water power plants without adding its quota to the power developed there.

"The value of the water of the Blackwater river to the Merrimack river plants is in the ratio of two to one—that is to say, for every kilowatt of electrical energy that can be





developed on the Blackwater, two kilowatts will be developed in the plants already existing on the Merrimack.

"The importance, therefore, of making the river do all the work of which it is capable cannot be overestimated. If the Blackwater

river can be conserved for use during dry periods of the year, it will assist already existing textile mills at Penacook and Manchester, public utilities at Sewall's Falls, Garvin's Falls and Hooksett, as well as the textile mills at Lowell and Lawrence."

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## GRIEVE NO MORE

BY MIRIAM VEDDER

Grieve no more that love should fly  
Swiftly at it came to bless,  
Hearts enough love passes by—  
Here it paused with gentleness.

Does the rose tree's scarlet head  
Move less sweetly to the air  
That a butterfly, now sped,  
Rested for a moment there?

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## LONELINESS

BY DOROTHY E. COLLINS

I am not much afraid to be alone  
Though darkness settle with the winter rain.  
I poke my merry little fire again  
And laugh to hear the cracked old stairway groan.  
But there's a horror in the sense of eyes  
At gaze upon one through the window-glass,  
And I abhor the terrible winds that pass,  
Wailing their sorrow to the empty skies.  
Although I love what makes this house a home—  
Warm rugs, deep chairs, low windows, heavy books,  
And I've no wish for travel, but to roam  
The valley and the hill on which it looks,  
How warm my heart and still my hands would be  
Were you beside my little fire with me.





# PETER LIVIUS, TROUBLE MAKER

## Newly Found Facts About Governor Wentworth's Old Enemy

BY LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO

**H**E is an artful, sensible, industrious, dangerous man, and I most certainly would have bought him had I not too unwisely relied on my integrity for defense and support." This was Governor John Wentworth's opinion of Peter Livius, his one-time enemy, almost twenty years after Livius's attempt to oust him from the governorship of New Hampshire. Wentworth was writing to Jeremy Belknap, the historian, and it is reasonable to suppose that the many adjectives he used to describe the man's character were carefully chosen. If Belknap had not thought it necessary to tell the story of that pre-revolutionary controversy, the name of Peter Livius would have passed into oblivion as it deserved to do. But since the historian has preserved his unpleasant memory, it may be worth while to collect and recite the few known facts of his career.

In those delightful volumes of Portsmouth tradition familiarly known as "Brewster's *Rambles*," the date and place of Peter Livius's birth were set down about seventy-five years ago; and whatever biographical dictionaries mention Livius at all seem to have taken over this data without question. Presumably Brewster possessed evidence that Peter Livius was born in 1727 at Bedford, England; but conclusive proof of a different time and place has recently come to light. Among the "Langdon Manuscripts," preserved in the library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, are some family notes written in the well-formed hand of Peter Lewis Levius, the father of Peter Livius, the Trouble-Maker. From this reliable contemporary ac-

count we learn that Peter Livius was born July 12, 1739, at Lisbon, Portugal. His father was a German, nay more—he was a Prussian from Hamburg. And as he tells us that his ancestors lived in or near Hamburg, one is inclined to doubt Brewster's statement that he was "of a Saxon family of distinction." However that may have been, young Peter's mother was neither Prussian nor Saxon, but either English or Irish. Susanna Humphry she was, and her birthplace was Waterford in the south of Ireland. The elder Levius (for so he spelled his name) tells us that he was born in Hamburg—or, as he writes it, "Hambro"—August 18, 1688, and that he took up his abode in Lisbon, November 9, 1709. He is reticent as to the cause of his migration, but there are records indicating that he became a merchant there. And though he does not state how or where he became acquainted with Miss Humphry, he seems to have been in no doubt regarding the date of their marriage, June 15, 1728.

Young Peter was the sixth child of this couple. Like most eighteenth century children he had smallpox at a very early age. Happily for himself and for his family he survived. Then, when he was hardly old enough to be out of the nursery, his mother took him to England and "put him to school at Mr. Sheron-del's at Chelsea." The father gives us the date for this, too—February 10, 1745. Peter was not yet six years old. Apparently he withstood homesickness as well as he had passed through smallpox, for a year later his father records that he is still at Chelsea and in good health. The next we hear of him is in April





1754, when he returned to Lisbon. At fourteen, therefore, Peter Livius seems to have terminated his schooling. Yet according to Adams's *Annals of Portsmouth* he became a man of "liberal education;" and it is reasonable to suppose that the honorary degree of Master of Arts which Harvard College conferred upon him in 1767 was based upon something more substantial than his apparent wealth. At all events, in the autumn of 1754 he entered upon his apprenticeship with Messrs. Dea and Company in Lisbon. His term was to be five years, but it suffered a rude interruption. On November 1, 1755, occurred the Lisbon earthquake. The offices of Messrs. Dea and Company were destroyed by fire in that catastrophe, and it was five months before they resumed business—Peter Livius with them—"at Alcantara, near Lisbon." Here, on April 4, 1756, the elder Livius's record of his son Peter's progress ends.

Seven years later, in the summer of 1763, Peter Livius turns up in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, having married in the meantime Miss Anna Tufton Mason. According to local tradition young Mr. Livius cut quite a figure in the provincial capital. He rode in a coach, resided in a painted house, owned a country-seat on the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee,\* and otherwise gave the impression of affluence. Although he was still a young man, being less than twenty-five years old when he came to New Hampshire, he may have possessed a good deal of property. Yet he does not appear among the principal tax-payers of Portsmouth in 1770. And from the fact that his finances were reported to be "in a disordered state" in 1771, it is not unlikely that his earlier apparent opulence consisted largely of

his wife's prospects. She was one of the daughters of Colonel John Tufton Mason, the gentleman who had sold his ancient and dubious claim to much New Hampshire territory for a substantial sum in the 1740's.

Having obtained from the town of Portsmouth the exclusive right to do so, Mr. Livius dammed up the water course in Islington Creek and erected at least two grist-mills on it. In exchange for this privilege, he built a toll-free drawbridge across the creek and agreed to maintain it at his own expense. All this was very well, but some other activities of Mr. Livius were not so commendable. There was, for instance, his peculiar altercation with Mr. Thomas Martin in regard to the ownership of a negro boy named Duke. In the spring of 1764 Mr. Martin was about to depart for England, taking with him, for one reason or another, £40 or £50 which belonged to his ward, an orphan relative who was also related to Mrs. Livius. Being a conscientious guardian, he took care to insure his ward against loss, if an accident should happen to himself, by making a conditional bill of sale of his negro boy to Mr. Livius. If Mr. Martin were prevented from returning to New Hampshire, the bill of sale was to become effective and the orphan reimbursed. Having made this arrangement, he sailed for London, with a clear conscience and plenty of ready money.

Upon his return from England he naturally asked Livius to give back the bill of sale, as he had promised to do in the receipt he had given at the time of the transaction. In fact, according to Mr. Martin's deposition, he "often asked him for it, but always had for answer that he had mislaid and could not find it." The years went by. Then one day a law-

\*For accounts of Livius's Tuftonboro residence, see *Granite Monthly*, V. 194, and X. 218.





yer's clerk appeared and informed Mr. Martin that Mr. Livius had presented the bill of sale and had asked for a writ to demand the surrender of the negro boy. Before issuing the writ, the clerk's chief had thought he would ascertain whether Mr. Martin "had any objection to his doing it." Not unnaturally Martin flared up. "I returned for answer," his deposition tells us, "that I had none; that if Mr. Livius chose to do a thing that would make him more infamous (or to that purpose) than he at present was, I had no objection." Although he spoke in heat, Mr. Martin meant just what he said; for at the time of the original transaction he had taken care to take a receipt for the bill of sale from Livius, and in that receipt, which happily he still retained, was an explicit statement of the terms of the deal. When the lawyer learned this, he advised Mr. Livius accordingly and "dissuaded him from his designs." This episode did not lead to Mr. Martin's recovery of the menacing bill of sale, but being a true Yankee he found another method of spiking his adversary's guns. To use his own words, he "recorded the Receipt in a Notary Publick's office to hinder any evil Consequence that might happen by my Loseing the receipt and Expose me to the Mercy of said Livius's honour."

Not so businesslike nor so fortunate was another Portsmouth gentleman. This was Samuel Moffatt, who was the husband of Mrs. Livius's sister. Like almost every one else in town Moffatt was at first dazzled by the free-spending newcomer who had married Anna Mason. In fact it was indirectly through Moffatt, and directly through a friend of Moffatt's in Bristol, England, that Peter Livius procured his appointment to the Council that surrounded Governor Benning Wentworth. But that is another story. Well would it

have been for Samuel Moffatt if his dealings with Mr. Livius had ended there. However, it was not to be so. Soon after Livius's appointment to the Council, Moffatt and George Meserve admitted him as a third partner "in the Brig *Triton*, which Vessel was fitted out at Boston with a Cargo for the Coast of Guinea & Cost Three thousand four hundred & fifty pounds Sterling, and was carried on in the name of Meserve & Moffatt only." Livius's third cost him £1150. He paid Moffatt £600 at one time and took his receipt for it. At different times he paid in the balance—£550—and then took a receipt for the whole amount—£1150—but kept the receipt for the £600 "as he hadn't it about him at the time of taking the last Receipt." Moffatt let the matter go.

The *Triton* sailed for the coast of Africa, laden presumably with rum, for that was the best medium of trade in that part of the world. There she exchanged her freight for a cargo of negroes, and headed for Jamaica, where her master expected to make a handsome profit by selling the negroes to the sugar planters of that island. On their passage across the Atlantic, however, many of the negroes died; and the prospective profit of the partners was turned into a loss. When this unpleasant news reached Portsmouth, Moffatt communicated it to Livius, and Livius appeared to accept his share of the loss with cheerful resignation. After all it would hardly exceed £200, he said.

But a little later his philosophical mood gave way to sharpness. There was nothing in writing to show that he was a partner in the ill-starred enterprise. And there were receipts in his possession that could be made to indicate that he had merely lent £1150—or rather £1750—to Samuel Moffatt. In the course of time, therefore, Mr. Livius notified his vic-





tim that he had his receipt for a large sum of money, and that unless an immediate settlement was made he should be obliged to "pursue such measures as would secure himself." Moffatt was alarmed, and rightly so. Through a third party he replied that if Livius would return the £600 receipt and pay what he owed on a separate account, he would give him security for the true balance. This Livius declined to do. Instead he took out a writ against Moffatt for £200, apparently on the ground that this amount represented the interest due on £1750 for which he showed receipts. "Moffatt, getting intelligence thereof, confined himself to his House; and rather than be held to Bail for so large a sum became Bankrupt." Thereupon Livius, whose scheme would have been largely defeated if the man had actually gone into bankruptcy, withdrew his writ. In place of it, he sued him in three different actions. As a net result of these legal proceedings, it is a pleasure to relate, Mr. Livius won nothing, whereas Mr. Moffatt came away with the troublesome receipt for £600, and "recovered his Costs."

Soon after he came to Portsmouth Livius had boasted to John Parker that if he were a member of the Council he "would oppose the Conduct of the governor and Council in general." Benning Wentworth was then governor, and perhaps there was some justification for Livius's sentiments. Yet, whatever his grievance may have been, he does not seem to have fulfilled his promise after taking his place on "the Board" in May, 1765. Instead he vented his displeasure on George Meserve. Meserve, a native Portsmouthian, had the misfortune to be appointed stamp distributor for New Hampshire under the notorious Stamp Act. He was in England at the time of his appointment, but returned to America late in the summer of 1765. Learn-

ing of the extreme unpopularity of the Stamp Act before he landed, he resigned his office forthwith; and upon his arrival at Portsmouth he made a second resignation in public before going to his own house. This was as it should have been, no doubt, and Mr. Meserve would have kept out of trouble if, when his commission arrived some time later, he had refrained from mentioning its receipt. Unfortunately for himself, he felt constrained to show it to the governor and to some other public officers. Then came trouble. The Sons of Liberty assembled, took possession of the offending commission, and obliged Meserve to take oath "that he would neither directly nor indirectly attempt to execute his office."

Although Mr. Livius was a member of the Council and held his office directly from the Crown, he did not hesitate to identify himself with the popular side in these episodes. The governor and the other councillors were content with a discreet neutrality; but not so Peter Livius. There is a deposition showing "that so long as George Meserve, Esq., the Stamp Master, disclaimed acting in his office, so long said Livius was his fast Friend and did all in his power to protect him. But as soon as said Meserve received his Commission & showed it to the Governor, Secretary, & other officers to indemnify himself, said Livius joined the popular Clamor against him & became his Inveterate Enemy—That when said Meserve petitioned the General Assembly for Redress of his Losses, said Livius was chosen Chairman of a Committee to hear him; and, as said Meserve frequently told the Deponent in the time of it, he not only as such treated Him in an haughty, imperious manner within doors, but publickly in the Street & insulted him, and finally challenged him."

Livius's threat that he would run counter to the governor and the rest





of the Council was not carried out while Benning Wentworth was in power. But after that gentleman had been superseded in office by his nephew John Wentworth, Mr. Livius decided that the time was ripe for insurgency. The first open break came in June, 1768, when the Assembly passed and sent up to the Council a bill asking the governor to render an account of that part of the provincial revenue known as "powder money"—how much had been received and how it had been expended. The Council nonconcurred, and the bill was killed. Alone among the councillors, Peter Livius took the part of the Assembly. Moreover he insisted that the grounds for his dissent be entered upon the Journal. No conclusive action was taken upon the latter point, but the privilege was denied him for the time being.

Besides being a member of the Council Mr. Livius was a judge, appointed presumably by Governor Benning Wentworth. At any rate he was a justice of the Court of Common Pleas for a number of years, his administration in this field coming to an abrupt end in 1771. In that year the province was divided into counties, and it became necessary to issue new commissions to the judges. Governor John Wentworth found this an opportune moment for appointing another in the place of Mr. Livius, who had performed his judicial duties with notorious partiality. On at least one occasion it became known that Livius had given legal advice to the defendant in a case which was to come before him for judgment. The plaintiff protested. Livius replied that at the time he had given his advice he was not aware that he was to sit upon the case. Naturally this did not satisfy the plaintiff, who rejoined, "'As the Matter now Comes on, and you have already given the party your Opinion against me, I should think

it out of all Character or Dishonourable for you to set' (or words to that purpose). Whereupon the said Livius gave his Word and Honour that he would not Set; but after the Tryal came on, he insisted upon Sitting & acting as Judge in the Cause." As things turned out, however, the case was put off to another day, when it so happened that Mr. Livius did not sit. But for this happy outcome Livius does not seem to have been responsible.

John Sullivan, who later became General Sullivan, did not hesitate to express his opinion of Peter Livius as a dispenser of justice. Sullivan was a prominent lawyer of Durham, and it may be that his views were colored, or shaded, by memories of a day in July, 1766, when Livius, representing the Council, brought to the Assembly a petition signed by a number of persons from Durham and other towns "against Mr. John Sullivan for evil practices in him as an Attorney at Law." However that may have been, at a later date Sullivan, under oath, spoke his mind as follows: "I have, for some years before he was set aside from Acting as a Justice, Observed his opinion ever to be in favour of his intimate friends, and where he had no friends immediately interested in the Dispute I have observed his opinion to be in favour of a favorite Lawyer, without attending to the Merits of the Cause; which observation I have not only made myself but have it Generally from Gentlemen of the fairest Character."

Having been set aside by Governor John Wentworth, Livius determined that he would bring about the governor's downfall. As the story of his attempt to do so is told in Belknap's *History* and elsewhere, the reader need not be bored with its repetition here. The controversy began in March, 1771, was carried to England a year later, and was ulti-





mately settled in favor of Governor Wentworth in August, 1773. The writer has discovered no document proving that Livius's intention was to gain the governorship of New Hampshire for himself; but is it likely that merely his penchant for making trouble for others induced him to go to England and to give the prosecution of the case his personal attention? There are strong indications, though no absolute proof, that he fully intended to supplant John Wentworth in the governor's chair. The amazing thing about the controversy is that he all but succeeded. Almost as astonishing, unless one is conversant with the mentality of Lord Dartmouth, was the decision of the Colonial Secretary to send Mr. Livius back to New Hampshire to be chief justice of the province, after Wentworth had been vindicated by the Privy Council. Dartmouth actually signed the warrant directing Governor Wentworth to make the appointment; "but this," wrote Wentworth in after years, "upon more mature consideration was thought likely to produce trouble, and he [Livius] had a more lucrative office in Canada."

Livius seems never to have returned to New Hampshire, although his wife and children still resided there. Instead he read law at the Middle Temple, and was admitted to the English bar in 1775. He had a good head for the law. Even his enemies in New Hampshire admitted that his decisions as a judge were excellent,—when none of his friends was directly or indirectly concerned in the cases brought before him. He must have given the impression of unusual intelligence in other branches of learning, too, for he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in April, 1773. Not long after this he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law from Oxford University. John Wentworth had been awarded

the same distinction in 1766. It seems to have signified little except the good graces of the academic powers.

Mr. Livius very much wished to be elevated to the head of the provincial judiciary and to be despatched to New Hampshire in 1774. But Lord Dartmouth kept him waiting many months. Then came word that he was to go to Quebec as a judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Thither he sailed in the summer of 1775, arriving safely "after a tedious, difficult, and dangerous voyage of one hundred and twenty-six days." He found the province in great confusion. An army of American rebels was threatening Montreal, and it was not at all certain that the Canadians would not join them in opposition to the rule of the mother country. In November Montreal surrendered. In December the invaders under Montgomery and Arnold appeared before Quebec and laid siege to it. Then came the desperate assault and the defeat of the Americans. "During the siege of Quebec by Mr. Arnold," wrote Wentworth to Belknap, "part of his house, being properly situated, was used as a guard-house. On the attack, his servant was in action; and when over, Mr. L. himself appeared. He also sometimes before the assault walk[ed] up to the walls. Upon the repulse of the Americans, he wrote home a pompous account of his services. His house a guard-house, he himself often at the wheelbarrow in repairing the fortifications, and at all other times with a brown musquet doing duty with & encouraging citizens.' These things were artfully told to the K. just in the moment of joy for the defeat of the enemy and safety of the city, which was much apprehended; and it being suggested that the Chief Justiceship of Quebec was vacant, it was immediately given to him. The





fact was, that he was remarkably shy on all the active business, as I was told by a gentleman present thro' the whole, and only appeared to save appearances, which he afterwards so well improved."

Among the Americans captured at Quebec was a New Hampshire captain, Henry Dearborn of Nottingham. Mr. Livius befriended him, and he was given leave to go home on parole. In return for this courtesy the revolutionary authorities allowed Mrs. Livius and her four children to leave New Hampshire and join the head of their family at Quebec. In July, 1776, they boarded the schooner *Polly* and departed from Portsmouth in peace.

Almost a year later Livius interested himself in the welfare of another American soldier, but this time he took care not to be so open in his altruism. The object of his solicitude was General John Sullivan of the American Army. To him he wrote a long letter, dated June 2, 1777. From the revolutionists' point of view this was not the most encouraging period of the war. Howe was in possession of New York City, and Burgoyne was descending from Canada. The bearer of the letter seems to have been an authorized envoy sent to General Sullivan on other business. What became of him we do not know, but on June 16th Livius's letter was removed from the false bottom of a canteen and was read by General Schuyler at Fort Edward. The letter is much too long to quote in its entirety,\* yet parts of it surely must find a place in any paper on Peter Livius.

After dwelling upon the hopelessness of the American cause, "the futility of all hopes of effectual foreign assistance," and the certainty of Sullivan's personal ruin, the writer of the letter proposed a method whereby he could save his "family

and estate from this imminent destruction." "It is, in plain English, to tread back the steps you have already taken, and do some real, essential service to your king and country." Nor did Mr. Livius hesitate to suggest what immediate form this "essential service" might assume. "In the meanwhile," he wrote, "endeavor to give me all the material intelligence you can collect (and you can get the best), or if you find it more convenient you can convey it to General Burgoyne, and by your using my name he will know whom it comes from without your mentioning your own name." For Sullivan to explain away his recantation would be an easy matter. "That you embarked in the cause of rebellion is true; perhaps you mistook the popular delusion for the cause of your country (as many others did who have returned to their duty) and you engaged in it warmly; but when you found your error, you earnestly returned, you saved the province you had engaged for from devastation and ruin, and you rendered most essential services to your king and country: for which I engage my word to you, you will receive pardon, you will secure your estate, and you will be further amply rewarded."

At this point Peter Livius drops out of New Hampshire history. But the glimpses we get of him in Quebec show him to have been consistent throughout his career. He was appointed chief justice of the province in 1776, and his appointment carried with it membership in the Council. One of the first questions that came before the Council was that of issuing an ordinance that would establish a reasonable and uniform schedule of fees. The salaries of most of the Canadian office-holders had recently been bountifully increased, and to General Carleton,

\*It is printed in full in Farmer and Moore's *Historical Collections*, 11, 204-207.





the governor, it seemed only right that the people should benefit thereby. The salary of the chief justice was £1200 plus £100 as a member of the Council and £200 as judge of the vice-admiralty court, making a total of £1500. It seems as if this amount supplemented by a low schedule of fees, ought to have been sufficient income for even a chief justice living in Quebec in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. But Mr. Livius thought otherwise. A letter from the governor tells the story.

"I have had the pleasure to perceive that there are some who require no law but their own integrity to keep them within the limits of justice and moderation; unfortunately it is far otherwise with many, and in this province there is now no rule of regulation of fees of office, but each man for himself is guided by his own desire for gain,—which of late has broke out with greater keenness than heretofore.

"Many of the gentlemen of the Council saw the necessity of an Ordinance, which, at the same time that it authorized what was reasonable, awarded proper punishments to deter those whose avarice might induce them to disregard or elude it: This business, so reasonable and necessary, was continually intercepted by motions and speeches quite new in this province, and more suited to a popular assembly of the Massachusetts than to the King's Council for Canada.

"Mr. Livius, Chief Justice, took the lead, greedy of power, and more greedy of gain, imperious and impetuous in his temper, but learned in ways of eloquence of the New England provinces, valuing himself in his knowledge how to manage governors,—well-schooled, it seems, in business of this sort."

Livius's opposition to the governor was not confined to this one instance. Carleton was a military man and he

ruled Canada accordingly. In the early years of the Revolution the province of Quebec was permeated with insurgency, which, after the surrender of Burgoyne, became once more a real danger to the British government. In order to make his administration as efficient as he could, the governor-general had appointed an executive committee of the Council, which virtually took the place of the larger board. With the help of this committee—a sort of privy council—Carleton carried the province safely through a critical period. But Livius was not included in its membership. In April, 1778, the chief justice attacked the legality of the executive committee, and demanded immediate remedy. Carleton's patience was exhausted. On May 8, 1778, he dismissed Livius from the head of the judiciary, and hence from the Council. Inevitably another Livius controversy appeared in Downing Street. Carleton, in disgust, declined to defend his course before the Privy Council. Livius presented his side of the case, was sustained, and the office of chief justice was restored to him with extended powers.

But Peter Livius did not return to Canada. On one pretext or another he remained in England, enjoying the salary of his office while its duties were performed by others. This agreeable arrangement, due largely to the indulgence of Lord George Germain, continued until 1786, a period of eight years. Then not only was Livius superseded, but General Carleton, who had been out of civil office since 1778, returned to Canada as governor of Quebec and with the title of Lord Dorchester. Nine years later the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under date of July 23, 1795, recorded among other recent deaths—"On his way to Brighthelmston, Peter Livius, Esq., late Chief Justice of Canada."





# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

## The Heart of Monadnock

BY ELIZABETH WESTON TIMLOW

Boston, B. J. Brimmer Company

THE only justifiable way to review this book is to take a cue from the jeweller's art and string pearls—quotations—but, paradoxically, it can't be done in the space which even the most generous editor would allot to a review. Besides, one can't "review" a prose poem like, "The Heart of Monadnock."

In the spring of 1918 a certain "dollar a year" man in Washington, dropped out, and was no more seen for months. Being on the inside, he knew how little really had been done. He knew that after a year at war the United States had but three hundred thousand troops of all branches in France; he knew that Germany was about to launch that great thrust towards Amiens. He pleaded and preached in vain, and then, instead of going mad, he slipped away to the Adirondacks. The mountains saved him from dying, like "Bobs," of a broken heart. That man's overwrought condition is still with us to-day. Thousands of generous souls and knightly minds are daily agonizing over conditions which they cannot alter, cannot alleviate, and which only time can better.

For these, "The Heart of Monadnock" was written. You don't need to go to Monadnock alone of mountains to correct your mental or moral astigmatism; any good mountain will do. But you should take along "The Heart of Monadnock" in one pocket, to balance Selden's "Table Talk" or Bacon's Essays or a copy of Emerson or an Atlantic Monthly with one of William Beebe's articles in the other.

Speaking of Beebe reminds one that the author has, like him and like

John Burroughs, an equal interest in every living thing. Of the two eagles which have made their home for years on Dublin Ridge, driving their young each year to nest in some less-favored spot, she happily voices the thought of their "swimming in the sapphire ocean of space."

Never have I read a finer or grander description of a thunder-storm than that contained in the seven pages beginning on page 72; none of the morbid horror and stage bogeyisms of a Poe, unhappy when not in a perpetual state of goose-flesh. Rather the healthy thrill and urge that come over so many of us at the breaking out of heaven's warfare. Read her storm tale to the accompaniment of the storm-music in "William Tell," and your eye will flash, your nerves tingle, and the old berserker that yet dwells in us all will long for a part in the combat, to be borne off at last to Valhalla by the watchful Valkyrie.

The inside covers of the small volume have plans drawn to scale, of every path, pinnacle, and viewpoint on and about Monadnock and his five giant sons—those great shoulder-buttresses that are the steps of "The Wise Old Giant's" throne. These paths and views are dwelt upon and amplified in the text, and that makes the book a guide to better acquaintance.

People who are mucking about in the mire of 'realistic' novels will be glad to know about "The Heart of Monadnock:" it is one book they won't have to buy to keep up with Greenwich Village.

ERWIN F. KEENE.





# JUDGES FOR THE BROOKES MORE POETRY CONTEST

THE interest shown by our readers and our contributors in the Brook's More Poetry contest which ended with the December, 1922, issue has been very gratifying. It is not going to be an easy matter for the judges to pick out the winning poem. We are fortunate, however, in having secured as judges three persons who know poetry both from a practical and from a critical standpoint: all three write poetry; two of them are teachers of literature, and the third is an editor on a magazine whose reputation for excellent verse as well as prose is unequalled. These three judges are:

Miss Florence Converse, one of the editors of the Atlantic Monthly.

Mr. Carl Holliday, professor of English at the University of Toledo,

Mr. Frank Prentice Rand, professor of English at Amherst College.

Miss Converse is known as the author of several books, mainly on devotional and social subjects. Her last volume is a book of miracle plays, "Garments of Praise." Mr. Holliday numbers among his books a volume on "Woman's Life in Colonial Days" which, though published a number of years ago, still has a steady popularity. Mr. Rand's friends who enjoyed his volume of poems entitled "Garlingtown" will be glad to know that a new book of verse, "Weathervanes," is announced for early publication by the Cornhill Publishing Company.

These judges are now at work and we hope next month to be able to announce the winner and print again the winning poem.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

The political ambitions and struggles of other days were not so far different from those which fill our newspapers today. Peter Livius the Trouble Maker has his modern incarnations. Therefore, his story, written by LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO, who is well known to New Hampshire readers as the author of the biographies of Jeffrey Amherst and John Wentworth, is of interest to those whose study is human nature as well as to historians. Mr. Mayo tells us that he came upon the material about Peter Livius while he was working on the Wentworth biography.

When GEORGE B. LEIGHTON presented to the Legislature in 1919 the report of the commission appointed in 1917 to study

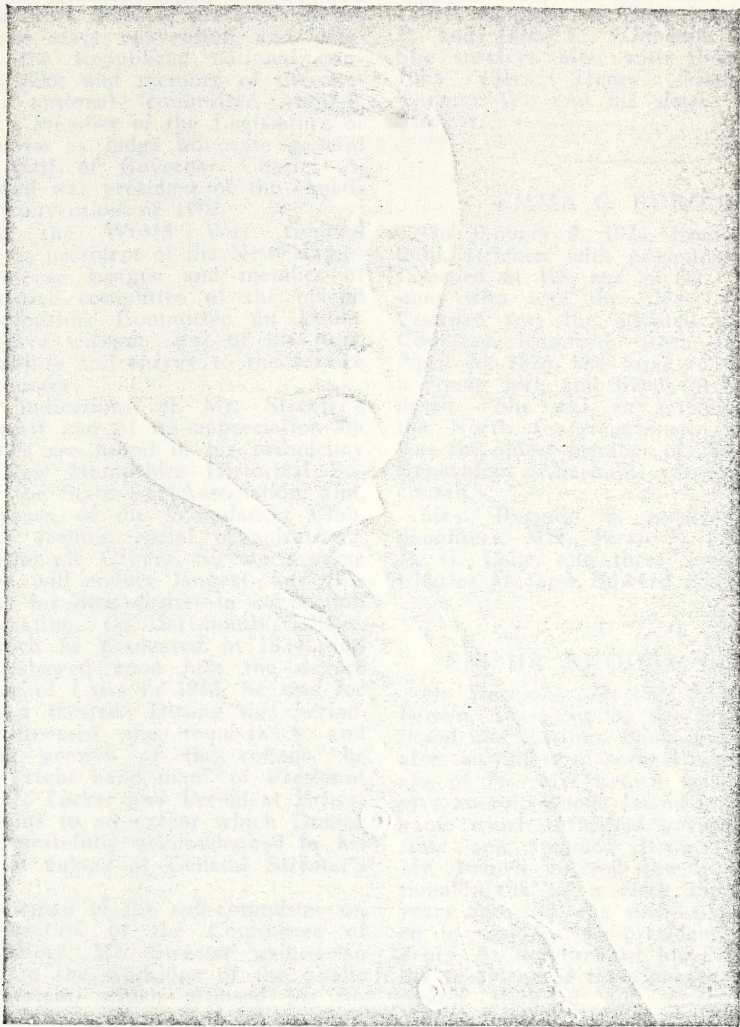
New Hampshire's undeveloped water powers, much interest was created throughout the state. This interest, however, was not as productive of action as it should have been. In the article which Mr. Leighton has written for the GRANITE MONTHLY this month, he sets forth again the plea that New Hampshire shall realize the potential power of her streams and conserve it and use it to run her mills.

HENRY B. STEVENS is Executive Secretary of the Co-operative Extension Work at New Hampshire College. To use his own figure, he is one of the superintendents in the Education Plant and the article which he has written is a personally conducted tour through the factory.





# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



GENERAL FRANK STREETER

## GENERAL FRANK STREETER

Enlightened and successful leadership in many lines of public and private endeavor characterized the life of General Frank Sherwin Streeter, who died at his home in Concord, December 11, 1922. Admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1877, after a period of study with the late Chief Justice Alonzo P. Carpenter, he soon gained, and retained to the end, a leading place among the best known trial lawyers in the East. To enumerate even the more important cases with which he was connected as leading counsel would require much space. His last work as a lawyer was

the investigation, for the Attorney General of the United States, of the affairs of the Atlantic Shipbuilding Corporation at Portsmouth; and, as a sequel, with characteristic public spirit, he gave valuable service, gratuitously, to the state of New Hampshire in relation to the industrial situation at our seaport city.

Other good work for the national government was done by General Streeter as a member for several years of the International Joint Boundary Commission.

Never an office-seeker, Mr. Streeter was a staunch Republican in politics, a diligent worker for the success of his





party and influential in its councils. Among the honors which it bestowed upon him were those of president of the Republican state convention and delegate to the Republican national convention, 1896; and member of the Republican national committee, 1907-8. He was a member of the Legislature of 1885; served as judge advocate general on the staff of Governor Charles A. Busiel; and was president of the constitutional convention of 1902.

During the World War General Streeter, as president of the New Hampshire Defense League and member of the executive committee of the official New Hampshire Committee on Public Safety, gave without stint of his time, money, ability and energy to the service of his country.

Other indications of Mr. Streeter's public spirit and of its appreciation by his fellows are found in his presidency of the New Hampshire Historical Society, of the State Bar Association, and, for 20 years, of the Wonalancet Club, Concord's leading social organization.

But, after all, General Streeter's name and fame will endure longest—and this will meet his own desire—in connection with education. Of Dartmouth College, from which he graduated in 1874, and which bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1913, he was for 30 years a trustee. During this period, which witnessed the renaissance and wonderful growth of the college, he was the "right hand man" of President William J. Tucker and President Ernest M. Hopkins to an extent which Doctor Hopkins gratefully acknowledged in his address of eulogy at General Streeter's funeral.

As chairman of the sub-committee on Americanization of the Committee of Public Safety, Mr. Streeter gained an insight into the workings of the public school system, which aroused his interest in its opportunities and needs. A little later, as president of the new State Board of Education under Governor John H. Bartlett, he realized those opportunities and filled those needs to an extent which placed New Hampshire in the front rank of forward-looking and forward-moving states on educational lines.

Frank S. Streeter was born in East Charleston, Vermont, August 5, 1853,

the son of Daniel and Julia (Wheeler) Streeter. He married Nov. 14, 1877, Lillian, daughter of Chief Justice Alonzo P. and Julia R. (Goodall) Carpenter. She survives him, with their children, Julia (Mrs. Henry Gardner) and Thomas W., and his sister, Miss May Streeter.

#### EMMA G. BURGUM

On January 9, 1923, Emma G. Burgum, stricken with pneumonia, died in Concord at the age of 97. Mrs. Burgum who was the oldest resident in Concord was the adopted daughter of Countess Rumford. Born in Loudon, April 20, 1826, she came to Concord as a young girl, and lived there until her death. She was an active worker in the North Congregational Church and was the oldest member of The Women's Benevolent Charitable Society of the church.

Mrs. Burgum is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Sarah R. Noyes, Mrs. E. H. Lane, and three sons, John F., Charles H., and Edward Burgum.

#### ELISHA RHODES BROWN

On December 25, 1922 Elisha Rhodes Brown, President of the Stratford National and Savings Bank, died in Dover after an illness of several months, at the age of 75. Mr. Brown was a member of a notable Rhode Island family of that name which furnished governors of the state and founded Brown University. Mr. Brown entered the Stratford National Bank as a clerk more than 50 years ago and was successively promoted to cashier, vice-president and president. At the time of his death he was the president of the Concord and Portsmouth Railroad and director of the Maine Central. He had also served as director of the Boston and Maine and Concord and Montreal.

A member of the First Parish Congregational Church, he long held the office of senior deacon. He was an Odd Fellow, 32nd degree Mason, and was affiliated with the Moses Paul lodge.

He is survived by three sons, Harold W., Raymond S., and Philip C. Brown, all of Dover.







LACONIA'S HALF-MILE TOBOGGAN CHUTE

Quimby—Laconia





# GRANITE MONTHLY



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MARCH 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### The Defeat of the 48 Hour Law

ON February 14th the much talked about 48-hour week measure for women and children passed the House by a vote of 288 to 163. Twenty-eight Republicans joined the Democrats in support of this bill, while eighteen Democrats took sides with the Republicans in voting "No." The bill then came before the Senate. Many were the queries; many the prophecies as to what this body would do. But when on February 28th the bill was defeated by a vote of ten to twelve no one was at all surprised. It was expected from the beginning, and it is exactly what most people foresaw when the Democratic House majority refused to co-operate with the Republican Senate by accepting the fact-finding commission plan introduced by Mr. Bass.

And so ends the most controversial issue, the most bitter fight of this legislature. Many will sigh with relief that this bill has been disposed of for a time at least. But two years from now comes another election at which will be chosen not only a legislature but also a President and a United States Senator. Already the Democrats who believe they won this election on the 48-hour question are enthusiastically preparing to make this law the political issue of the 1924 campaign. That it will be for the

next few years the principal political issue and that Republicans must be prepared and ready to meet it is unavoidable and certain.

### The Amendment to the Constitution

FOR the first time since the convening of the legislature the 48-hour issue has a rival in interest and public attention. The proposed amendment to the constitution, which will give the legislature power to reorganize the state tax system, now holds the center of the stage in Concord.

On January 31st the House with the large majority of three hundred and nine to forty-two voted to call the Constitutional Convention. A few days later the Senate passed the resolution, and on February 17th the Constitutional Convention met and in a few hours' time voted to submit this measure to the people on town-meeting day, March 13th.

It is a curious fact that, with a Democratic House, a Republican Senate, the Governor, the Constitutional Convention, and such an organization as the New Hampshire Farm Bureau all ardently supporting this amendment, the majority of the press throughout the state, led by the Manchester Union, is violently and actively opposing it.

That there should be a re-organiza-





tion and a reform of taxation in New Hampshire everyone agrees. The taxing power of our constitution was fixed in 1784, at a time when only physical and tangible property existed. Since, then, intangible property has grown to be equal in value to tangible property. But, on account of the limitations placed on our legislature, this intangible property, such as stocks and bonds, cannot be made to bear its fair share of the tax burden. The result is that such property as real estate, livestock, etc. has to carry, not only its own share of taxes, but a large proportion of the taxes which should be carried by intangible property.

For instance, though it is true that there is practically an equal amount of tangible and intangible property in this state, yet in 1922 real estate paid a tax of \$11,000,000, while bonds and notes, bank stocks and corporate stock paid only \$100,000.

There is no disagreement as to the injustice and serious menace to the prosperity of the property owners, large and small, that results from this condition. There is no disagreement as to the necessity of remedying this situation. The disagreement arises from the wording of the amendment. Its opponents claim that this wording gives the legislature too much power. They do not trust the legislature and fear radical action with the passage of a general income tax if this amendment is accepted by the people.

This amendment, they declare, to be "wide open" and that, as the *Manchester Union* says, its effect would be to give the legislature "complete, unlimited authority to draw upon the resources and income of the citizens of the state whenever, however, in what amount they see fit." To this the supporters reply that the proposed amendment in no way gives such power to the legislature. The fact, they argue, that under this amendment any bill before becoming law

must receive the approval of not only the legislature but the Senate, the governor and the Supreme Court furnishes checks and balances enough to insure the people against any hasty or radical tax legislation and they point to the fact that in this opinion they are upheld by such eminent legal authorities as Judge James Remick and Judge Charles Corning.

While such papers as the *Laconia Democrat*, the *Granite State Free News*, the *Exeter News*, the *Milford Cabinet*, and finally, the *Manchester Union* are all writing editorials denouncing this amendment, and appealing to the people to defeat it, the majority of the House of Representatives and many prominent men are with equal enthusiasm supporting and speaking in its favor. A group of men, for instance, including Raymond B. Stevens, Judge Charles Corning, George M. Putnam, President New Hampshire Farm Bureau, Senator Benjamin H. Orr, Senator Walter Tripp, Ex-Governor Albert O. Brown, John R. McLane, Speaker William J. Ahern, Judge James W. Remick, John G. Winant, James O. Lyford, and Ex-Gov. Robert P. Bass, recently made a joint statement which received wide publicity. "This amendment," they announced, "would settle all questions as to the legality of a graduated inheritance tax, and would enable the legislature safely to impose reasonable rates on inheritances. Also it would give our legislature power to levy a tax on gasoline, which has already been enacted in fourteen states and is being considered by other neighboring states in New England. The additional revenue so obtained would make it possible to reduce the unfair burden laid upon real estate and tangible property by reducing direct state tax.... The purpose of the amendment is not to give the legislature more money to spend but to enable it to distribute the existing burden





more widely and equally.....

"The proposed amendment should not be regarded as 'wide-open.' In no sense does it remove all restrictions from the Legislature. The word 'reasonable' is still retained and the Supreme Court would undoubtedly overrule any tax law that was unjust, arbitrary, or confiscatory. Any new tax law would have to be passed by the House, by the Senate, signed by the Governor, and finally upheld by the Supreme Court. This amendment in no sense enlarges the power of the Legislature to appropriate money. It has unlimited power now to appropriate money. It does, however, give the Legislature the power to equalize and fairly to distribute taxes and make all classes of property bear their fair share of the public burden.

"Neither is this proposed amendment new or revolutionary. It would merely give to our Legislature the same power to distribute the burden of taxation equitably that is exercised by the Legislature of most of the other states of the Union."

### The Manchester Union and Mr. Lyford

ONE of the spicy occurrences in connection with a fight over the proposed constitutional amendment has been a lively passage of words between Mr. Lyford and the *Manchester Union*. It all started with a news article in the *Manchester Union* on February 20th which accused Mr. Lyford of sending out 130,000 circulars in support of this amendment at the expense of the citizens of New Hampshire. This aroused Mr. Lyford's ire, and he informed the legislature that these circulars had been printed at the request of the legislative department who in turn had been directed by the Constitutional Convention "to prepare and furnish to the Secretary of State.... a statement

of reasons for the submission of this amendment." Whereupon the House unanimously and enthusiastically passed a resolution endorsing Mr. Lyford's action.

This little controversy has continued with unabated energy. Finally Raymond Stevens of Landaff was drawn in when the *Manchester Union* charged him with favoring a general income tax. In answer to this Mr. Stevens, speaking before the House, said, "It is very improbable that any income tax would ever be imposed in New Hampshire which would tax wages and farmers' incomes."

"There are two forms of income tax," he declared. "One a general income tax upon all incomes, which may be either a substitute for a general property tax or in addition to it, the second, a limited income tax, which is supplemental to the property tax and aims to secure a fair contribution from those classes which are not reached by the ordinary property tax. It is this limited form of income tax which I have advocated.... If this amendment is adopted I hope to see this legislature pass such a limited income tax, and also increase the rates of taxation upon inheritances and levy a tax upon gasoline. None of these reforms can be made without an amendment to the constitution.

"I hope," he continues, "sufficient additional revenue may be secured so that the direct state tax may be wholly or at least mostly abolished. This will automatically reduce the burden of taxation now laid upon real estate and tangible property from ten to twelve per cent.... I want to state the reasons why I prefer the general amendment to the limited amendment. Our system of taxation is more unequal and unjust than that of any other state in the Union. Practically the whole burden of taxation is placed upon real estate and tangible property. With one exception all the wealth of the state represented by investments





escapes taxation, and that class is the one class least able to bear the burden of taxation, namely,—savings-bank deposits."

### An Interesting Meeting

**A**NOTHER very timely meeting was held by the New Hampshire Civic Association on February 28th in Concord to discuss the proposed constitutional amendment. Prof. Rice of Dartmouth, Hon. Raymond B. Stevens, G. M. Putnam, President of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau, were the principal speakers. The discussion which followed was extremely animated. Mr. Stevens, Henry H. Metcalf of Concord, John H. Foster, the State Forester, and Alfred T. Pierce supported the amendment while Ex-Gov. Felker, Walter B. Farmer, and Clarence E. Carr took the opposition.

Mr. George H. Duncan considerably cleared the atmosphere of legal technicalities and learned discussion by declaring that it was no use at this time to discuss whether or not one approved or did not approve of the wording of this amendment, that the amendment could not now be changed, and that the question before the people was whether or not they would accept this amendment and relieve the heavy burden of taxation which falls on tangible property or whether they would refuse to pass it and permit this condition so harmful and unjust to continue for the next five or more years.

### Other Bills of Interest

**E**IGHT years ago Manchester lost 135 babies, for every thousand born, to-day only 95 die in every thousand.

This remarkable lowering of Manchester's infant mortality came about as a result of the municipal maternity work which has been carried on in that city for the last eight years. And there is now before the legislature a bill which if passed will enable this work, so successful in Manchester,

to be extended throughout the state.

The bill calls for an appropriation of nearly \$8,000 and provides for co-operation with the Federal Government under the Sheppard Towner Act. Such co-operation would mean that maternity work would be conducted through our State Board of Health under Federal supervision and that we would receive from the Federal government a sum of over \$12,000 making a total of over \$20,000, the minimum amount, according to the proponents of the bill necessary if this work is to be carried on throughout the state.

This bill has been endorsed by the New Hampshire Federation of Woman's Clubs, the N. H. Women's Christian Temperance Union, the State Parent-Teachers Association, and is being supported and advocated by the three women legislators at Concord. There has, nevertheless, arisen considerable opposition to the bill, the chief objection being that by thus accepting Federal assistance we surrender our state rights. The supporters of this bill, however, point to the fact that 42 other states have accepted this Federal assistance and that since we already accept Federal aid for nine other purposes, such as for our highways, for the eradication of bovine tuberculosis, for the gypsy moth work, etc., they see no reason why we should not accept such Federal aid for the work of saving our babies.

There are three other bills which are receiving much interest, and over which there has been a great deal of controversy and differences of opinion. These include a bill which will permit amateur and uncommercial sports to be played on Sunday; a bill which provides that vaccination for school children shall not be compulsory and a bill which has been introduced by the railroad which calls for the discontinuance of two branch lines of the B. & M. Railroad, the Manchester & Milford Road and the Suncook Valley Road.







R. Wright—Tilton, N. H.

THE POPULARITY OF WINTER SPORTS HAS ROLLED UP LIKE A BIG SNOWBALL

## THE CARNIVAL SEASON IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### What Winter Sports Have Done For the State

**D**ARTMOUTH entertained one thousand guests at her thirteenth annual Carnival this year. Laconia estimates that over five thousand people participated in her winter sports the week end of February 10. When Manchester held her celebration, the schools of the city and many of the business houses declared a half-holiday.

These few facts about the carnival season just closing are taken at random from the newspapers of the past few weeks, but they serve to show how firm a grip the carnival idea has upon New Hampshire. And the idea is the development of the last dozen years. How did it come about? New Hampshire winters have not changed. There have always been the same drifts of crisp white snow, the same clear blue skies, the same brisk, bracing air. But the entire attitude of people toward winter has

undergone a transformation nothing short of miraculous. The popularity of winter sports and carnivals has rolled up like a big snowball, and it is still increasing. How did it start?

Some dozen years ago a boy entering Dartmouth brought with him a pair of home-made skis and a boundless enthusiasm for skiing. Possibly he, more than any other one person, is responsible for the movement, for as founder of the Dartmouth Winter Sports Club, he originated the Carnival at Dartmouth, the forerunner of all the carnivals throughout the state. Much credit is due him. His achievement may be taken as one more instance of what a man with an enthusiasm can accomplish. But he didn't do it singlehanded. It takes the dry tinder of popular receptivity as well as the spark of genius to kindle such a fire. The conditions were right, Dartmouth started the ball







MANCHESTER MINGLED SUMMER AND WINTER SPORTS IN HER SPECTACULAR DIVING  
FROM A FORTY-FOOT LEDGE

rolling, and the country as a whole responded with a vigor which was as surprising as it was enthusiastic.

Each year more towns and cities fall into line. Each year new features are introduced. Each year more

people venture to take part in the sports. The season just past has been the most successful yet. To list the New Hampshire carnivals would be next to impossible. There are some which are now well established annual events like those at Dartmouth, and Laconia and Newport. There were city carnivals, like that at Manchester, and carnivals in the smaller villages. Tamworth, North Conway, Jackson, Concord, Claremont, Bristol, Tilton, Jaffrey, Gorham—merely listing the names of some of them is enough to give an impression of the variety of the events. And it is safe to say that not one carnival committee completed its work without storing up a grist of ideas for making next year's celebration bigger and better than this year's. The carnival enthusiasm has by no means reached its peak yet.

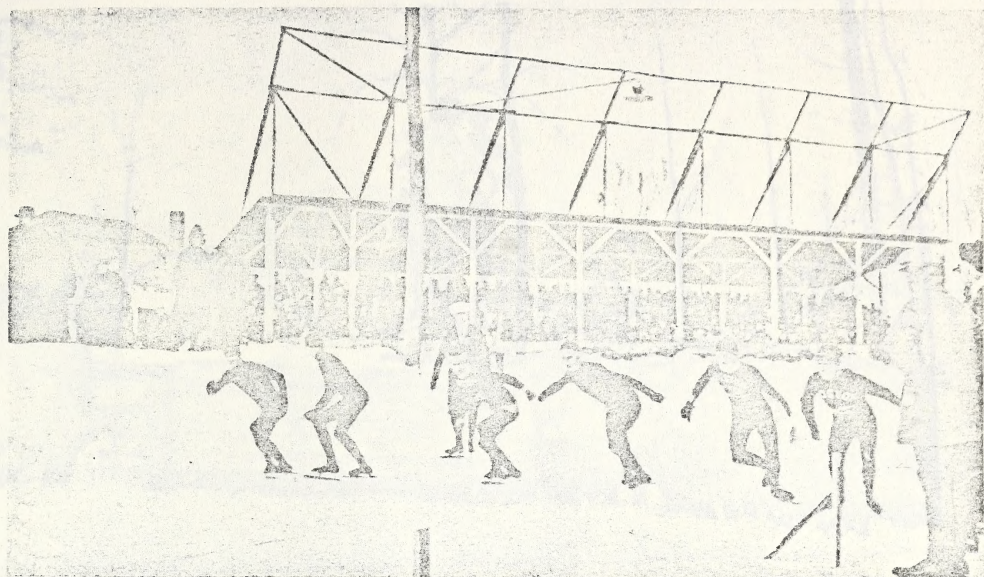
In some respects carnivals are as alike as peas. The parade which starts proceedings, the ski-jumping,



IT'S NOT SO COLD IN THE WATER  
AS IT IS OUT OF IT.







Quimby—Laconia

# THE NEW ENGLAND SKATING ASSOCIATION MADE LACONIA THE SCENE OF ITS EXHIBITIONS

the tug of war, the races on snow-shoes, the coasting and tobogganing, the carnival ball—these with modifications appear wherever carnivals are given. They are always popular, always productive of fun and good fellowship.

With this fundamental similarity, however, goes an originality which makes each carnival distinctive, quite apart from any other event. Sometimes these distinctive features have little or no direct connection with winter sports in themselves—like Manchester's carnival movies or Dartmouth's loud-speaking radio which supplied music for the skaters. Sometimes they consist of unusual exhibitions by professionals or semi-professionals. At North Conway one interesting feature was the ski-jumping by a father of sixty and his son aged eleven, the oldest and the youngest ski-jumpers in the country. The New England Skating Association made Laconia the scene of skating exhibitions unequalled in the whole state. At Gorham the presence of a fine team of Eskimo dogs helped to make the carnival a success. And Manchester found itself featured in every roto-

gravure section in New England by the daring mingling of summer and winter sports by the boys who again and again made a forty-foot dive from a snow-covered ledge into water which could be kept from freezing over only by constant work on the part of men stationed at the foot of the ledge for that purpose. Most interesting of all, however, were the special features which developed out of the individual character of the town—Bristol's ox parade, Newport's deer



Moody—Bristol

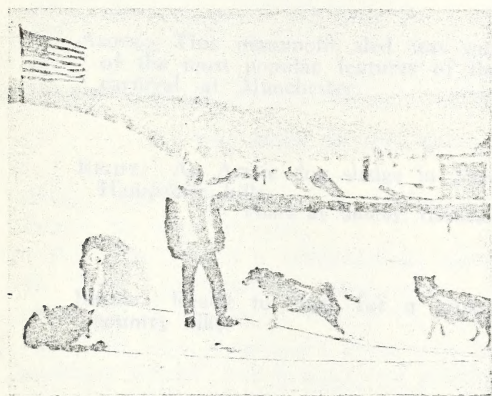
# TWO ENTRIES AT THE BRISTOL CARNIVAL







ABOVE: It isn't as easy as it looks!  
Ski jumping at the Manchester Carnival.



LEFT: Gorham introduced a fine team  
of Eskimo dogs at her carnival.

Photo by Moody

BELOW: "The best possible form of  
community activity." Part of Bristol's  
carnival.

Photo by Shorey, Gorham



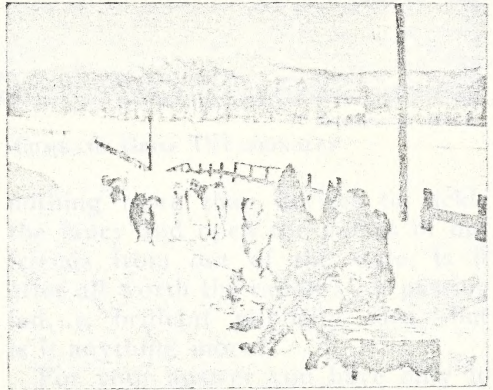




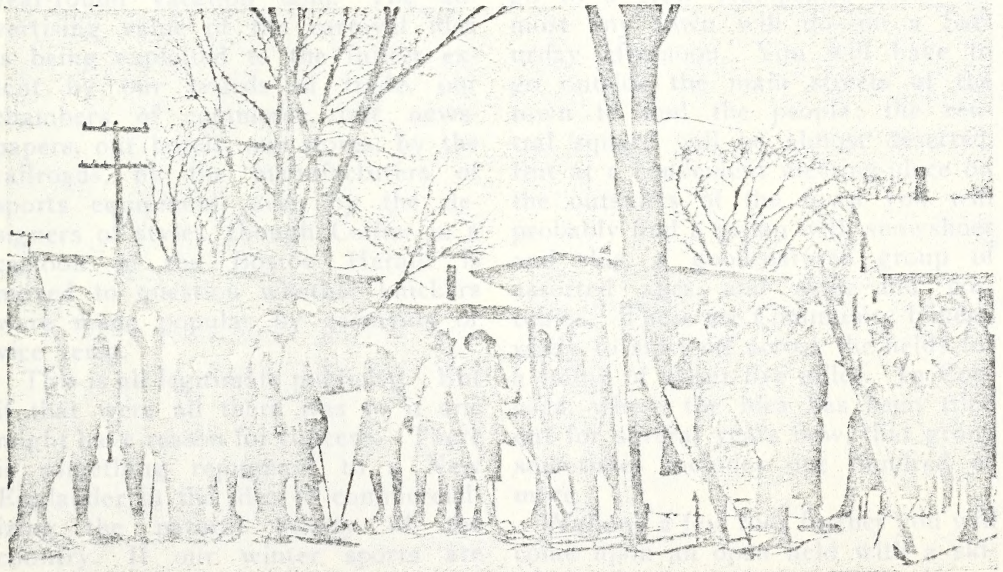


ABOVE: This mammoth sled was one of the most popular features of the carnival at Manchester.

RIGHT: An Arctic dog sledge in New Hampshire hills.  
Photo by Shorey, Gorham



BELOW: Ready to start for a cross-country hike.









Boston &amp; Maine

## THE MOST SKILFUL SPORTSMEN COME TO GRIEF OCCASIONALLY

drive, etc. There is a community flavor to such events.

All this means a tremendous boom to New Hampshire prosperity. It means that the state, which for years has been New England's most popular summer resort, has become an all-the-year-round vacation land. The advertising value of the carnival idea is being exploited to the fullest extent by our boards of trade, our chambers of commerce, our newspapers, our hotels, our stores, by the railroads, by the manufacturers of sports equipment, even by the designers of styles, though Collier in a cartoon in the Boston Herald is moved to question whether knickers were made popular by carnivals or vice versa.

This is all legitimate publicity. But if that were all there was to it one might have reason for concern. There is something repugnant to a New Englander in the idea of commercializing the natural beauty of the country. If our winter sports are

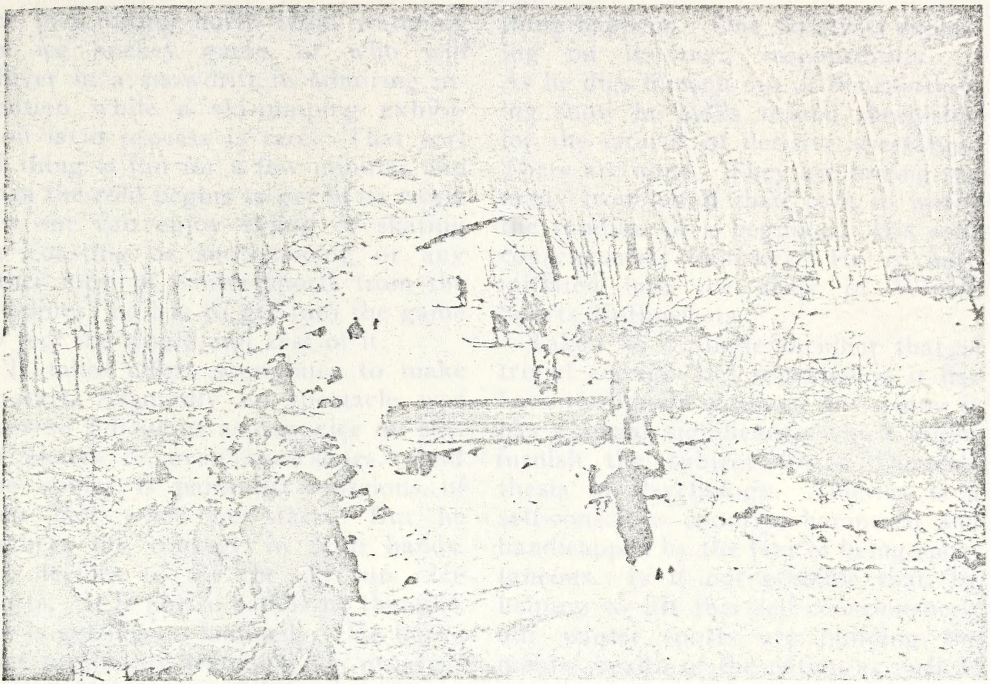
nothing more than devices to tickle the fancy and open the purses of our friends from out of the state, is it after all worth the candle? A passing fad, a brilliant publicity idea,—but is it anything more?

For your answer you have only to go to a New Hampshire town—almost any town will do—on a Saturday afternoon. You will have to go outside the main streets of the town to find the people; the central square will be almost deserted. But at a convenient meeting-place on the outskirts of the town you will probably find a group with snowshoes and skis, a good-natured group of assorted ages and sizes—and costumes. These are Community Hikers, ready to start off across the fields for a tramp of about five miles. In Concord, where the idea has been tried out for several years now, that group sometimes includes one hundred or more.

Walking a few rods further you will come upon an open field with a ski-







THERE IS EXHILARATION IN THE WOODS IN WINTER

Boston &amp; Maine

jump and a toboggan chute and a crowd of rapid-motion enthusiasts swarming up and down the hillside. You will see entertaining exhibitions if you stop to watch—more entertaining by far than those which are featured in carnivals. The equipment of the field, in nine cases out of ten, belongs to the community, is kept in order by the community, and is at the disposal of any one who uses it without abusing the privilege. Tilton boasts a toboggan chute on which the speed is slightly more than a mile a minute. Laconia has one which is nearly half a mile long. It is not difficult to imagine how incessantly those chutes are in use while the snow lasts.

In such community activity, sponsored by the community and maintained for the community, is to be found the best development of the popularity of winter sports. Out on the ski runs and toboggan chutes, the skating ponds and the snow-covered meadows is being stored up energy

and health which are more truly community assets than the receipts which directly or indirectly accrue from carnivals, however brilliant they may be.

Whenever the people of a community get together in any wholesome activity the morale of the community is strengthened. We discovered that in war times, we tried more or less successfully to carry the idea over into peace times through organized "community play" and by "community singing," and we have found in winter sports the best possible form of community activity.

This is true for one very simple reason: winter sports allow no onlookers. Baseball and football are out of the question as community games because they enlist the active brain and muscle of a very few players; the rest of us sit on the grandstand and shout instructions. Most of us rather like to get our exercise by proxy, and during the summer months we can do so comfortably. But the enthusiast who gets pleasure out of standing on the





ice in a biting north wind watching an ice hockey game, or who will shiver in a snowdrift in admiring attention while a ski-jumping exhibition is in process is rare. That sort of thing is fun for a few minutes and then the cold begins to get in its work. No one can enjoy skiing or skating or coasting or snowshoeing or any other form of winter sports from the sidelines; he has to get into the game to feel the tingle and zest of it.

It takes effort sometimes to make a start. Assuredly no spectacle was ever so ridiculous as a novice on skis or skates or even snowshoes. And the novice is painfully conscious of that fact when he starts. But he gathers his courage in both hands. He decides to try the ski run. He starts. It is not so bad as he thought. He is getting on famously. He hopes that people are watching his progress to see how successful he is. Some-

thing happens. One ski starts exploring on its own responsibility.... As he digs himself out of the smothering snow he looks around sheepishly for the crowds of derisive spectators. There are none. They are having too many troubles of their own to watch the tumbles of a beginner. His self-consciousness vanishes. He is fully initiated into the army of Winter Sports Enthusiasts.

Taken as a single incident that is trivial enough, but repeated as it has been thousands of times this winter it has a social significance which might furnish the subject for a Doctor's thesis in Psychology. America is a self-conscious country, hampered and handicapped by the fear of being spontaneous. Is it not possible that, by helping to lift this self-consciousness, our winter sports are building the mental health of the nation as well as its physical well-being?

## FILLED MILK

**F**ILLED milk is a name that the majority of citizens have become familiar with during the past few months. It refers to a certain substance made up of a compound of skim-milk and cocoanut oil. It is manufactured by separating the butter fat from the whole milk and substituting in its place, cocoanut or vegetable oil. This is a very profitable business for the manufacturer; butter fat, worth approximately fifty cents per pound, is replaced by cocoanut oil, worth from six to ten cents per pound. The business has been growing by tremendous bounds until a yearly production of 86,000,000 pounds has been reached. Filled Milk is very injurious to health. Such an authority as Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University, testified before Congress that an infant fed a few weeks on this product would develop the rickets. The reason for this lies in the fact that when

you remove butter fat from whole milk, it takes 90% of a particular class of vitamins which are very essential to the health and growth of infants and growing children.

House Bill No. 94 in the New Hampshire legislature, if passed, would prohibit the sale and manufacture in this state of filled milk. It is essential that this bill should pass for both health and economic reasons.

A bill similar to this has been enacted in eleven states and the constitutionality of the law upheld in three of these States. This legislation is endorsed by organizations representing the great majority of citizens in New Hampshire. These organizations are the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation, the Grange, the Federation of Labor, the League of Women Voters, the Dairymen's Association and many other organizations of local, state and national character.—H. S. B.

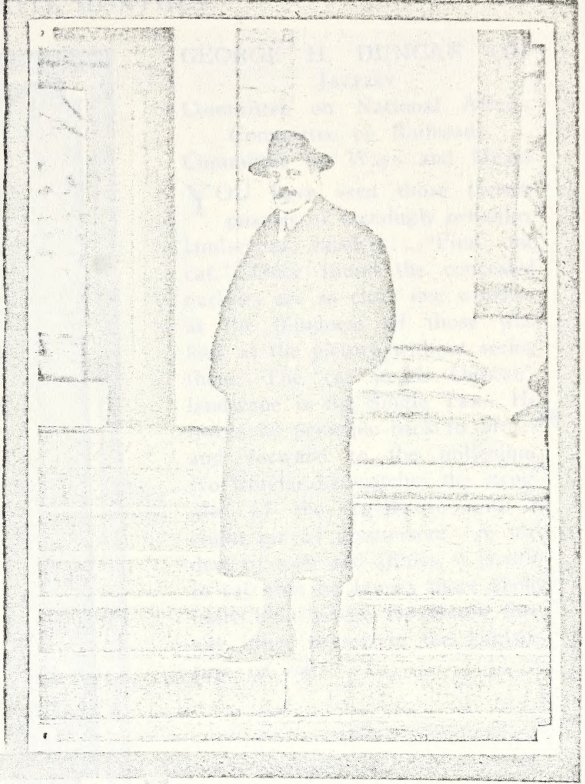




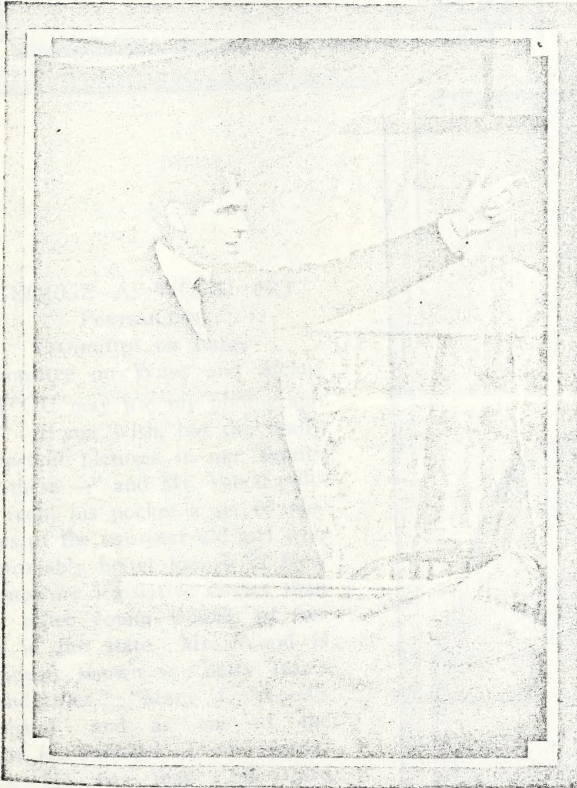
# PROMINENT LEGISLATORS

RAYMOND B. STEVENS (D)  
LANDAFF  
Committee on Ways and Means  
Committee on Labor

AT the beginning of each week, donning his shaggy coat and piling bag and baggage on his boy's toboggan, he catapults down from his snowy mountain fastness into political New Hampshire. A similar vigor, directness, and force characterize his motions after he reaches the Capital. In the New Hampshire House and in the National Congress, as vice-chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, and in his recent independent stand for a fact-finding commission, Mr. Stevens has shown himself a statesman who puts public welfare above personal advancement.



Chadbourne

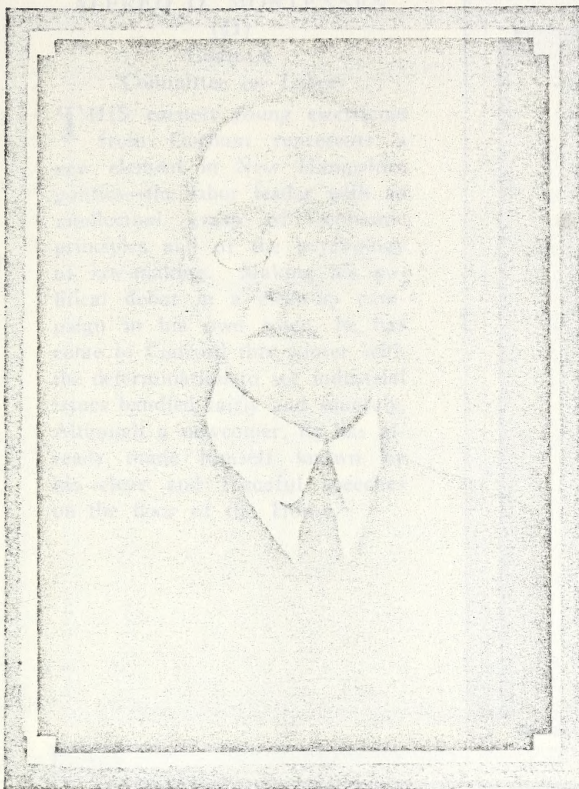


ROBERT P. BASS (R)

PETERBOROUGH  
Committee on Ways and Means  
"THE leading exponent to be found in the entire northeast in the battle for the cause of social and industrial justice"—That's what Roosevelt called him back in 1912. He was Governor men — one of the youngest Governors New Hampshire has ever had, and one of the few who left a perfect record of performed platform pledges. Roosevelt's words come back with special force this session because of Mr. Bass's hard fight for a fact-finding commission on the 48-hour law, his personal investigation culminating in his stand as Republican champion of the law, and his active interest in the alleviation of the farmer's tax burden.







GEORGE H. DUNCAN (D)

JAFFREY

Committee on National Affairs

Committee on Railroads

Committee on Ways and Means

**Y**OU have seen those picture puzzles of seemingly orthodox landscapes labeled.... "Find the cat." Once found the concealed outlines are so clear one wonders at the blindness of those who look at the picture without seeing them. The "cat" in Mr. Duncan's landscape is the Single Tax. He traces its principle back to Moses and forward to the millenium. No wonder he watches the struggles of the legislature with a slight air of amusement. A student of men and affairs, it is safe to say that he knows more about more bills before the House than any other person in the Legislature or out.

GEORGE A. WOOD (R)

PORTSMOUTH

Committee on Labor

Committee on Ways and Means

**"Y**OU may use my photograph if you wish, but the really important pictures in our family are these —" and Mr. Wood pulled from his pocket a set of pictures of the two-year-old girl who is probably better known in New Hampshire legislative circles than any other young woman of her age in the state. Mr. Wood is variously known as "Betty Jean's grandfather," "Mary I. Wood's husband" and as one of the most fair-minded of our legislators. He has made his third term notable by his able support of the 48-hour law.







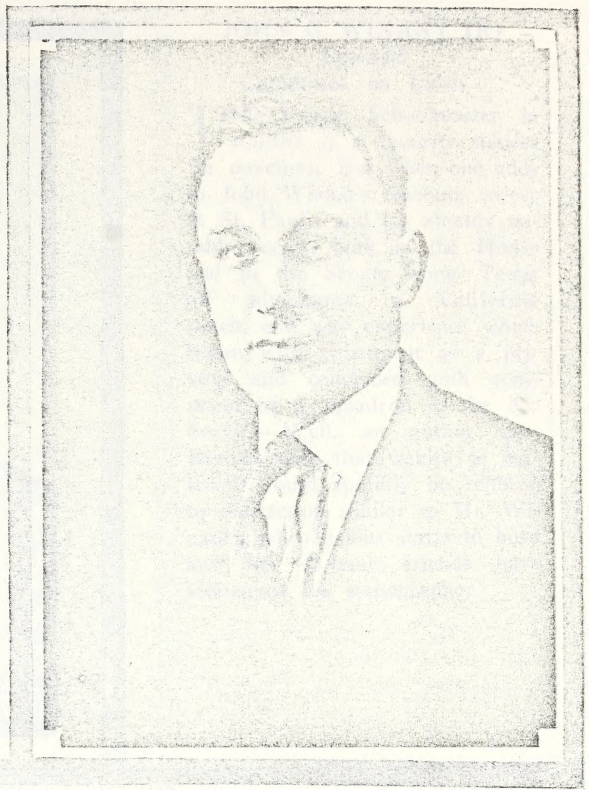
ALFRED O. MORTENSEN

(D)

GORHAM

Committee on Labor

**T**HIS earnest young electrician from Gorham represents a new element in New Hampshire politics—the labor leader with an intellectual grasp of economic principles and of the psychology of law-making. Making his political debut in a clean-up campaign in his own town, he has come to Concord this winter with the determination to see industrial issues handled fairly and squarely. Although a newcomer, he has already made himself known by his clear and forceful speeches on the floor of the House.



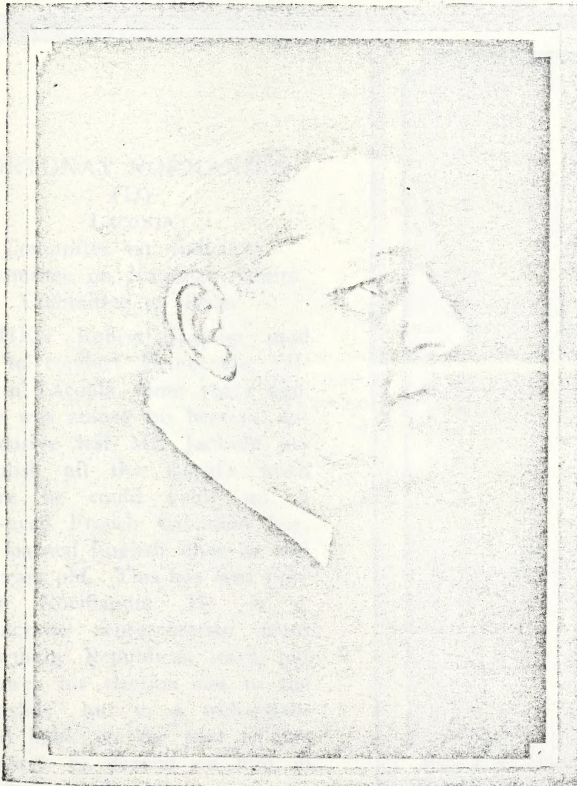
WILLIAM E. PRICE (R)

LISBON

Committee on Revision of  
Statutes

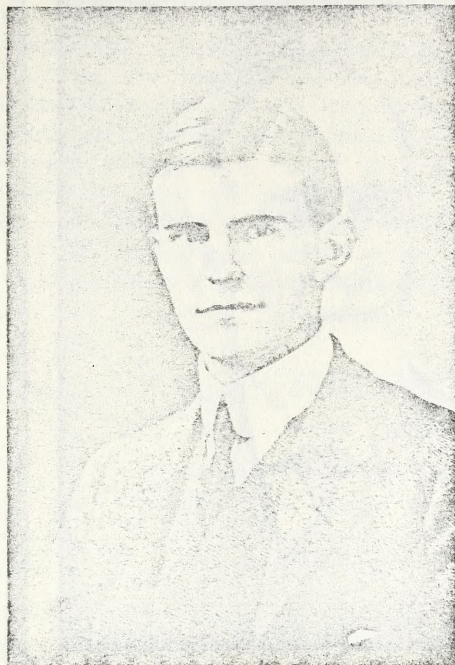
Committee on Rules

**L**ISBON has an unwritten law that no man shall go to the Legislature two consecutive sessions. However, having found in Mr. Price a representative combining the broad outlook of a scholar—he holds degrees of A. B. and A. M. from Brown—and the keen business judgment of a successful manufacturer, the town was wise enough to return him for a second term. He would have been speaker had the Republicans controlled the House, and he was one of the ablest opponents of the 48-hour law.









JOHN G. WINANT (R)

CONCORD

Committee on Labor

THE Young Schoolmaster in Politics is a favorite subject for novelists. But when one adds to John Winant's teaching career at St. Paul's and his already notable record both in the House and in the Senate, some Texas oil adventures, a California ranch, and war experience which began with enlistment as a private and concluded with command of a squadron in the Air Service—Well, an author confronted with that wealth of material would speedily be reduced to distraction similar to Mr. Winant's when genius starts to burn and his 48-hour friends have kidnapped his stenographer.

FORTUNAT NORMANDIN  
(D)

LACONIA

Committee on Judiciary

Committee on National Affairs

Committee on Rules

WHEN Robert Jackson used to conduct Democratic rallies in Laconia some years ago, there was among his hearers, apprehensive lest Mr. Jackson accomplish all the world's work before he could grow up, a dark-eyed French Canadian boy, who learned English when he was ten years old. This boy was Fortunat Normandin. He is a Democratic representative from a normally Republican ward, but he owes his election not to the "landslide" but to a well-established habit on the part of his neighbors to depend on him in matters of this sort.





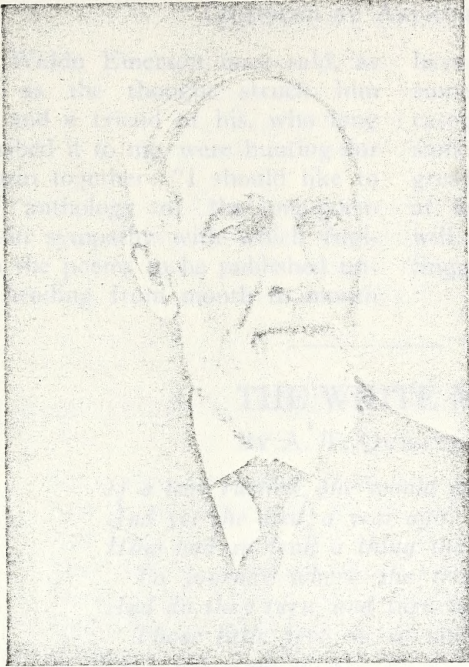


EZRA M. SMITH (R)

PETERBOROUGH

Committee on Judiciary

**H** E'S the oldest member of the Legislature—in years only. For one has only to listen to his extemporaneous speeches on the floor of the House to realize that, in alertness of interest and keenness of judgment, he is among the youngest of the crowd. He first came to the House in 1871 and he has been present six sessions since that time, with one term in the Senate. From his first appearance his chief interest has been in taxation measures. The ovation given him on his birthday was one of the interesting features of the present session.

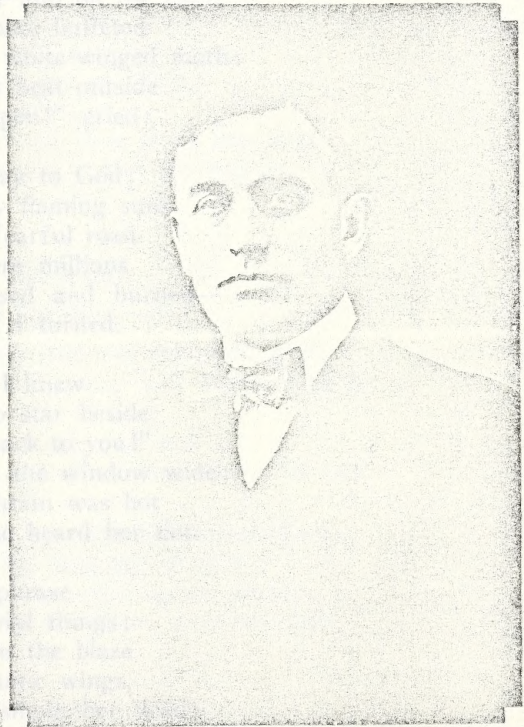


ROBERT WRIGHT (R)

SANBORNTON

Committee on Judiciary

**W** HEN Robert Wright runs for the state legislature he works up more enthusiasm in Sanbornton than a presidential campaign. Which, at first thought, seems surprising for he is known as one of the most silent men in the House. He accomplishes much with few fireworks, as those who know of his work as chairman of the judiciary committee in 1919 can testify. This is his fourth appearance in the House. He's been there every term but one since 1915.







# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, as suddenly as the thought struck him when he and a friend of his, who long ago described it to me, were hunting for a lost poem together: "I should like to have an anthology of the one-poem poets!"—in sympathy with which fugitive wish the poems to be published under this heading from month to month

have been selected, though it is not presumed their authors have not, in some cases, written other poems which to some tastes are of equal or perhaps even greater merit. It is probable that some at least of the poems here published will be collected later in book form. Suggestions will be welcome.

—A. J.

## THE WHITE MOTH

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

*If a leaf rustled, she would start;  
And yet she died, a year ago.  
How had so frail a thing the heart  
To journey where she trembled so?  
And do they turn, and turn in fright,  
Those little feet, in so much night?*

The light above the poet's head  
Streamed on the page and on the cloth,  
And twice and thrice there buffeted  
On the black pane a white-winged moth:  
'Twas Annie's soul that beat outside  
And "Open, open, open!" cried:

"I could not find the way to God;  
There were too many flaming suns  
For signposts, and the fearful road  
Led over wastes where millions  
Of tangled comets hissed and burned—  
I was bewildered and I turned.

"O, it was easy then! I knew  
Your window and no star beside.  
Look up, and take me back to you!"  
—He rose and thrust the window wide:  
'Twas but because his brain was hot  
With rhyming; for he heard her not.

But poets polishing a phrase  
Show anger over trivial things;  
And as she blundered in the blaze  
Towards him, on ecstatic wings,  
He raised a hand and smote her dead;  
Then wrote "That I had died instead!"





## IDENTITY

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Somewhere—in desolate, wind-swept space—  
 In Twilight-land—in No-man's land—  
 Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,  
 And bade each other stand.

“And who are you?” cried one, agape,  
 Shuddering in the gloaming light.  
 “I know not,” said the Second Shape,  
 “I only died last night!”

## THE PARTING

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—  
 Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;  
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,  
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free.  
 Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,  
 And when we meet at any time again,  
 Be it not seen in either of our brows  
 That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,  
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,  
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,  
 —Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,  
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

## HERACLITUS

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON CORY

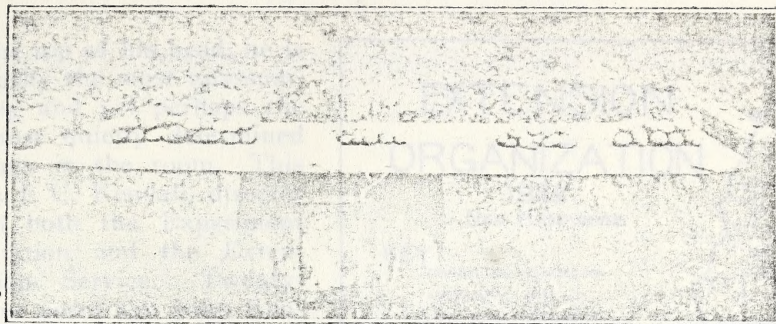
They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,  
 They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to  
 shed.

I wept as I remember'd how often you and I  
 Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,  
 A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,  
 Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;  
 For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.







Potatoes dug from ten hills each of certified and common stock. The certified seed at left produced 13 pounds, consisting of 14 marketable and 15 unmarketable potatoes, while the common stock at right produced 5½ pounds, consisting of 24 marketable and 14 unmarketable ones.

## THE COLLEGE AND POTATOES

### A Movie of the Extension and Experiment Service at Work

BY HENRY BAILEY STEVENS

INSTEAD of potatoes this article might have dealt with chickens or dairy cattle or apples or home economics. In all of these lines—and others—the strands between the State College and New Hampshire's 20,000 farms are being woven more tightly; but there is not time to speak of everything, and potatoes alone may well, as the boys say, constitute a "mouthful." In fact, I am tempted not to make it an article at all but rather a moving-picture.

Suppose that you are seated in cinema darkness, and that you are looking not at THE GRANITE MONTHLY, but at the screen. First let there flicker for a moment the windows of an ivy-covered brick laboratory strangely shot through by the radiance of a setting sun. Behind the glass a tall black figure stands turning upside down the contents of a vial and closely scrutinizing them. This, the caption informs you, is the State Agricultural Experiment Station at Durham.

In an instant the scene shifts to a busy office. A young man at a desk talking hurriedly to a farmer in overalls. A stenographer calls the young man to the telephone. Energetically he speaks into it. This is a county agent's office in one of the ten county Farm Bureau centers of the state.

Then you see a lone weather-beaten farmhouse with a road winding to it, tall maples, a big barn and a cosy atmosphere that makes the pianist down front break spontaneously into "A Little Gray Home in the West" or its latest successor. And suddenly, as if connecting all three of these scenes, appears a row of smooth, well-shaped potatoes linked together to form a long chain. "Educated potatoes" the film calls them. You realize that in some mysterious way they are to bind together the laboratory, the county agent's office, and the farm.

It is the fall of the year 1918. Seated around a table are some of the members of the Experiment Station Council—F. W. Taylor, veteran agronomist, large-framed, with bull-dog jaws and a sense of humor; O. Butler, unbelievably tall and lank, a specialist in plant diseases, educated in France, with twinkling eyes under steel-rimmed spectacles; W. C. O'Kane, nationally known as an entomologist and writer, facile, with an alert manner, toggled for a cross-country tramp; J. H. Gourley, clean-cut, bald-headed, keen-eyed, whose apple investigations have brought increasing fame.

Take a close-up of the man who is speaking, as he leans back in a swivel-chair. Of medium build, clean-shaven, gentle-eyed, with a bald lane over





the top of his head, he is easily the most unassuming and yet perhaps the most quietly determined man in the room. This is J. C. Kendall, director of both the Experiment Station and the Extension Service. Twenty-five years ago John Kendall came to Durham to enter college as a student from a Harrisville farm with only a bicycle, eight dollars in his pocket and an undefined zeal for New Hampshire's farming in his heart. The years have taken away the bicycle and perhaps the eight dollars; but they have given a point to the zeal. THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN recently stated that more than any other man in the state he had had his finger on the pulse of New Hampshire's agriculture.

"Gentlemen," he says, "we have got to do something about our potato production. New England as a whole has been increasing its acreage. Maine has nearly doubled hers, but we have been slipping. We are close to the market with a bulky crop that cuts down through freight rates any advantage of the West. What is the matter? And what can the Experiment Station do about it?"

Discussion waxes slowly. It is not a matter of acreage, but of the amount produced per acre. If so, why is our average production so low on this basis? Finally the floor goes to Dr. Butler.

"It seems to me that the limiting factor here"—he is a scientist and

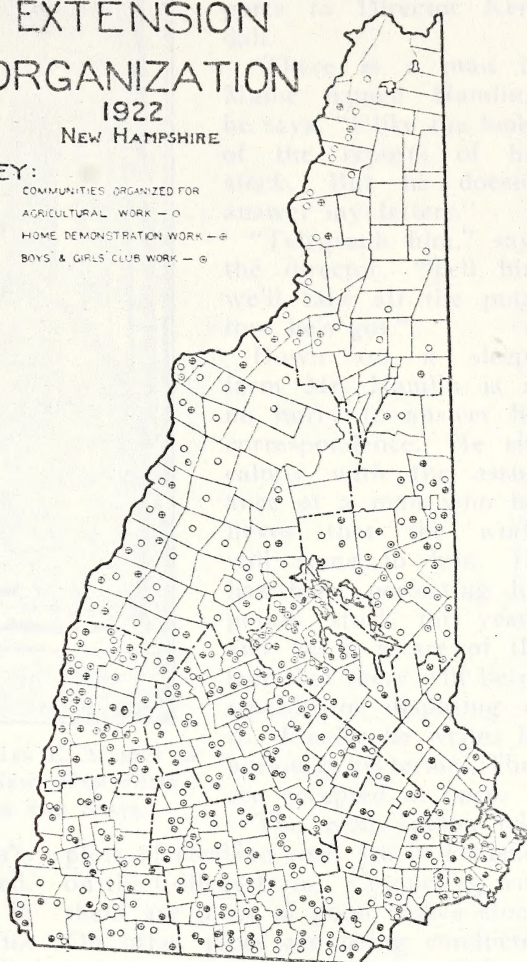
## EXTENSION ORGANIZATION

1922

NEW HAMPSHIRE

### KEY:

- COMMUNITIES ORGANIZED FOR AGRICULTURAL WORK — ○
- HOME DEMONSTRATION WORK — ⊕
- BOYS & GIRLS CLUB WORK — ⊙



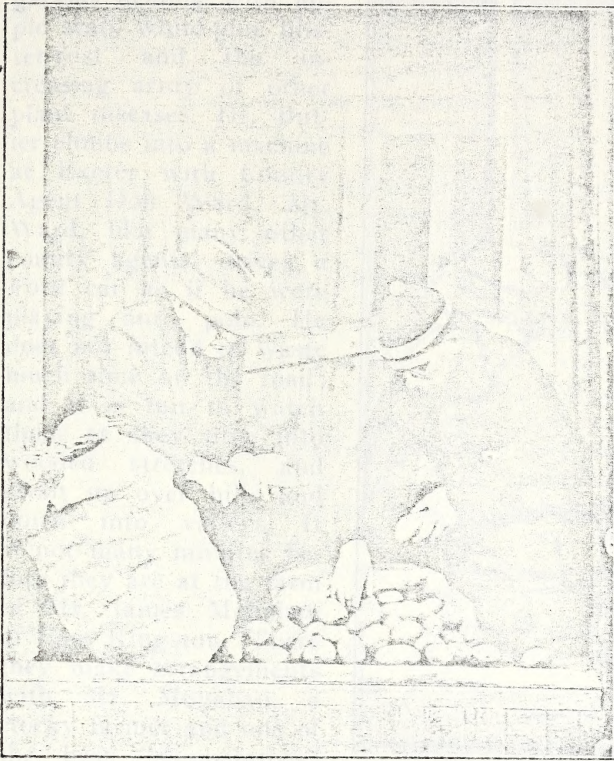
THE WAY EXTENSION WORK HAS SPREAD  
OVER NEW HAMPSHIRE

likes to use phrases like this—"is disease control. Most of the potato stock in the state is suffering from the degeneration maladies—mosaic and leaf-roll. Scab and rhizoctonia are prevalent. Our farmers do not even protect themselves from late blight. The most pressing need is an introduction of certified seed, and of a campaign for the use of Bordeaux mixture."

Now the discussion becomes keener. There are conflicting reports about certified seed; some of it pro-







SOME OF THE POTATOES RAISED BY CHARLES E. MARTIN OF COLEBROOK—THE FIRST CARLOAD OF NEW HAMPSHIRE GROWN CERTIFIED SEED EVER SOLD IN THE STATE.

duces big crops, some of it doesn't. The source of it must be investigated. There are problems to be solved in connection with the use of Bordeaux mixture. But the conference fades away with instructions to Dr. Butler to go ahead.

In his spare time Dr. Butler likes to spray snap-dragons, likes to cover them with large glass bell-jars and determine the action of the sun. This evening you see him walking around among the flowers, lifting a bell-jar here and there and examining the plant beneath. He is planning his campaign.

Then, in the morning, begins a patient hunt. There is nothing spectacular about it, nothing but letters and lists and dictation. He sends out inquiries carefully, determined to find the best certified seed available.

After a few weeks he reports to Director Kendall.

"There is a man in Maine named Hamlin," he says, "I like the looks of the reports of his stock. But he doesn't answer my letters."

"Telegraph him," says the director. "Tell him we'll take all the potatoes he's got."

Down on a sleepy farm Mr. Hamlin is in no hurry to answer his correspondence. He sits calmly with the assurance of a man who believes that the world will come to him. He has been perfecting his potato stock for years, and he is aware of the fact that there will be no trouble in disposing of it. Finally he writes laboriously his terms. They are accepted at once.

The next season trial plots of certified seed are in evidence on the College farm. Competing with them are plots of good native stock. On other plots are being conducted spraying experiments—one strength of Bordeaux mixture here, another strength there, with variations in the number of applications. Visitors come and wander around among the rows. In the fall, it seems evident that certain conclusions can be drawn; but the trained investigators of the Experiment Station have been disillusioned too often to draw hasty inferences. One season's work is not enough for decisions which will have a far-reaching effect. Furthermore, it must be clear that the results could be obtained under farm conditions.

And, so it happens that one day when he is free of class-work at the College and can leave other investi-



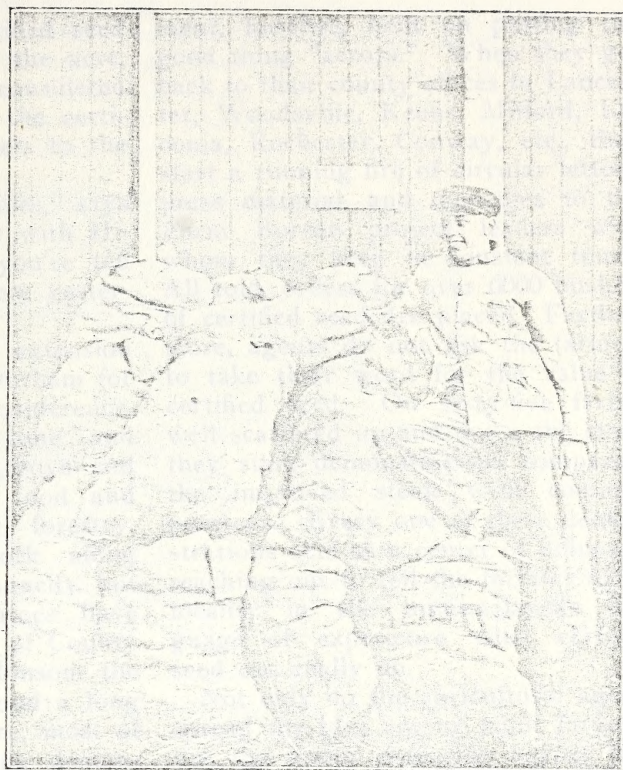


gations dealing with apple scab, white-pine blister-rust and the increasing array of other plant diseases, Dr. Butler climbs into a machine at Exeter with County Agent Don Ward. Mr. Ward, like many other county agents, drives a Ford car as if he were playing auto polo. He does not intend to waste much time on the road; and it is fun to watch them as they dive into wooded stretches, and shoot up over hills and down into valleys. It is not many minutes before they are at the farm of Mr. James Monahan of East Kingston. There they make arrangements with Mr. Monahan, a stocky farmer and one of the best "co-operators" in the state. There may have been a time once when Mr. Monahan scoffed at college professors and the science that they taught; but if there was, it has passed. He listens attentively, respectfully to their plan, and takes them out to the field where he plans to plant several acres of potatoes.

"You think you already have some pretty good potatoes, don't you, Mr. Monahan?" says Mr. Ward, with a smile in his eye. "Well, we believe we can show you something."

"Yes?" He is not entirely convinced yet that this certified seed from Maine is necessarily better than his own. He too has been proud of his potatoes.

"We'll run them in alternate rows," says Dr. Butler, "first a row of non-certified, then a row of certified. And we'll treat them both, so far as spraying and cultivation go, absolutely alike."



FRED A. PEASLEE OF MERRIMACK, N. H., AND SOME OF HIS CERTIFIED SEED POTATOES

"Agreed," says Mr. Monahan, "will you make good the difference if I win?"

They drive off laughing. This is the first trip in connection with the project. Every detail of planting and spraying is carefully supervised. By midsummer, Mr. Monahan, as he looks over the rows and sees how the certified stock out-tops the neighboring rows, is convinced. By digging time in fall, there is a good deal of excitement. As the digging machine goes up and down the field, it turns up to the light, row after row of smooth, white tubers that will grade "fancy," neither too large nor too small. Both sets of rows are yielding high, but clearly the certified seed has proved its worth. Carefully each row is bagged and weighed with scientific accuracy. At the last, standing in by the scales, Dr. Butler reckons





up the total. The non-certified seed has yielded 302 bushels to the acre, which would ordinarily be considered a very good showing; but the certified has produced 416 bushels to the acre!

"Now you step on the scales," says Mr. Monahan to Dr. Butler with Hibernian humor, "I'll best you're ten pounds bigger than you were yesterday!"

A few weeks later the extension agents of the state are in Durham for the annual extension conference. Dairying, fruit, poultry, lime and legumes, farm management, boys' and girls' club work, clothing, food and health, home improvement, forestry, cooperative marketing—work along all of these lines is planned; but among other things, potatoes have their inning. In the office of County Agent Leader E. P. Robinson the agricultural agents sit around a long table. Young men they are, most of them, hardened to unending demonstrations and evening meetings and community baked-bean suppers. College trained, and usually farm-bred, they are the connecting link between the scientific workers at the college and the United States Department of Agriculture on the one hand and New Hampshire's hard-headed farmers on the other.

Carefully, logically, Dr. Butler tells the results of his experiments. Sagaciously the extension agents map out their plan of campaign. Director Kendall, feeling that another move is being made on the checker-board, gives calm guidance; is as ready now for bold tactics as he was before for conservative ones. Every county is eager for demonstrations.

"We'll want 500 bushels in Sullivan County," says Wells of Claremont.

"Merrimack County will want 1,000," adds Peaslee of Concord.

It is as if a leash of trained hunters were unloosed. These men are the salesmen of the new farm move-

ment, hustlers, bent on putting the good thing "across." When they get back to their county offices in Lancaster, Woodsville, Keene, Milford, Laconia, Rochester, Conway, etc., they start a running fire of circular letters, press material, and messages to the Farm Bureau project leaders with whom they keep in constant touch. All told, orders for over 6000 bushels of certified seed are placed. Furthermore, agents do not ask the farmers to take their word for the value of certified seed. On sixty-five farms, well scattered up and down the state, they start demonstrations comparing the improved stock with common potatoes. Every one of these demonstrations acts as a center of influence, reaching out to tell the farmers of its locality in the unmistakable language of experience what certified seed can really do.

Not only do the agricultural agents spread the idea among adult farmers, but the junior extension agents take it to the boys' and girls' clubs. Over in Merrimack the neighbors come and look with amazement at what young Fred Peaslee's potatoes are doing. Fred, together with his four sisters, has been enrolled in club projects for several years. He, too, had felt that he knew something about potatoes. To be sure, he had not been familiar with mosaic, leafroll and some of those strange potato diseases; but he had been willing to bet that his own potatoes would stand up well against this new-fangled certified seed. He is willing to grin now as he shows the neighbors his patch with the certified-seed rows standing out like young pine in a meadow. When he digs them in the fall, they beat his old stock by more than two to one.

All over the state in the fall similar success is reported. Returns from forty-nine demonstrations show an average increase of seventy-one bushels per acre from the use of the "educated" seed. If the whole 6000





bushels imported into the state did as well—and there is no reason to suppose they did not—this meant an increase in the state's crop of 30,000 bushels. Figure it at as many dollars, and it is easy to see what this single project meant to the wealth of the state. But the final value is not so readily estimated, for there is a compound interest here of a very high rate. Work conducted on this scale could not help but have a profound bearing

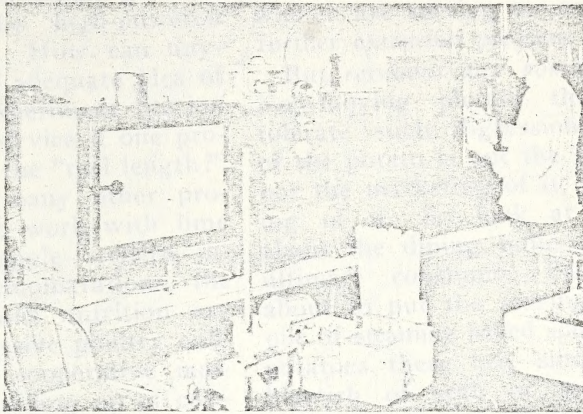
upon the agricultural practice of the next year and succeeding years. This campaign took place in 1921. In 1922, the extension agents had no difficulty in placing certified seed on 900 farms in the state. Again they ran demonstrations, 101 of them, telling the news to more farmers, making a wider and wider spread of influence.

Once again digging time repeated the story: an average increase this season of 62 bushels per acre.

Meanwhile; our friend of the Experiment Station, Dr. Butler, has been encouraging careful growers to raise potatoes which will pass inspection as New Hampshire certified seed. He sets a high standard, will wipe a grower off the slate whose field shows more than five per cent affected by mosaic and leafroll combined. But this strict standard, adhered to over a period of years, would place New Hampshire certified at a premium in the seed markets of the country. Furthermore, the few growers who succeed in passing the Experiment Station's inspection are well repaid for their efforts. The club boy,

Fred Peaslee, does it after a summer's back-aching work, and on the strength of the proceeds is able to enter New Hampshire College as a student in the fall. He expects to earn his way through to a degree by

repeating the performance. Best of all, certified seed growing is started in earnest up in the Colebrook section. This area, just south of Dixville Notch, where the growing season is short and rapid, is in reality the



THE LABORATORY WHERE THE EXPERIMENTS ARE MADE

Aroostook of New Hampshire. Soil and climate combine here to give the tubers the optimum for development. On the farm of Charles E. Martin last fall they picked up a bushel basketfull without moving from one spot. In some parts of the field the yield is over 500 bushels to the acre. Mr. Martin gazes at them quizzically through large glasses. He has never seen a sight like this before in all his fifty years of potato growing. Neither, he is frank to admit, has Dr. Butler. They trot over the field happily, like miners who have struck yellow dirt; and Mr. Martin rushes off the first carload of New Hampshire certified seed in the history of the state at several times the price for common stock.

And now, so garrulously has my tale run on, I find I have not by any means told the whole story of the potato work of the past few years, but only that part of it which deals with certified seed. Nothing at all has been said of the important spraying experiments with Bordeaux mixture, which, when carried out into





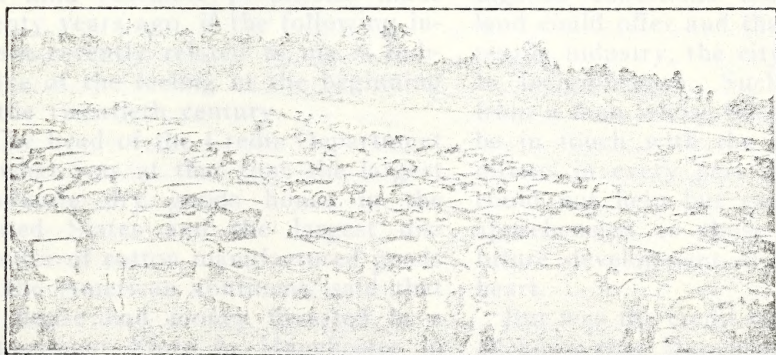
the field by the extension agents, showed thriving green rows beside untreated ones that stunk with rot. Nor have the tests of dusting appliances been mentioned, which promise to save the fields of small growers unable to buy the high-powered spraying equipment. How can anyone hope to give an adequate idea of the work of the Experiment Station and the Extension Service if one project alone runs over the "reel length?" And there are so many other projects—the important work with lime and legumes, the apple orchard investigations and demonstrations, the internationally famous nutrition experiment, the aggressive poultry culling campaign, the cooperative marketing work, the building up of cow-testing associations, the farm management studies, the clothing construction schools, the inauguration of rural dental clinics, the demonstrations of home conveniences,—one gets out of breath naming them.

During the past year the Extension Service, which, by the way, combines the forces of the State College, the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the county Farm Bureaus, arranged a total of 2292 demonstrations, in New Hampshire; and the meetings at these demonstrations, entirely aside from hundreds of other meetings not of the demonstration type, were attended by over 42,000 people. The

work reached 196 of the townships of the state.

This spread of activity has largely been made possible by the interest and enthusiasm of the farm people themselves. Over 1000 men and women are serving on committees to further extension projects.

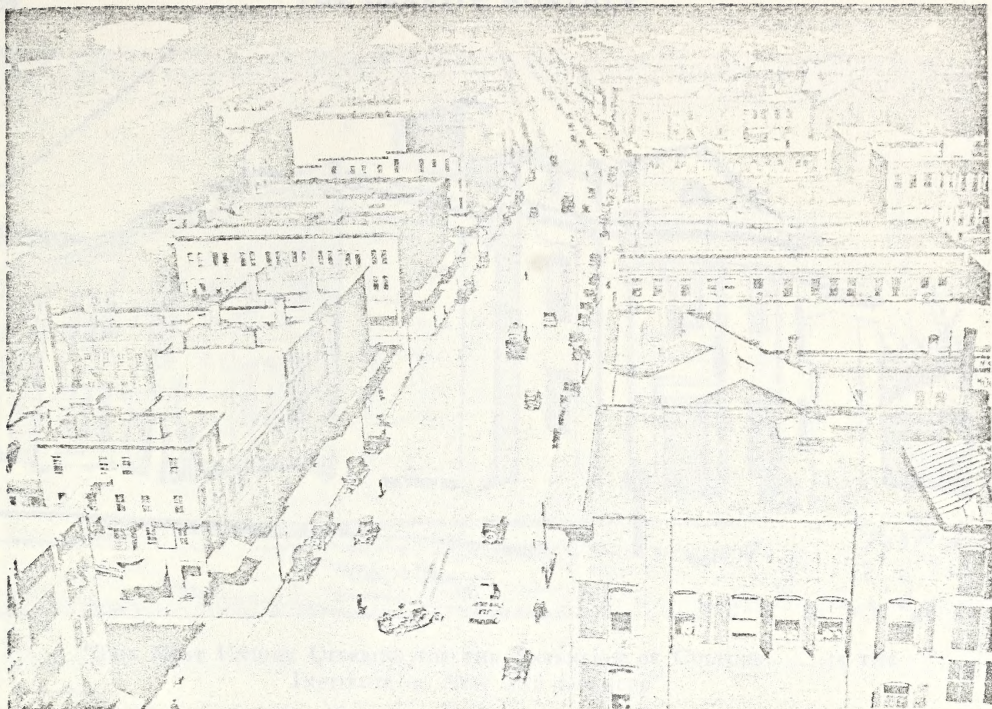
But *revenons aux pommes de terre!* No moving picture theater would tolerate such digressions. The end of the potato is not the digging of it, nor the marketing of it, nor the storing of it. So look at this family about the dining table. Here is the ultimate consumer. Father is just about to put the serving fork into a pile of steaming baked spuds. Beautiful potatoes these are, smooth, without blemish of scab or scurf, not too large nor too small; and when you cut them open, there is no hollow black heart at the center, nothing but a fragrant white mealiness that takes butter the way a sunset takes the sky, blending it harmoniously. And look! Already young Robert is holding up an empty plate. "More, please," says this voracious Oliver Twist. Give him another one, Father, and let the camera man take a fade-away of it, so that at the last we are looking down as through a tunnel at a single perfect potato. A Green Mountain they call it, but White Mountain would be more appropriate; for it is a New Hampshire certified product!



PARKED FOR A COUNTRY FIELD DAY







LOOKING NORTH ALONG ELM STREET FROM THE ROOF OF THE AMOSKEAG BANK BUILDING

## TWENTIETH CENTURY MANCHESTER

Is the Queen City "Finished?"

By VIVIAN SAVACOO

WE hear a great deal said of late to the effect that Manchester has seen its best days, that the South is taking its textile business, the West its shoe industries, and that the city's prosperity will soon be only a memory. Remarks of this kind resemble prophecies made twenty years ago, if the following incident recently related to me is indicative of the feeling at the beginning of the twentieth century.

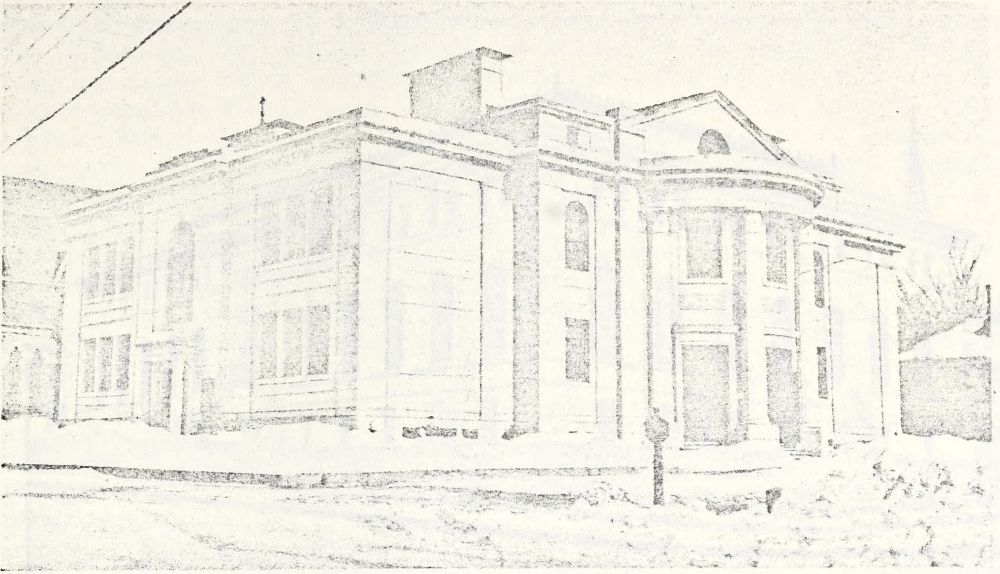
The head of the Credit Department of what was at that time the largest wholesale dry goods house in the United States and the largest distributor of cotton manufactured goods on the American continent, said that his house had money invested in a Department Store in Manchester in holdings of preferred stock and a

large sum in open account. All of this they wished to withdraw because, to use his exact words, "Manchester is finished." His reason was that the cotton mills must move South to compete with the industry growing up there under more advantageous conditions than New England could offer and that, without the textile industry, the city would revert to insignificance. Such a statement from a man whose business it was to be in touch with the industrial conditions in every part of the country, could not help but cause alarm and apprehension to those who had the future development of Manchester at heart.

But was the credit man right? We all know that Manchester has seemed to flourish during the last twenty







"THE MOST UNIQUE OFFERING FOR THE EXTENSION OF CULTURE.....IS THE  
INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES"

years, that the population has increased from 56,000 in 1900, to 78,000 in 1920, and the following table shows more striking development.

#### INDUSTRIES

	1900 Employees	1920 Employees	Per cent of increase
TEXTILE	13,000	16,500	26%
SHOE	2,000	8,300	316%
MISCELLANEOUS	3,255	3,386	4%

*Average increase 54%*

These figures need no interpretation except perhaps to say that the increase of 4% made in industries other than textile and shoe was gained in spite of a loss of 350 employees when the Manchester Locomotive was absorbed by the American Locomotive Works and left the city. The important fact is that by 1920 the various industries had increased 54% since that day twenty years before when Manchester was pronounced "finished."

If still further proof is needed, the city banks confirm and strengthen our growing belief that the credit man was wrong.

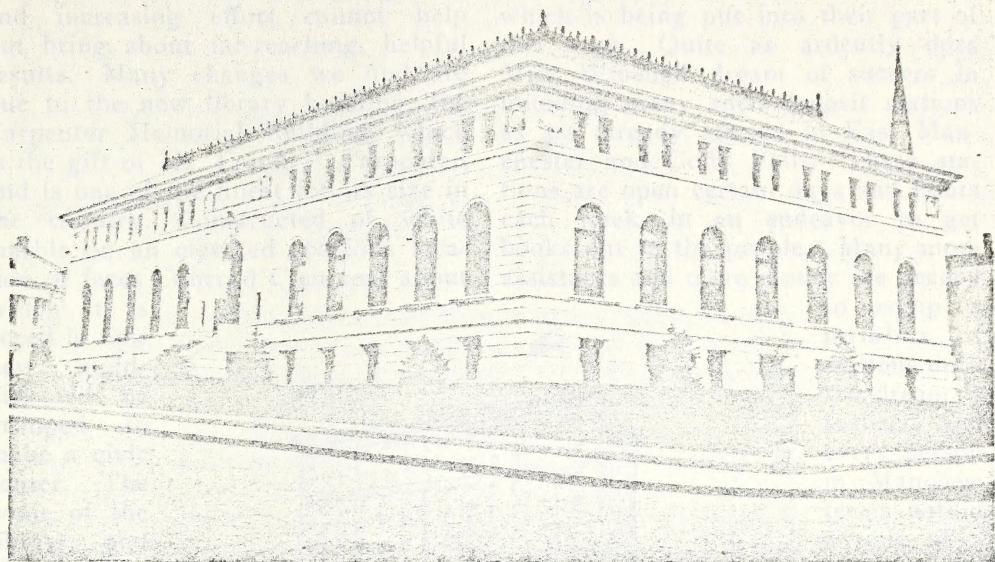
#### MANCHESTER BANK DEPOSITS

	1900	1920	Per cent of increase
NATIONAL	\$3,551,467.00	\$9,923,434.00	179%
SAVINGS	\$15,999,732.57	\$47,269,760.87	110%

Increase of money seems more reassuring of prosperity to many than increase of population, but here we have them both with which to face the credit man. In addition there is the tremendous development in the retail business in the city. One striking example is found in the growth of the Barton Company which is the largest Department Store not only in Manchester but in New England north of Boston, and which is one of the finest and best equipped stores in the country. Its history has been so interesting that it is a temptation to relate it in full, but there is only space now for a brief sketch. The store was the enterprise of a young man, Otis Barton, who came to Manchester in 1850 with a capital of \$100. From this small beginning, the store grew, steadily gaining a business record and a reputation of integrity that are the basis of its suc-







"THE CARPENTER MEMORIAL LIBRARY.....IS ONE OF THE FINEST  
FOR ITS SIZE IN THE COUNTRY"

cess. In 1904, Mr. William E. Querin took over the business and its growth continued even more rapidly in spite of the fire in 1914, which completely destroyed the old building. It seems incredible, but is true that the number of employees of the Barton Co. has increased from twelve in 1900 to two hundred and fifty. While Manchester supports so flourishing and fine a store, we cannot become unduly pessimistic about the economic conditions of the city.

Among many other stores which bespeak prosperity are the James W. Hill Co., the Charles A. Hoitt Co., a very fine and progressive furniture concern, and the John B. Varick Co., which is both a wholesale and a retail house. They are all in fine buildings, have a complete and well assorted stock, and conduct their business under the most progressive methods.

Then, to approach the question from a different angle, there is the other side of Manchester's develop-

ment, all that it offers its citizens for educational and cultural advantages. The most unique offering for the extension of culture and knowledge which Manchester supports is presented by the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences. The institution occupies a beautiful building given by Mrs. Eunea B. French, and is fully equipped for all the courses it offers. There is the Fine Arts Department offering sixteen courses, a Music Department, Domestic Science Department, Natural and Social Science Sections, and the Literature Section, which includes work in French, Spanish, and Dramatic Expression, as well as in English Literature. For five dollars, each member is entitled to enter as many classes as he desires and to attend the numerous concerts and lectures on current events, art, and literature given during the year by well known and authoritative speakers.

It is also most encouraging to see the increasing influence of the library





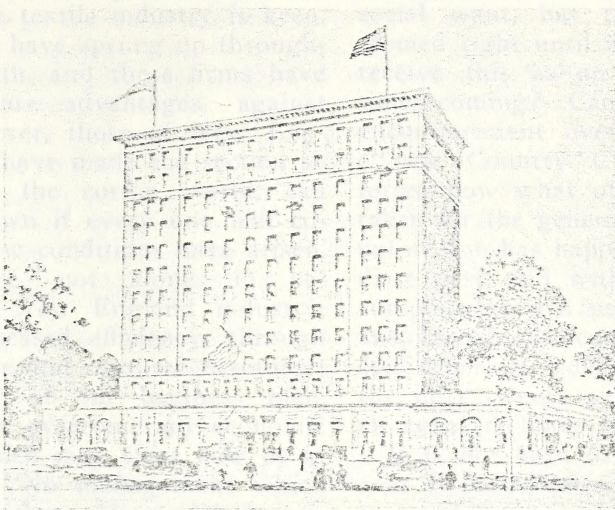
under the guidance of Miss Winchell, the Librarian. Its steady growth and increasing effort cannot help but bring about far-reaching, helpful results. Many changes we find are due to the new library building, the Carpenter Memorial Building, which is the gift of Mr. Frank P. Carpenter, and is one of the finest for its size in the country. Constructed of white marble on an elevated spacious location, it faces Concord Common, about which it is hoped in time new buildings will be grouped to make a civic center. The home of the library and its equipment today, is valued at \$1,250,000. It is not necessary to explain why more efficient, progressive, and stirring work

can be conducted in this building than in the old structure, built in 1871, and so ecclesiastical in architecture as to be dim, congested, and confusing. The library itself is growing lustily. About \$3,000 is spent annually for new books making the general collection good, while the Art Department, partly because of its liberal endowment fund, is decidedly above the average for a library of the size. The Children's Room also deserves special mention and praise for the successful effort it makes to attract and hold children of all ages and nationalities. The fact that as many as four hundred children often gather there between six and nine o'clock, shows their interest and eagerness

to learn, and fully compensates those in charge for the thought and energy which is being put into their part of the work. Quite as ardently does Miss Winchell dream of success in founding many such deposit stations as are already started in East Manchester and Goffs Falls. These stations are open certain days and hours each week, in an endeavor to get books out to the people. Many more assistants and more money are needed

to equip a number of stations until the dream is realized and every person in Manchester is within a mile of a source of books. A progressive and commendable dream!

Similar leaps and bounds are being made by those whose work



A NEW CIVIC ENTERPRISE—  
THE CARPENTER HOTEL AS IT WILL LOOK.

it is to make the schools of Manchester as fine as possible. High school accommodations have been an unexpected problem during the last few years. Again and again buildings designed to take care of reasonable growth for future years have in a surprisingly short period proved inadequate, crowded, limited.

It may seem that we have departed a long way from that pessimistic remark of the financial prophet, but surely all development along the line I have just shown is as great evidence of prosperity as banking deposits or retail sales, and groups itself with these to show how far from dead Manchester has proved itself to be in the last twenty years. Is it safe to conclude that similar remarks and





dire prophecies that we hear today will prove equally fallacious?

We do not wish to be foolishly and blindly optimistic but to realize that with the intelligent co-operation of all her citizens, Manchester can surmount her problems in a difficult time, and, with the splendid advancement of the past twenty years for a foundation upon which to build, construct a finer, more progressive and prosperous city.

It is true that competition with the South in the textile industry is keen. Cotton mills have sprung up throughout the South, and these firms have many obvious advantages, against which, however, those of New England, which have made the section so powerful in the cotton world, can hold their own if every one will co-operate. New conditions have arisen, but we are not alone in believing that New England industry, through increased efficiency, through that initiative and resource heretofore characteristic of our business men, must and can overcome any economic handicap which may exist now or in the future. "No management which manages," declares Henry W. Dennison of Dennison Manufacturing Co. in speaking on the problem of 48-hour week in New Hampshire, "wishes to run forever in the same grooves. The

best management steps out and meets the future, the merely good meets the demands of the times."

Of this co-operation, of this capacity of our business men competently to meet all future demands it seems Mr. Frank Carpenter and others are sure enough to be willing to invest \$1,000,000 in a new civic enterprise, a hotel. For many years Manchester has severely felt the need of a really fine hotel. Several attempts have been made to meet this commercial and social want, but the time has not seemed right until now. Can we not receive this as an augury of good times coming? Can we not also find encouragement over the prospect of a new Country Club? We cannot foresee now what other steps will be taken for the general welfare, but the unforeseen has happened in the immediate past, and with a bad interval completed and a new period starting auspiciously we can hope with some confidence, provided we will help, that the next twenty years will carry us an equal distance forward.

It is not hard to foretell that citizens of Manchester in 1943 will smile as wonderingly and indulgently on the gloomy prophecies of 1923 as we do today on the doom pronounced on Manchester by the credit man in 1900.

## COLONIAL DAMES MAKE PRIZE OFFER

The readers of this magazine will be interested in the announcement by the New Hampshire Society of the Colonial Dames of America of a prize of one hundred dollars for the best monograph on a subject from the history of New Hampshire prior to the year 1775.

Competition for this prize is open to any person who is a resident of New Hampshire or a student (graduate or undergraduate) of Dartmouth or of the New Hampshire State Col-

lege, or of St. Anselm's College.

To meet the requirements the monograph must contain at least 10,000 words. It must be prepared in a scholarly manner with full foot-note references to authorities, and with a complete bibliography.

All manuscripts must be in the hands of the chairman of the Committee of Historic Research by December 1, 1923. This Committee will be glad to give further information to those interested.





# THE BROOKES MORE PRIZE WINNER

## Helen Mowe Philbrook Is Given Award

OUR editorial prophecy that the judges in the Brookes More contest were not going to have an easy task to select the winner was amply fulfilled.

Miss Converse in the Atlantic Monthly office in Boston, Dean Holli-day in the University of Toledo, and Professor Rand at Massachusetts Agricultural College read and studied the files of the magazine and made their selections. Then they exchanged lists—and were dismayed at the variance shown. It seemed almost impossible to come to a decision. But they went at it again, and by weighing and considering and analyzing they at last reached an agreement which we know will meet the approval of all our readers.

The award of fifty dollars for the best poem in regular metrical form

appearing in the 1922 issues of the GRANITE MONTHLY goes to Helen Mowe Philbrook for her poem, "The Turning of the Tide" appearing in the March issue. Miss Philbrook lives in California now but she really belongs to Tilton, N. H., where her family lived for many years.

In addition to the prize winning poem, the judges were of the opinion that special mention should be made of the following poetry: New Houses, by Cora S. Day; Return, Spring Flame, and Last Days, by Harold Vinal; To Those Who Come After, by A. A. D; My Song That Was a Sword, by Hazel Hall; Haven of Lost Ships, by Erwin F. Keene; My Arcady, by E. R. Musgrove; Sonnet (on the Commonplace), by Louise P. Guyol; Dreams, and The Alien, by Lilian S. Keech.

## THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

### The Prize Winning Poem

BY HELEN MOWE PHILBROOK

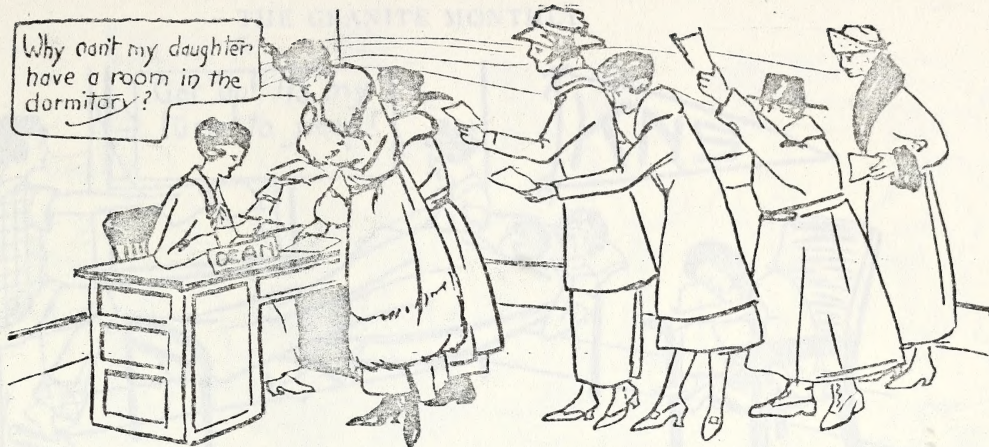
We talked, the half-remembered sea beside,—  
 Blent with our words its murmurous voice and low;  
 Idly we watched the silvering grasses blow,  
 And now a sail the beryl harbor ride,  
 And now a tilting curlew, circling wide.  
 One moment thus—the next the wind's warm flow  
 Quickened and chilled; cried one with eyes aglow,  
 "Oh hark! It is the turning of the tide!"

With far clear call the great deep veered once more  
 With swelling breast to the forsaken shore;  
 The sea flower drooping in its emptied pool  
 Lifted and lived in flooding waters cool.

So felt I once faith's turning ebb tide roll  
 Across the withering blossoms of my soul.







ROOMS IN DORMITORIES ARE SO SCARCE THAT MORE THAN HALF THE GIRLS MUST LIVE ELSEWHERE

## MAKING TEACHERS AT KEENE

### A Problem Which Presses for Solution

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MURIEL COX

It's a long wet walk each morn to breakfast,  
It's a long walk at noon,  
It's a long dark walk on rainy evenings  
From the library to our rooms  
If the wise men our parents sent to Concord  
Had to tramp like you and me,  
They'd be glad to vote appropriations  
For Keene's dormitory.

**S**O sing the students at Keene Normal as they tramp back and forth in the deep snows of this hard winter from the school grounds, where they all meet for recitations and meals, to their rooms scattered throughout the city. For rooms in the school dormitory, eagerly sought and over crowded, are so scarce that more than one-half of the girls must seek living quarters elsewhere.

The Normal School at Keene has in fact grown

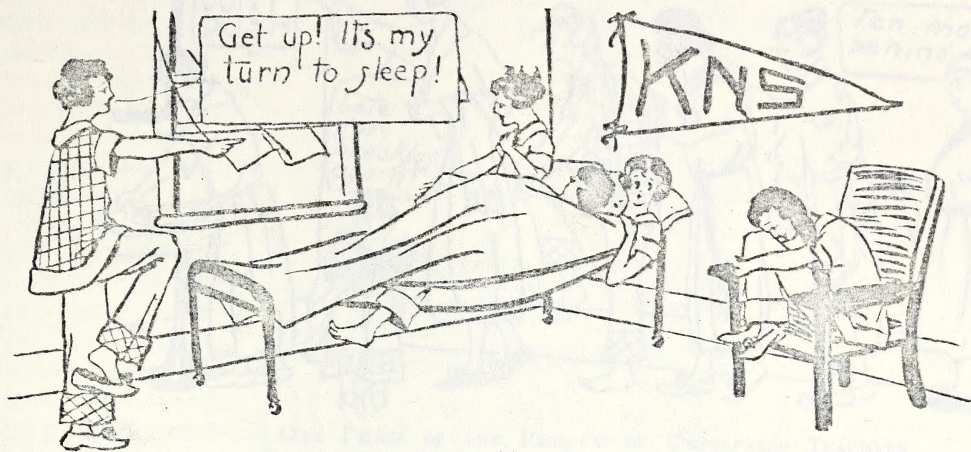
so rapidly that it now finds itself in the serious situation of not having rooms enough to house its students, nor dining room space large enough to properly feed them. Such a condition is not only proving detrimental to the training and instruction given at the school itself, but is vitally affecting the welfare and efficiency of our whole public school system.

"The one most essential improvement necessary, in order that we may have sufficient trained teachers for our schools," declares the New Hampshire State Board of Education, "is the construction of an additional dormitory in connection with the Keene Normal School," and a bill lies before the legislature rec-









THE GROWTH OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL HAS OUTSTRIPPED HOUSING FACILITIES

ommending an immediate appropriation of \$225,000, for the construction of such a dormitory and for increased dining room capacity.

\$225,000! It is quite a large sum for a state of the size of New Hampshire, and at a time when strict economy and a cutting down of expenses is not only a popular demand but a governmental necessity.

What is this situation, this problem which our state board of education thinks so serious and of such importance? Many of us know very little about our Normal schools, their needs and problems. Many of us know little about the intimate relationship between good and well equipped normal schools and the right education for our children. And yet it is upon us, citizens of New Hampshire, through our representatives in the legislature, that all responsibility must rest for the best usefulness and efficiency of these normal schools.

We have in the state two normal schools, Keene and Plymouth, both of which are crowded beyond their capacity. The growth of the Keene Normal School indeed has been phenomenal. Starting only twelve years ago with 26 students, it has increased at such a rate that in 1922 it had an enrollment of 281.

But though the school has thus grown nearly 300 per cent the appro-

priations for maintenance in the same length of time have only increased about 100 per cent, with the result that the demand for trained teachers and the growth of the normal school have far outstripped any housing facilities now available. Two very unfortunate situations have arisen from this condition; a shortage of trained teachers in the state and a real hardship and handicap to the students and faculties of the schools themselves.

The Keene Normal School can house in its own dormitories less than one half of its student body. The others board in rooms scattered throughout the city at a cost to the state which next year will amount to \$13,000, and which results in a per capita cost to the state nearly twice as large as that of rooms in the dormitory building. The dining-room space too is so small that meals are now served in two shifts.

All this not only makes it extremely difficult for the management in planning its school program, etc., but it causes a very unsatisfactory situation in respect to the proper supervision of the girls, which is not only desirable but is expected by the parents. It has also involved a real hardship on the students who in all kinds of weather are obliged to go back and forth from their rooms to meals and recitations.







ONE PHASE OF THE PROBLEM OF UNPREPARED TEACHERS

Perhaps even more serious is the shortage in our state of trained teachers resulting from this lack of housing facilities. Of the two thousand teachers in our elementary schools fully one-third are practically untrained. Every year we have to furnish to our public school system about 350 new teachers. Of these only a little over one-third are furnished by our normal schools. One-third of the vacancies are filled by teachers from other states who come here only temporarily, and who usually want to return to their own states when opportunity arises, and the remaining third are untrained. How to furnish two hundred additional teachers from our own schools? This is the problem which the state board thinks of such importance and so necessary to the welfare of our public school system.

That one-third of our public school teachers are untrained is an unfortunate condition and one that all must agree should not be permitted to continue. Untrained teachers mean poorly instructed children. We want our children in New Hampshire to have as good an education and as good a preparation for meeting life as the children of Massachusetts or other states. "We can at once assume," says the State Board of Education, "that all the people of New Hamp-

shire believe in good schools. The welfare of the state in the next generation depends on the right education of the boys and girls of this generation.....The foundation of our whole school system rests upon the quality of our teachers and their quality is largely dependent upon the training and instruction given in our state normal schools."

New Hampshire has a right to be proud of her normal school in Keene. Under the able and progressive management of Wallace E. Mason, the director, during the twelve years of its life, it not only has come to be eighth in size of the eighteen New England Normal Schools, but now ranks among the best of this country in respect to academic standing. One of the especially well thought out and thorough departments of the Keene Normal School course is the practice work. Through a very favorable contract made with the local school board the Keene Normal School students have the opportunity of having eighteen weeks devoted to this important side of the training; that is, the actual practice in teaching in the schools. This is an especially long period of time as many of the New England normal schools are able to give only twelve weeks to such work.

The tuition is free, the only stu-





dent expense being \$5 per week, which covers the cost to the state for board. Each student, however, is required to teach in the state the same number of years that he or she attends the normal school. Failing to do this, a fee of \$100 must be paid for each year. In this way the state is able to more surely get a reasonable return on the money it expends in training teachers.

There is a splendid atmosphere in the school of hard work and earnest purpose. The students are of course drawn from the very best class of young people in the state, and anyone visiting a gathering of the student body is impressed with a happy, healthy group they are. A great many of them earn a part or all of their expenses. Last year the students earned \$1,800 working in the serving room, waiting on the table, etc., and over \$1,500 by acting as substitute teachers in the neighboring towns.

The students come to Keene to work, but in their spare moments much is done for their physical and social welfare. There is, for instance, a gymnasium, a school physician, a school nurse, a physical director, and a dean who keeps a constant watch over the health of each student. Outdoor sports are encouraged, and it is not an uncommon sight to see on a Saturday a group of thirty or more members of the Outing Club starting off for a winter's hike with snowshoes

and skis and the necessary material for a "bacon bat."

As for social life, there is a glee club, a school orchestra, a debating club, the Y. W. C. A., the de La Salle club, the French club, the Outing Club, etc. There are social parties

and dances held in the school hall and there are the "Sunday Morning Sings" and the Sunday evening firelight gatherings. In this connection one of the interesting courses of instruction given to the entering students is a class in customs and manners, where recognized rules of etiquette, good manners and social usages are explained and also taught.

All this goes to make two or three years of

hard work and pleasant, wholesome recreation never to be forgotten, years which develop the student into a trained efficient and competent teacher, prepared intelligently to conduct a school and usefully and gracefully to take her place in any community.

But things have come to a standstill now with the Keene Normal School. There are adequate school rooms, housing facilities, and in fact a full equipment for turning out many more teachers if there were but suitable housing facilities. In other words, by increasing the present plant to the proper unit the school could provide all the teachers needed by the state each year at a less expense per capita than ever before has been accomplished in New Hampshire.



MEALS ARE SERVED IN TWO SHIFTS



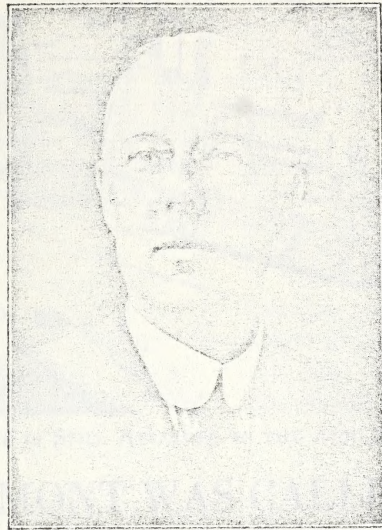


Without this additional dormitory space and increased dining room facilities the Normal School at Keene must not only cease to grow but the public school system in New Hampshire must continue to struggle under the handicap of untrained and unprepared teachers.

What will the New Hampshire legislature do in meeting this situation?

"A study of public education in New Hampshire," declares Huntley N. Spaulding, chairman of the State Board of Education, "shows an almost uninterrupted progress for a long period of years with a decided advance during the past four years under the present educational law, it would be hard to believe that the present administration would con-

sider for a moment a backward step." "My experience with the different legislators this year has led me to believe they are, as a whole, men who are taking their responsibilities seriously and are anxious to do what they believe is for the interest of the State of New Hampshire, having in mind always that the State is sure to receive value for any expenditure of money. I believe they will give this subject sufficient consideration and come to the conclusion that the construction of this dormitory would be a very great contributory factor in the development of the educational facilities of the State, thereby making New Hampshire a better place in which to live."



UNDER THE PROGRESSIVE MANAGEMENT OF W. E. MASON, THE SCHOOL HAS COME TO RANK HIGH

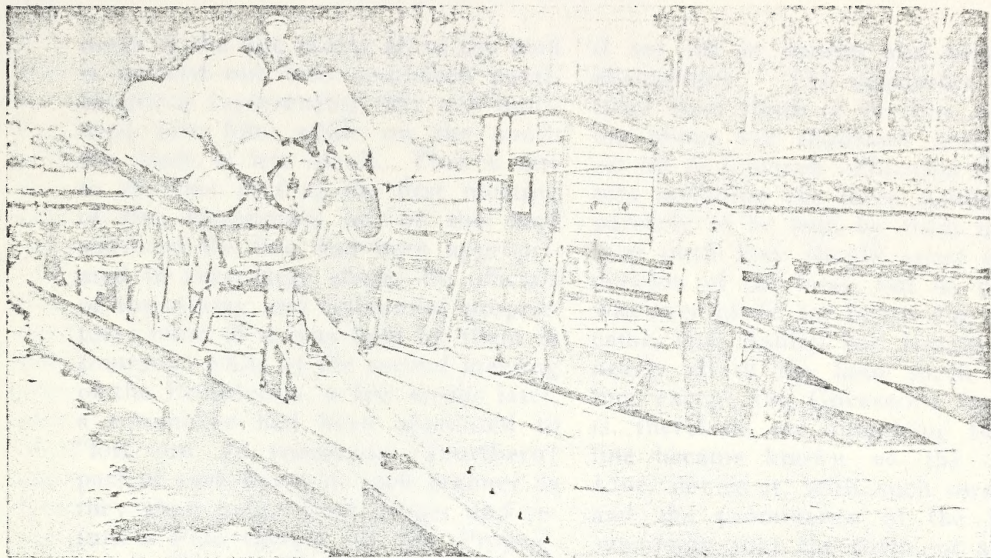
## A PRAYER FOR A NATION

By CARL HOLLIDAY

What was it for—that agony of strife,  
That hurricane of death, that tide of blood  
So lately swept across our shores of life?  
What was the meaning? Why that vexed flood  
Of sorrow, scorn, remorse, and prayer, high vows  
Of nobler days to come? When all around  
A fiercer lust for gold! That which endows  
The soul with light but laughed to scorn! The wound  
Of toilers opened sore again by Gain  
Insatiable! False propaganda, lies,  
Conspiracies of silence o'er the stain  
Where, crushed with wealth, a nation's Ideal dies!  
God, stay Thy hand! In patience, stay Thy hand!  
Spare yet from sottish greed our native land.







THE OLD NAME IS STILL ATTACHED TO THE ASHLEY FERRY

## WHEN CLAREMONT WAS CALLED ASHLEY

Is There a Historical Basis for the Tradition?

BY GEORGE B. UPHAM

THE name Ashley is a familiar one in Claremont. Even late comers know it as attached to the old and interesting ferry across the Connecticut chartered in 1784. It seems probable that the Ashleys had operated this ferry several years prior to obtaining a charter. It is still in operation and a picturesque relic of the past.

Of the seventy grantees, commonly called proprietors, named in the town charter, October 26th, 1764, the Ashleys, Colonel Samuel, Captain Oliver and Lieutenant Samuel, Jr., were the only ones who ever came to live in Claremont. The Town History tells little about them, and even less about the east and west line, six miles long, which came to bear their name. Since this line may have had something to do with the temporary attachment of their family name to the town or locality, it seems worth while to state where and what it was, and is, for in common with the remarkable persistence of property

lines the world over, many property boundaries in Claremont are fixed to-day by this Ashley Line.

On the Proprietors' Map of Claremont, drawn on a sheepskin, probably in the fall of 1766, or winter of 1767, may be seen a line parallel to and about five hundred and eighty rods north of the town's south boundary. This straight line crosses the Great Road near the schoolhouse at the fork of the roads about half a mile southwesterly from Claremont Junction, and half a mile north of the road branching to the ferry, crosses the Bible Hill road a few rods south of the trolley line, cuts Sugar River twice a little north of its sharp right-angled bend about a mile east from the village,—the easterly of the two cuts is near the mouth of "Quobbin-night Brook,"—and again crosses the river very near the Newport line.<sup>1</sup>

On the Proprietor's Map the land north of the Ashley Line looks very different from that south of it; for





north of the line nearly all of the land is marked out into numbered parallelograms representing fifty and hundred acre lots, while on the south the space is left blank. This is due to the fact that at the first meeting of the Proprietors all of the land south of the line had been appropriated in very large shares by officials of the colony and influential proprietors; most of it was held by them in common; while at the second meeting of the Proprietors, a few weeks later, a committee had been appointed to "lott out ye remaining [northern] part of said Town in such manner as they shall judge most proper and return a Plan thereof to the Proprietors." The small lots north of the line were distributed to Proprietors of lesser consequence.

At the first meeting of the Proprietors, February 2, 1767, the large tract south of that line, nearly one-third of the entire town, and containing more than seven thousand acres, had been set off as follows: Five hundred acres in the southeast corner to the Governor; three hundred and fifty acres each to his brother, brother-in-law and nephew,—all members of the Governor's Council,—three hundred and fifty acres each to Lieutenant Governor John Temple, Col. John Goffe and Col. William Symes. These two colonels had long been prominent in affairs, military and civil, in western New Hampshire. The six three-hundred-and-fifty acre allotments were, curiously enough, set off in narrow strips more than five miles long, extending east from the Governor's farm to the Newport line, but they were only thirty rods wide. Perhaps it was thought that in long narrow strips the recipients would be more likely to receive a fair share of hill and meadow, field and forest, than

if set off in shorter and wider parallelograms. The remainder of the large tract south of the line, containing about five thousand acres, was set off to fourteen influential Proprietors including the three Ashleys, apparently to be held by them in common until they should agree upon a division of the land; but no division was ever made, for before the settlers came, Col. Ashley had bought all or nearly all of the land south of the line except the Governor's farm. It is, therefore, not surprising that the line became known as the Ashley Line, nor is it, with such ownership and the prominence of the family, surprising that the town, or at least the southern half of it, became known for a time as Ashley. That the three Ashleys were prominent in the Province, later the State, also in the County and Town, is attested by several hundred entries in the records, many of them printed in the volumes of New Hampshire State Papers. In Claremont's charter Samuel Ashley was appointed to give notice of the first Meeting and was also appointed the Moderator thereof. He acted in that capacity at both the first and second meetings of the Proprietors. He, his sons and his coadjutor, Col. Josiah Willard, managed the business of the newly fledged township in a way to suit their own fancies, friends and fortunes, particularly the latter, for, prior to the Revolution, the business was mainly speculation in land.

Col. Ashley was named as a grantee in the charters of Dupplin, later Lempster, of Winchester and Hinsdale, all in 1753; of Grantham in 1767; of Grafton in 1769; of Jefferson in 1772; also of several townships in the New Hampshire Grants, now Vermont; among these historic Westminster in 1752, and even more his-

(1) The tradition, heard related in the writer's boyhood, was that Quobbinnight Brook received its quaint name (See Walling's Map of Sullivan County, 1860.) from the following circumstance: Residents of a place called Quobbin in Massachusetts had come up to spy out the land with a view to "squatting," and had camped near the brook. Purchasers of land rights from the Proprietors, learning of this intention, had no desire for their company. They accordingly gathered at night in the near-by woods, discharged their muskets and imitated Indian war-whoops. The Quobbinites hastily departed, never to return. The unique character of the name lends credence to this tradition.





toric Windsor in 1761. In the Windsor charter Col. Ashley's name was the first of the grantees; he was appointed Moderator, and, as in the charter of several other townships his sons, Oliver and Samuel Jr., were also named among the grantees.

The personal and private work of the Ashleys was, as we have seen, dealings in charters and lands. Their public work was, mainly, in that great world event, the American Revolution. Col. Ashley was a member of the several Provincial Congresses convened at Exeter in 1774 and 1775, later a member of the General Assembly of the State. In May 1775 he was selected one of the nine who constituted the famous Committee of Safety for the Province. In January 1776 he was elected a member of the Council which with the Committee of Safety to a large extent managed the government and affairs of the state during the Revolution. He raised a regiment of which he was commissioned colonel. In March 1779 he was chosen one of the two representatives to the Continental Congress; but for some reason declined to serve; perhaps, like many others disgusted with the inefficiency of that body, he felt that he could be of more service by continuing his work in the state and in the army. On the day of sending in this declination he was appointed one of a committee "to confer with Ira Allen, Esq., agent for the people of the *place called Vermont*." He was appointed a member of many other important committees by the General Assembly.

At the head of his regiment he marched to the defence of Ticonderoga in May 1777; he served as Brigade Major on the staff of General Stark, and continued in the service under General Gates until the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. A letter from General Gates, no very

certain compliment, commends his work in that campaign. He probably did as much if not more than any other subordinate officer in the prompt mustering of the very efficient New Hampshire troops during the Revolution. His eldest son, Oliver, represented "Clairmont" in the Fourth Provincial Congress. On July 1st 1775, Oliver, with Jonathan Childs of Lyme, was appointed to confer with the Congress in Massachusetts, and the Assembly in Rhode Island and Connecticut, respecting "the situation of Ticonderaga, Crown Point & Canada & the Frontiers of New York & New Hampr, . . . & relative to any plan of operations in those parts." From the official report that he traveled 976 miles—a long distance on horseback,—in the discharge of his duties between May 17th and November 16th, 1775 we gather that Captain Ashley was fairly active at that time. He was captain of the Claremont company which marched from "Number Four" on August 17, 1777, to fight at the battle of Bennington, his brother Samuel Jr., was a lieutenant in the company. This necessarily brief relation does scant justice to the efforts of the Ashleys in the settlement of the town and in the Revolution; but it suffices, in some degree, to show why the locality might have been called by their name.

But, was it ever called Ashley? What evidence can be produced to prove the assertion and if produced with what degree of certainty can such evidence be relied upon?

Of local evidence we have, at present, none to offer, and little of any sort emanating from places nearer than London and Paris, but from those cities we have contemporaneous maps, compiled by the best cartographers then living.

*To be continued*





# THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

## About the Good Old Days

DISHES and dusting have a philosophic effect upon us. We always recite poetry, preferably psalms, over a dishpan, and in the process of getting the GRANITE MONTHLY moved into its new quarters in the Patriot Building, dusting and cataloguing cuts and books and putting old files to rights, we have been evolving a philosophy of moving which in our estimation will compare favorably with Thomas Carlyle's philosophy of clothes.

We haven't worked out details yet. We've got only as far as the main thesis which is that living to-day is like living in the midst of a perpetual furniture moving performance. One is neither here nor there. Hence confusion which would be resolved to simplicity could one move the clock backwards or forwards a few years.

For instance, there may be some satisfaction in living when the U. S. Army Air Service gets the upper hand of man's old enemy weather. In those days Dartmouth, desiring fair weather for carnival day, won't have to go to the expense of weather insurance. They'll just send up an air-sweep to electrocute the clouds and clear up the blue.

Assuredly the times to come have some advantages.

On the whole, however, our vote is in favor of moving back the clock to the Good Old Days.

And strangely enough we believe a secret ballot of the Legislature would reveal a similiar lack of the progressive spirit. Not a few of the law-makers sigh—we have heard them—for the good old days when voting was simplified by the presence of the high oracle just across the street, when a man's first duty was to his political boss—and there was no second duty.

Which is not to say that no one can get instructions on voting to-day. There is the solemn *Vox Populi* known as "party mandate," evoked with earnest prayer wherever legislators congregate. And there are other "instructions...." But they all lack the finality and something of the odor of sanctity of the Good Old Days.

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Politics were real adventure then.

Only the other day a member of the present legislature told us that his first taste of politics came when, as a boy of fourteen, his father, a political leader in his little village, sent him through the autumn woods one night to carry a message to a farmer, who with his two grown sons lived in a lonely little cabin.

The message was—

"Father says tell you he'll give you sixty dollars for your three cows this year."

The old farmer smiled shrewdly and stroked his chin.

"You tell your Dad I've been offered seventy-five dollars for them cows this year."

And the boy—who was a politician even in those days—swallowed hard and said:

"In that case, Father said I was to offer you seventy-five dollars for your three cows."

"You tell your father that he shall have the cows!"

And with no mention of politics, no bothersome arguments about issues or personalities, the political deal was closed and the boy went home to report a successful campaign to his father.

The teller of the story is an earnest and upright statesman. He would scorn to traffic in votes to-day. But as he tells the story of that moonlight ride years ago his eyes light up with gleam of regretful reminiscence and longing for the Good Old Days.





Romance and picturesqueness belong back there. Not so very far back some of it. The other evening at the Governor's Ball we saw the Governor's staff standing behind the receiving line in drab khaki uniforms. Governor's staffs used to be resplendent in gold lace. The war changed that.

And they tell us that time was when Governors reviewed troops from the back of a prancing white horse. That custom, we understand, was abandoned because of the death of the only horse in the state with a spirited but gentle prance. But it was a good custom while it lasted.

All these pictures appeal to us. But the one around which our memory—vicarious memory, that is, collected from the tales of those who have really known the past—plays most fondly is one of the early days of the GRANITE MONTHLY when the editor used to solicit subscriptions through the countryside. In an old buggy, behind a leisurely old horse, he made his way along the sunny country roads, stopping at the farms along the way. Sometimes his subscribers gave him eggs and potatoes to pay for the subscriptions. Sometimes there were home-made toys for the little daughter who sat beside him in the old buggy. And as he went along from house to house, he built up friendships with the people to whom, each month, he sent out his magazine.

That's what we envy him. We'd give a good deal to be able to drop in to see you for a social call this afternoon and let you tell us just what you'd like to see done with the GRANITE MONTHLY. Perhaps we shall do it one of these days. Meanwhile we can only thank those of you who are kind enough once in a while to write us friendly letters, and to assure you that the office of the GRANITE MONTHLY is never such a busy place that the editors cannot stop to chat with friends of the magazine. Drop in and see us when you come this way.

H. F. M.

## Announcements

The time limit on the prize contest for high-school boys and girls, announced in the October issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY, has been extended to May 1. This will give our contestants a little more time to polish off their work and some good essays should result.

We have been fortunate in securing as judges for this contest three persons who are well qualified for the work from both a literary and an educational standpoint. Mr. Harlan Pearson, former editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY, certainly needs no introduction to readers of this magazine. Mrs. Alice S. Harriman of Laconia and Mr. Walter S. May are both members of the State Board of Education. Mr. May is Deputy Commissioner. Mrs. Harriman has been active in many forms of public service, including woman's club work.

We are very glad to announce that Miss Vivian Savacool, who is the author of "Twentieth Century Manchester" in this issue, has consented to undertake the management of our book review department.

There is a rapidly growing opinion on the part of those who have studied New England's farm situation that if we are to continue to maintain our agricultural position we must do it not by attempting to turn out great quantities of material as the great western states do, but rather by putting our energies toward quality production. An example of what is already being done along these lines here in New Hampshire is afforded by our dairy industry. The series of articles on "Leading Dairy Herds" which will begin in the March GRANITE MONTHLY will tell the stories of some of the important ventures which have succeeded. No herd will be included in this series which is not being conducted on a business basis.





# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

## Steel

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

Boston, Atlantic Monthly Company

IN the spring of 1919, a young man just returned from France looked out across the mud of Camp Eustis and tried to map out the new future ahead of him. With the idealism born of his war experience, he demanded of that future something more than a livelihood. He wanted "a chance to discover and build under the new social and economic conditions." He found this chance in enlistment as a private in the industrial army of America's basic industry, steel: he went to work on an open hearth furnace near Pittsburg.

As he worked he set down, simply, directly, without any attempt to exploit a theory, without retouching the lines of his pictures, a simple chronicle of every day—"of sizzling nights; of bosses, friendly and unfriendly; of hot back-walls and a good first-helper; of fighting twenty-four-hour turns; of interesting days as hot-blast man; of dreaded five-o'clock risings, and quiet satisfying suppers; of what men thought, and didn't think."

It is safe to say that "Steel" will appeal to you. It is not so easy, however, to tell just what you will find in it. Some, perhaps, will find chiefly the charm of letters home from a New Hampshire boy, a vivid description of a unique and colorful experience, through which a familiar personality is seen and enjoyed.

Others will find an epic of a great industry—there are passages of sheer dramatic power equalling, if not surpassing, anything which Hergesheimer has written. "An express train shot into view in the black valley—I thought of the steel in the locomotive, and thought it back quickly into sheets, bars, blooms, back then into the monumental ingots as they stood, fiery from the open-hearth pouring,

against a night sky. Then the glow left, and went out of my thinking. Each ingot became a number of wheelbarrow loads of mud, pushed over a rough floor, Fred's judgment of the carbon content, and his watching through furnace peeppholes. The ladlefuls ceased as steel, becoming thirty-minutes' sledging through stoppage for four men, the weight of manganese in my shovel, and the clatter of the pieces that hit the rail, sparks on my neck burning through a blue handkerchief, and the cup of tea I had with Jock, cooked over hot slag at 4:00 a. m.

Still others will see in the book an arraignment of an industrial system—an arraignment poignantly summed up in the words of the Italian third-helper—"To hell with the money, no can live."

But perhaps those to whom the book will mean the most are those who read it simply as a tale of men working together, and who find its primary value in its human quality, its quick sense of the significance of small events. One incident is enough to illustrate the point and to give the keynote of the book:

As third-helper on the open hearth, Mr. Walker's job was to carry out the orders of the Anglo Serbian second-helper who, in moments of stress, delivered these orders in a mingled stream of profanity, Serbian, and broken English. Clinging to a few familiar words, the third-helper executed the instructions, as he understood them, only to find, time after time, that he had missed the point entirely.

"It suddenly occurred to me one day, after some one had bawled me out picturesquely for not knowing where something was that I had never





heard of, that this was what every immigrant Hunky endured; it was a matter of language largely, of understanding, of knowing the names of things, the uses of things, the language of the boss. Here was this Serbian second-helper bossing his third-helper largely in an unknown tongue, and the latter getting the full emotional experience of the immigrant. I thought of Bill, the pit boss, telling a Hunky to do a clean-up job for him; and when the Hunky said, 'What?' he turned to me and said: 'Lord! but these Hunkies are dumb.'

"Most of the false starts, waste motion, misunderstandings, fights, burnings, accidents, nerve-wrack, and desperation of soul would fall away if there were understanding—a common language, of mind as well as tongue."

"Steel" has a special interest for New Hampshire people because Mr. Walker is a son of Dr. Charles R. Walker, who was a well-known and well-loved physician in Concord. Mr. Walker is a Yale graduate and is at present associated with the Atlantic Monthly.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

MISS VIVIAN SAVACOO, who writes of "Twentieth Century Manchester" with such confident optimism, is a new graduate of Smith College in the class of 1922. Coming back to her home at a critical time in the history of the city, she has been interested to study into the matter and look at the beginnings and causes of conditions. The results of her studies appear in this article and the article which will be published next month.

MR. GEORGE B. UPHAM'S historical articles have been for years a valuable and popular feature in the GRANITE MONTHLY. This month he begins a series on some little known phases of the history of his old family home—Claremont. The series has to do with the almost legendary time "When Claremont was called Ashley" but Mr. Upham has some maps to bring the legends to a solid basis of fact.

Last month MR. HENRY B. STEVENS of New Hampshire College appeared in capacity of factory superin-

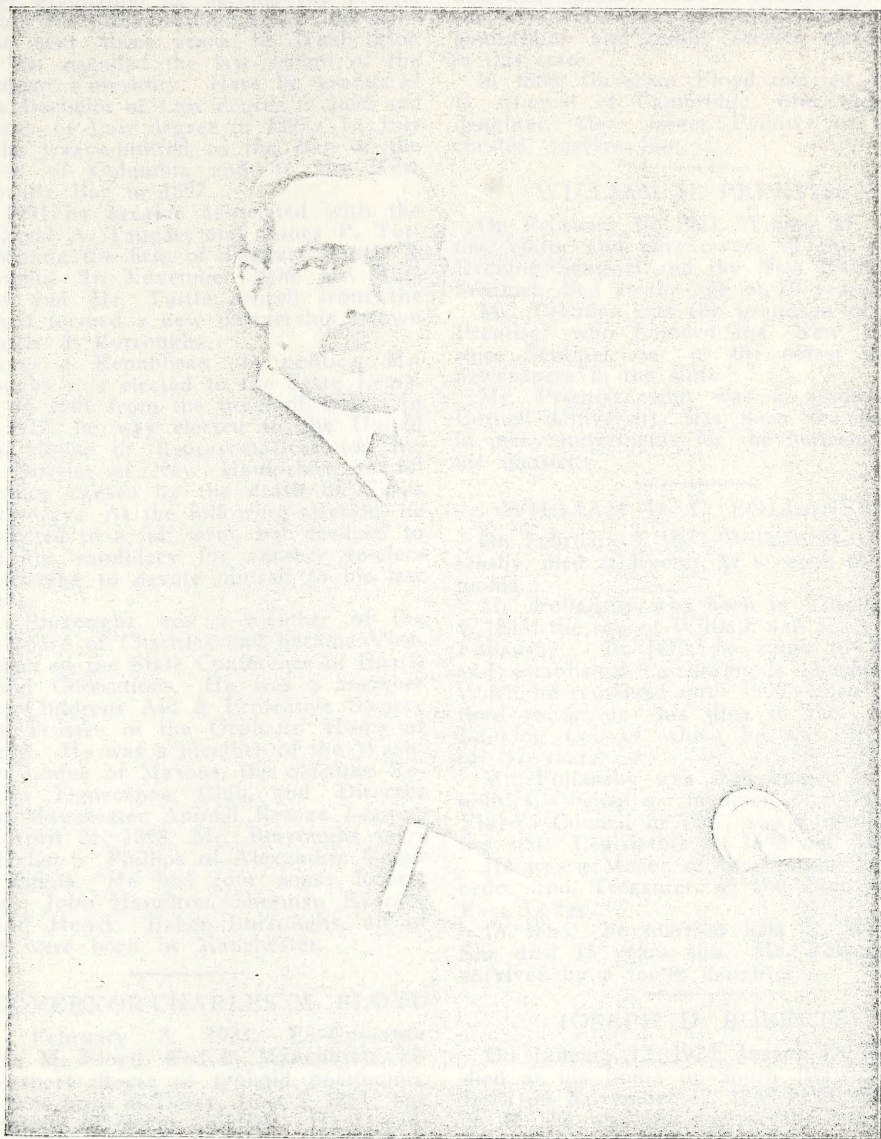
tendent of New Hampshire's "Educational Plant." This month he has shifted his job to that of moving picture producer. The scenario—"The College and Potatoes"—shows graphically the vital relation which has come to exist between the state college and the agricultural welfare of New Hampshire.

MR. ARTHUR JOHNSON who is compiling for the GRANITE MONTHLY an "Anthology of One Poem Poets" is well known as a writer of short stories which appear in many of the most prominent magazines, and which have more than once been included in Mr. O'Brien's anthologies of "The Best Short Stories" of the year. Mr. Johnson is also the author of "Under the Rose."

The pen and ink sketches illustrating "Making Teachers at Keene" are drawn by MISS MURIEL COX, who is a graduate of the Massachusetts Normal Art School and is now head of the Art Department of the Keene Normal School.







SHERMAN E. BURROUGHS

SHERMAN E. BURROUGHS

Sherman E. Burroughs our retiring Congressman from the First District, died in Washington on January 27, 1923, as a result of an attack of influenza. In his death New Hampshire lost one of her most enlightened, successful and faithful public men.

He was born in Dunbarton, February 6, 1870; the oldest son of John H. and Helen (Baker) Burroughs. Receiving his grammar and high school education in the public schools, in 1888 he competed in the ex-

aminations for West Point cadetship and won the highest rank,\* but owing to the wishes of his parents he declined the appointment that resulted and entered Dartmouth College where he graduated in 1894. In Dartmouth he won many honors. In his Sophomore year he took the second Thayer Prize for proficiency in mathematics and in his Senior year the Rollins-Nettleton Prize for oratory. He also took honors at the end of his Sophomore year for high standing in the prescribed Greek course and in his Senior for his standing in philosophy.





After graduation he became the private secretary for Congressman Baker and passed the next three years in Washington where he attended the law school of the Columbian University. Here he graduated with a Bachelor of Law degree in 1896 and a Master of Law degree in 1897. In July 1896 he was admitted to the Bar of the District of Columbia and to the New Hampshire Bar in 1897.

In 1901 he became associated with the late David A. Taggart and James P. Tuttle, forming the firm of Taggart, Tuttle & Burroughs. In November 1906, Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Tuttle retired from the firm and formed a new partnership known as Tuttle & Burroughs.

Always a Republican in politics, Mr. Burroughs was elected to the State Legislature in 1901 from the town of Bow. In May 1917, he was elected to the United States House of Representatives for the First District of New Hampshire to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Cyrus A. Sulloway. At the following election, he was elected to a full term, but declined to accept the candidacy for another re-election, wishing to devote himself to his law business.

Mr. Burroughs was a member of the State Board of Charities and became Vice-President of the State Conference of Charities and Corrections. He was a member of the Childrens Aid & Protective Society and a Trustee of the Orphans' Home at Concord. He was a member of the Washington Lodge of Masons, the old-time Republican Tippecanoe Club, and Director of the Manchester Animal Rescue League.

In April 21, 1898, Mr. Burroughs married Helen S. Phillips of Alexandria County, Virginia. He had four sons: Robert Phillips, John Hamilton, Sherman Everett, Jr., and Henry Baker Burroughs, all of whom were born in Manchester.

#### EX-GOVERNOR CHARLES M. FLOYD

On February 3, 1923, Ex-Governor Charles M. Floyd, died in Manchester, after a short illness of typhoid pneumonia.

He was born in Derry, June 5, 1861; one of a family of eleven children. He attended the public schools of Derry and Pinkerton Academy in that town. On leaving school he entered the clothing store of his brother in Haverhill, Mass., gaining there the experience which later led him to purchase a clothing store in Manchester.

In 1906, he was elected Governor on the Republican ticket. His administration is considered one of the most businesslike in the history of the state. When he left the Governor's chair, he retired to private life, but during the War he became State Fuel Administrator and last year was re-appointed to the same position during the mine strike.

Governor Floyd was a member of the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Elks and was a member of the Derry-

field and Calumet Club of Manchester. He was also a Director of several banking organizations and public service companies in this state.

In 1886, Governor Floyd married Carrie E. Atwood of Cambridge, who with his daughter, Mrs. James Fellows of Manchester, survive him.

#### WILLIAM H. PRENTISS

On February 10, 1923, William H. Prentiss, editor and part owner of the Keene Evening Sentinel and the New Hampshire Sentinel, died at the age of 70 years.

Mr. Prentiss was the grandson of John Prentiss, who founded the New Hampshire Sentinel, one of the oldest weekly newspapers in the state.

Mr. Prentiss, who was a graduate of Cornell University, has been the pioneer in many movements for the betterment of his district.

#### WILLIAM H. C. FOLLANSBY

On February 9, 1923, William H. C. Follansby, died at Exeter, as a result of pneumonia.

Mr. Follansby was born in Tilton, May 1, 1845; the son of William and Mary Ladd Follansby. In 1875, he came to Exeter and established a drygoods business in which he remained until 1900, when he retired to devote his time to the Exeter Banking Co., of which he was President for 17 years.

Mr. Follansby was well known in state politics, being a member of Governor Floyd's Council in 1907, and a member of the state Legislature in 1893 and 1895.

He was a Mason of the Knight Templar order and Treasurer of the Star of the East Lodge.

In 1866, he married Ella L. Winslow. She died 15 years ago. Mr. Follansby is survived by a foster daughter.

#### JOSEPH D. ROBERTS

On January 12, 1923, Joseph D. Roberts died at his home in South Berwick, Me. Born on November 12, 1848 in Rollinsford, N. H., he was the son of the late Judge Hiram R. and Ruth (Ham) Roberts.

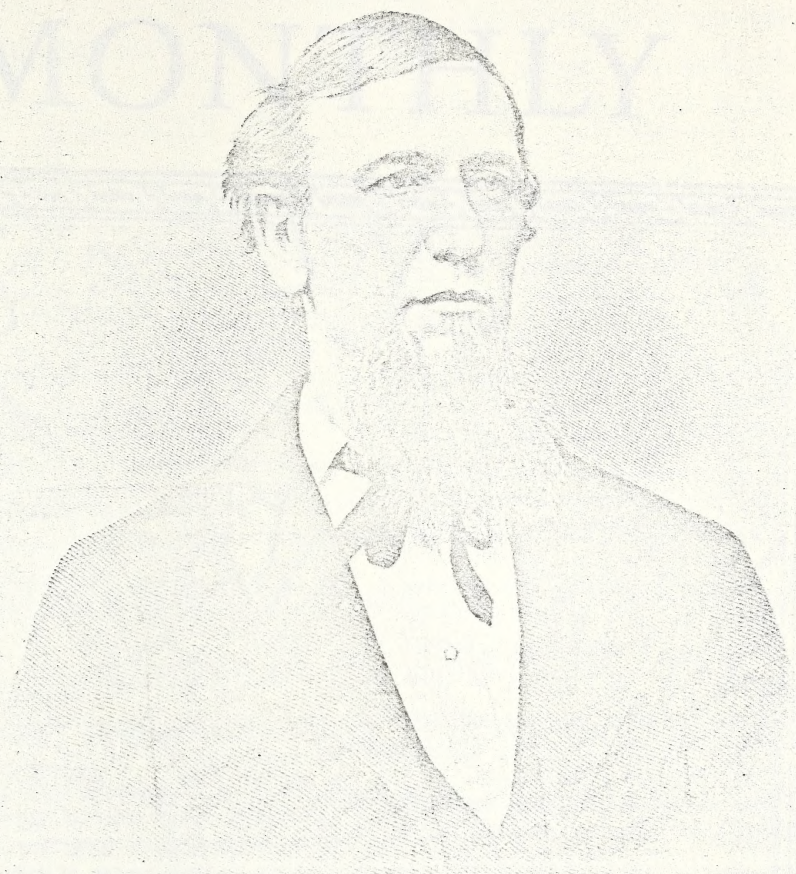
Mr. Roberts, a democrat, was a member of the N. H. State Legislature in 1895 and held practically every office in his home town, Rollinsford.

He was for some years President of State Board of Agriculture and was treasurer of the State Grange for twenty-five years, in which organization he took an active part. He was President of the Salmon Falls Bank, a trustee of the Rollinsford Savings Bank, an Odd Fellow and member of the South Berwick Baptist church.

Mr. Roberts is survived by his wife and three sons, John H., Hiram H. and Joseph C., and four daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Crocker, Mrs. Clara Henderson, Miss Dorothy Roberts, and Miss Edith Roberts.







*Walter Aiken*

INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER WHO LAID THE  
FOUNDATIONS OF FRANKLIN'S BUSINESS



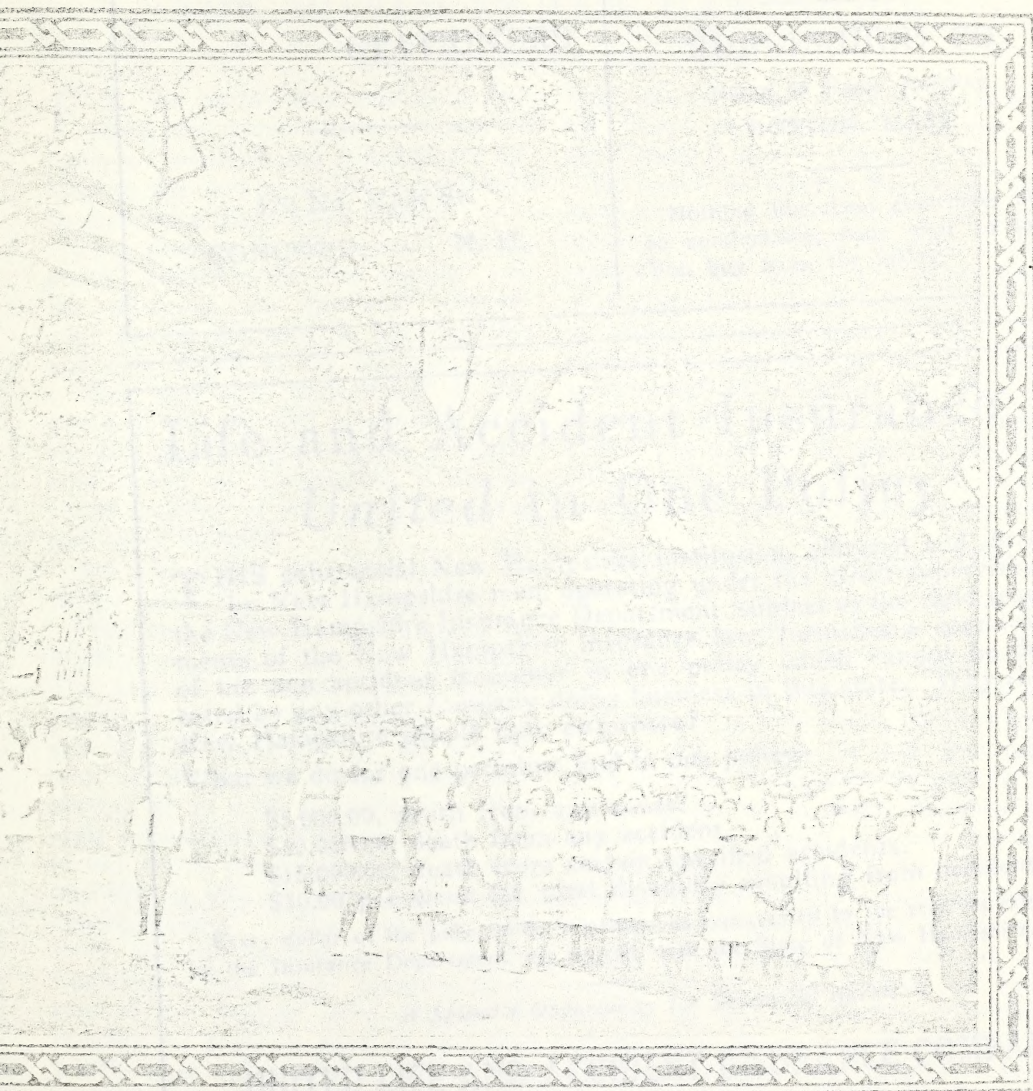


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THE  
GRANITE  
MONTHLY

Vol. 55

No. 4



APRIL 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### The Legislature and Taxes

FOR the third time within a few years the voters have refused to ratify a Constitutional Amendment enlarging the power of the Legislature to distribute taxes more widely.

The slogans "wide open," "blank check" joined with the popular cry for economy are probably responsible for 40,737 votes in the negative and only 20,006 in the affirmative.

Now that the Amendment is disposed of we are still confronted with the fact that in 1922 tangible property paid a tax of \$11,000,000, while an equal amount of intangible property paid only \$300,000.

All are agreed that this gross injustice should at once be rectified.

Only two methods of lightening the burden on real estate are possible. The first lies through reduced appropriations by the Legislature. Economy should therefore be the watchword of this session. But in that connection it is well to remember that state expenditures represent only 11% of our entire tax burden; the remaining 89% is due to town and county appropriations. The second, and more hopeful, method by which the Legislature can relieve tangible property is by finding new sources of revenue to carry a part of the load which now falls almost exclusively on visible property.

How this can be accomplished under the present limited powers of the

Legislature is the conundrum which the Ways and Means Committee of the House is now trying to solve.

In order to clearly determine the exact extent of these powers the Legislature has asked the Supreme Court whether it can levy a tax on gasoline, or a graduated tax on inheritances as is done in most other states and whether it can tax the income from investments at a higher rate than is levied on the principal of other property. The answer to these questions will determine the measure of relief which this Legislature can accomplish.

### The Sheppard-Towner Bill

THIS bill, which provides for the co-operation of the state with the Federal Bureau in the promotion of the welfare and hygiene of maternity and infancy in New Hampshire, is still before the House. It has the support in New Hampshire as well as in other states of a large number of women. The three women legislators, for instance, are solidly behind it. The principal women's organizations in the state have endorsed it, and recently a statement in its defense appeared in the press signed by such women as Mrs. McDuffee, President of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Lesure, President of the New Hampshire League of Woman Voters, Mrs. Abbott, President of the New Hampshire Women's





Christian Temperance Union, and Mrs. Henderson, Vice-President of the New Hampshire Parent-Teachers' Association.

"This resolution," writes Dr. Bancroft, Chairman of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, and ex-President of the New Hampshire Medical Association, "stands for the conservation of human life. We have felt the necessity of conservation of natural resources for the past twenty years—forest wealth, mineral wealth, agricultural resources, etc. This bill represents the most important conservation of all, namely, that of human life itself. Let us be consistent.

"If Federal aid is desirable in securing healthy swine, cattle, and trees, of how much more importance is the savage of human life!"

### Some Other Bills of Interest

THE last week of March has been a busy one for the House and several bills of importance have been disposed of. Two measures, dear to the hearts of the Democrats, the bill abolishing the women's poll tax and the "Home Rule Bill," providing for the abolishment of the New Hampshire Police Commissioners and calling for election by popular vote, passed the House after a bitter partisan debate and on strictly party lines. There was a moment in the career of the poll tax bill when it looked as though, for the first time this year a Democratic bill of importance would be defeated. Ex-Governor Bass opened the debate by defending a compromise measure which provided for a \$2.00 poll tax for both men and women, instead of \$3.00, and then called for an extra tax of \$2.00 to be placed on men for one year, which would be sufficient to complete the payment of the soldiers' bonus. When the Democratic leader, Nathaniel Martin, to every one's surprise rose in support of this compromise,

the chances began to look very badly for abolishing the Women's Poll Tax. But after a tie vote, in the roll call which followed the Democrats passed the measure by a majority of 11. Both this bill and the "Home Rule Bill" will undoubtedly meet defeat in the Senate. The Sunday base ball bill, however, which would permit uncommercial sports to be played Sunday and over which there has been considerable controversy, met with a very decisive defeat.

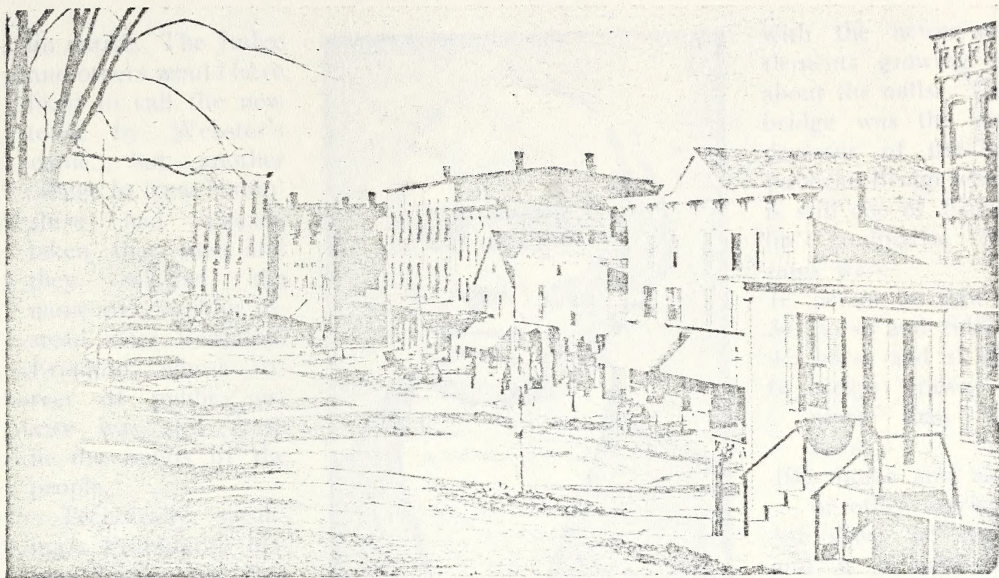
To the casual observer the decision of the House concerning the election of one of the Representatives from Concord was most extraordinary. For in spite of the fact that on official recount Mr. Carleton, a Democrat, received seven less votes than Mr. Kelly, a Republican, the House decided by a vote of 159 to 142 to seat Mr. Carleton. The Republicans at least were amused by Mr. Lyford's protest when he declared that he had "found nowhere in the Democratic platform that it is necessary to seat a Democrat who was never elected."

### Still the 48-Hour Issue

THOUGH no one in the New Hampshire Legislature believes, for a minute, that anything more can be done to settle the unsettled 48-hour issue, yet we hear from time to time of attempts on the part of Republicans to carry out their platform pledge of establishing a fact-finding commission to study the 48-hour question. There was, for instance, the fact-finding resolution introduced by Mr. Aiken of Franklin and supported by ex-Governor Bass which was killed by a vote of 82 to 156, and then there was the Ripley fact-finding resolution, providing for a commission of five persons to be appointed by the Supreme Court to study this question and report to the 1925 Legislature. It passed the Senate but will certainly be killed in the House.







When Harrison was elected President of the United States in 1888, Central Street, Franklin, looked like this.

## FRANKLIN: A TOWN, 1828,--A CITY 1896

### A Record of Growth

**N**EARLY one hundred years ago a group of citizens living toward the outskirts of Andover, Salisbury, Northfield, and Sanbornton, presented to the Legislature a petition that they be allowed to form a new town, to include parts of each of the four villages. They claimed that, whereas it was extremely difficult for them to participate in the affairs of their towns as matters then stood, they could readily do so were the new town center at the junction of the various boundaries. They pointed out, moreover, the development of industry along the river. "There have recently been erected," they said, "on the banks of the Winnepesaukee River; within the limits of the proposed new town, a paper-mill and cotton manufactory, both of which are now in full and successful operation. From the great falls in this and other streams in that vicinity and the inex-

haustible supply of water, there is reason to believe that very extensive manufacturing establishments and other works requiring waterpower will, at no distant period, be erected at or near this spot, in addition to those already there."

The arguments were logical and the legislature committee reported favorably on the petition; but because of the keen opposition in the various towns the bill was jockeyed back and forth for four years. Not until December 24, 1828, did the new town receive permission to organize.

The general of the fight, Judge G. W. Nesmith, whose name stands out in Franklin's history as one of her most public-spirited citizens, had cannily arranged that the boundaries should be drawn to include the birthplace of Daniel Webster; so that the "godlike" Daniel, having been born in Salisbury, became, by legislative decree, a Frank-



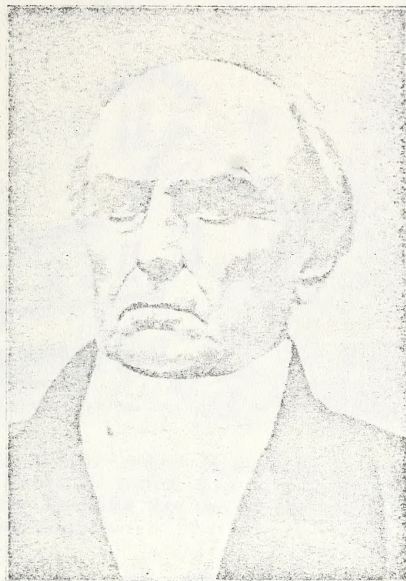


lin native. The Judge and others would have liked to call the new town by Webster's name, but another village in New Hampshire had already taken that title, and they selected the name of Franklin instead after Benjamin Franklin, whose career of public service was still fresh in the minds of the people.

Technically speaking, Franklin's history begins at that point; the town sprang into being as a well-developed flourishing village, in which pioneer enterprise had already worked out the beginnings of industry and government. Kendall Peabody's paper mill, forerunner of the great mills of the International Paper Company, was already in operation and had enlisted in its management the skill of the young paper maker from Massachusetts, Jeremiah Daniell, father of Warren F. Daniell, whose services to the town make such a splendid chapter in Franklin's history. The paper made in that old mill was largely a hand-made product; the operatives received in the neighborhood of fifty cents a week for their labors; but it was an up-to-date enterprise and one of which the new town was justly proud.

There was a postoffice, also, and in the "Instructors School," which succeeded the famous, though short-lived, Noyes Academy, Master Tyler was giving to the young people a scholarly, scientific training at least twenty-five years in advance of the average instruction of those times.

A toll bridge across the Pemigewasset connected the "Republican Village"



Daniel Webster: "by legislative decree a Franklin native."

with the newer settlements growing up about the mills. This bridge was the predecessor of the Republican Bridge which is still one of Franklin's landmarks. The rates were:

1c. person on foot  
3c. horse and rider  
4c. horse and sleigh  
6c. sleigh drawn by more than one horse

10c. horse and shais or other carriage

½c. sheep or swine, and it is said that the thrifty people of the town used to ride to the end of the bridge, tether their

horses, and walk across, with a considerable saving of money if not of energy.

For the other activities of the young town the indefatigable Ebenezer Eastman, justly called the Father of Franklin, seems to have been largely responsible. A mill on the Pemigewasset, a short distance above "the crotch," a flourishing farm, a tavern, and a store—these were a few of his interests. And, in addition, he it was who gave the land on which, in 1822, the first church in the town, the Congregational, was built.

In short Franklin began her independent life in 1828 already grown up. So much so in fact, that nearly twenty years before "Daredevil" John Bowman, who had come with the pioneers of the 1750's, had found the rumble of civilization becoming so loud as to drown out the wood voices he loved and had shouldered his gun and gone on into the wilderness. His departure marks the end of the pioneer period in that region—and Franklin did not exist, even as an idea, at that time. And yet





the town may justly claim a share in the pioneer history of the settlements at the "crotch" of the river.

Previous to 1828, the threads of Franklin's history are tangled with those of the four towns which contributed, albeit unwillingly, to her foundation. Her history touches

also the history of Massachusetts, for the first heralds of civilization to make their way up the Merrimack to the "crotch" and then three miles beyond were a party of explorers from the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In 1639 those explorers laid out thus the northern boundaries of Massachusetts as they understood the terms of their grant, and in so doing they sowed seeds of strife which never came to fruition for the reason that before 1749, when Ebenezer Stevens was given the grant for the founding of Stevenstown, afterwards rechristened Salisbury, the long quarrel over the Mason grants had been settled, and the boundaries of Massachusetts had receded to the place which they now occupy. Had the group of veterans of the French and Indian Wars, to whom in 1736 the Commonwealth of Massachusetts gave a grant of land at the crotch of the rivers, fulfilled the conditions of the grant and settled on their property, the story would have been different, and Franklin, with other New Hampshire towns, would have been involved in the long controversy.

The settlement of Stevenstown, or Salisbury, was the first formal settle-



The Old Walter Aiken Homestead is now the Franklin Hospital, which does a wonderful work not only for Franklin but for all the towns in the surrounding country.

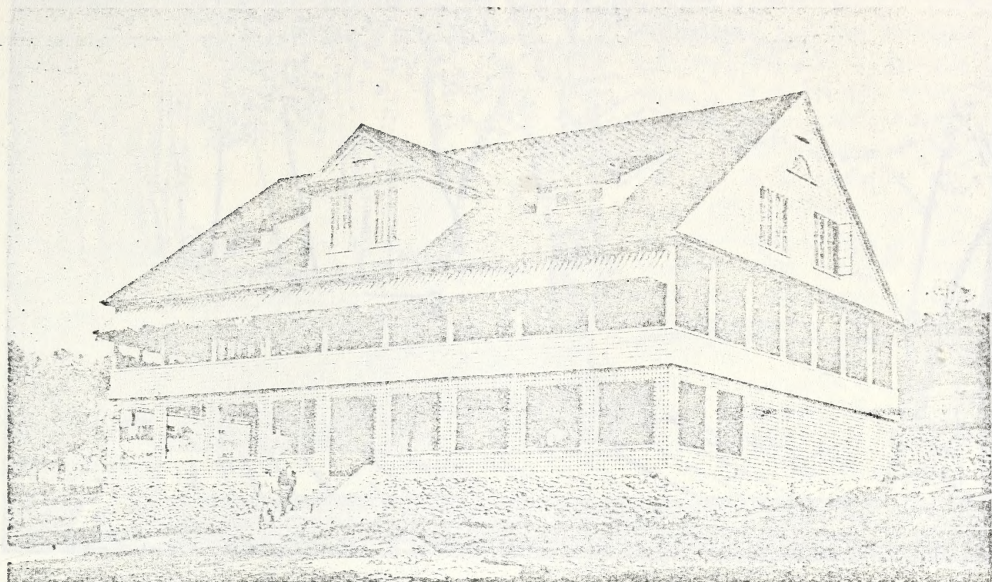
ment on the land which is now Franklin. But the group of grantees, among whom were parents of Daniel Webster, who journeyed from Kingston in 1749 to take up their new possessions were not the first settlers. To Philip Call, Nathaniel Maloon, and Sinkler Bean, who established their homes in

the wilderness in 1748, belongs that honor; and the hardships which they encountered were many and bitter. Nathaniel Maloon's sojourn in the neighborhood was brief. He and his wife and their three children were taken prisoner by the Indians in 1749, carried to Canada, and, the story goes, shipped in a French vessel bound for France. The ship was captured by a British man-of-war and Maloon and his family once more gained their liberty. Philip Call's experiences were even harder, for in 1754 his wife was killed by the savages while he stood concealed near by, a helpless witness to the tragedy.

The story of the relations between the early settlers and the Indians in Franklin or elsewhere has never been adequately written. The outlines are familiar: first, the Indians in full and undisturbed possession, friendly and hospitable to the occasional explorer or trapper that came their way; second, a period of fierce struggle, of blood-curdling savagery on the part of the red men and of almost equal ruthlessness on the part of the whites; and third, the triumph of white civilization and the disappearance of the red man. It is a tragic story; and to many of us it looks



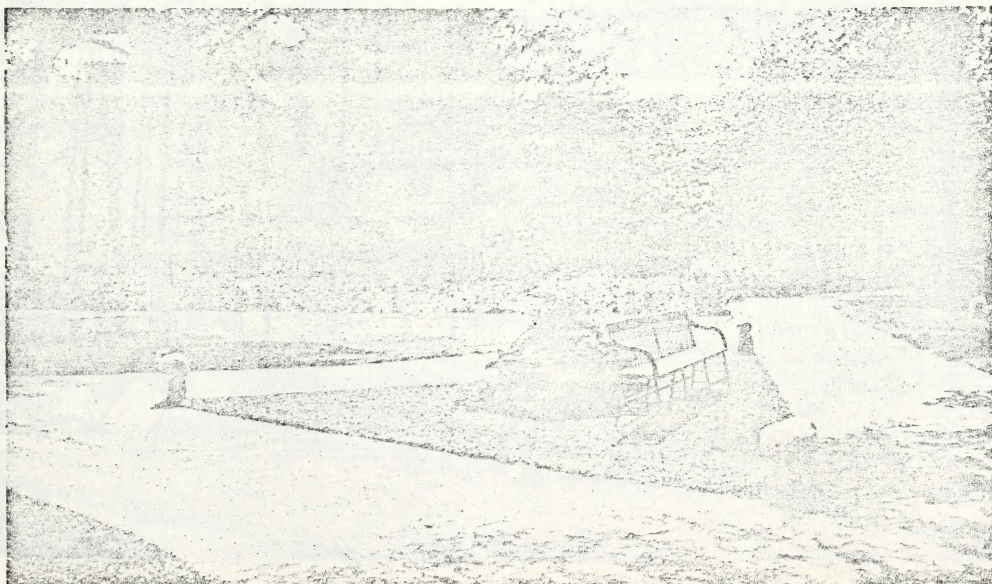




ABOVE—The Mojalaka Country Club, one mile from the business center of Franklin, is rapidly becoming one of the most important social organizations of the vicinity.

LEFT—Where Daniel Webster was born.

BELOW—Named in memory of Herman J. Odell of the Franklin Needle Company, Odell Park is a playground for young and old.







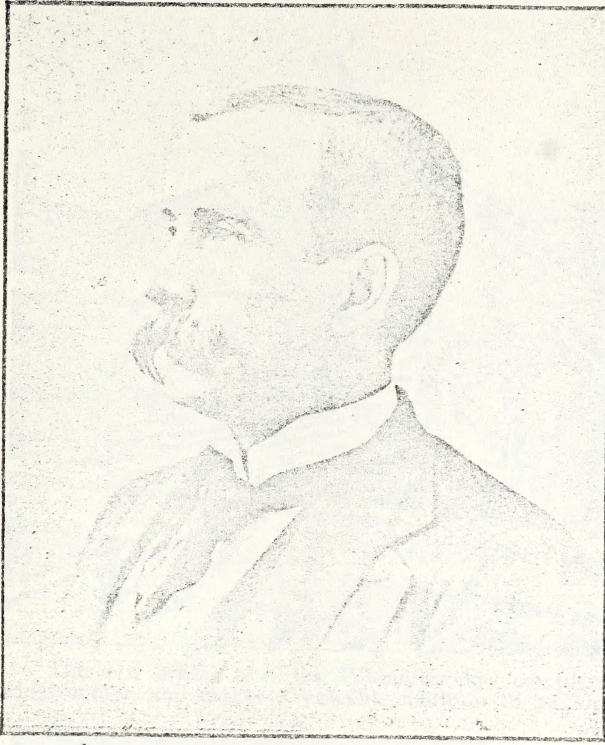


Daniel Webster used to frequent the shores of this Lake. He called it Lake Como, but its name has since been changed in his honor to Webster Lake. It is about one mile wide by three miles long, and along its shores are many beautiful summer homes belonging to people from Franklin, from other parts of New Hampshire, and from many other states. Its natural beauty makes it an ideal summer resort.









Hon. Frank N. Parsons was Franklin's first mayor, and is to-day Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire.

nepesaukee and the Pemigewasset join, was a favorite camp ground of the tribes; coming from either branch of the river, or up the Merrimack, it is probable that they rested there, perhaps to exchange stories of adventure with other tribes that came that way. It is not improbable that those "inscribed stones," which form so valuable a part of Mr. Proctor's collection, were designed and executed in the light of those campfires and exchanged among the tribes as tokens of good will. There was one we remember, bearing the well-defined outline of the river's great bend, which might well have served the purpose of a souvenir postcard.

Looking at these relics and thinking of those two Indian guides, Pontauhum and Ponbakin, who, "well acquainted with Merrimack

like the record of one of the white man's arrogant mistakes.

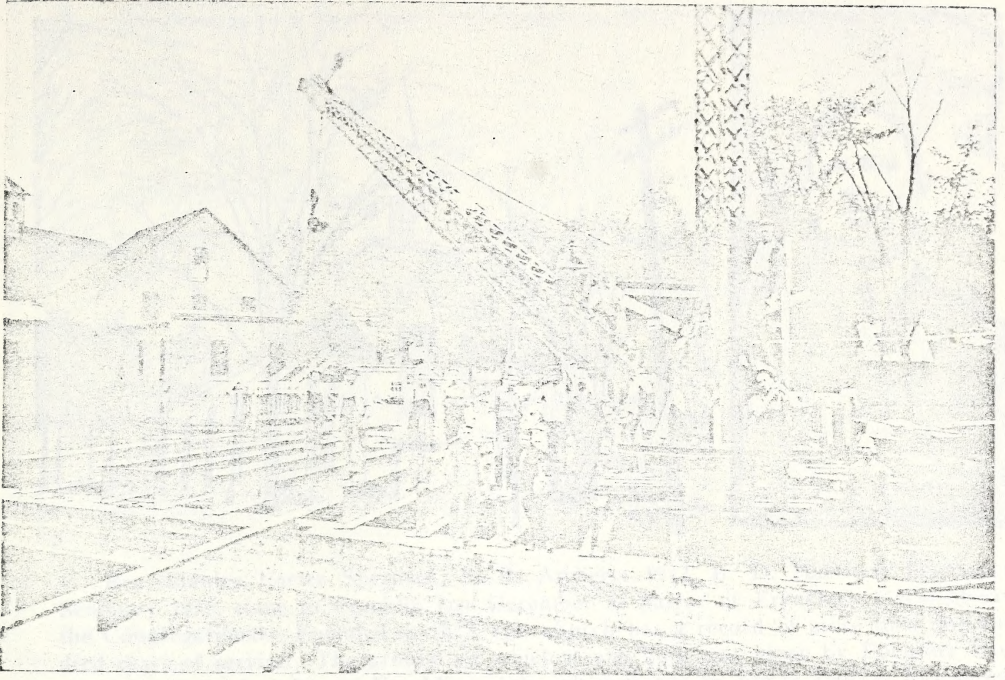
It was our privilege the other day to stand among Mr. F. N. Proctor's wonderful collection of Indian relics. And it did not take much imagination to carry our mind back from the arrowheads, the stone axes, the mortars and pestles arranged before us, to the original setting for these implements, to see in imagination the campfire of the Wabenaki on the wooded banks of the river. There where the Win-



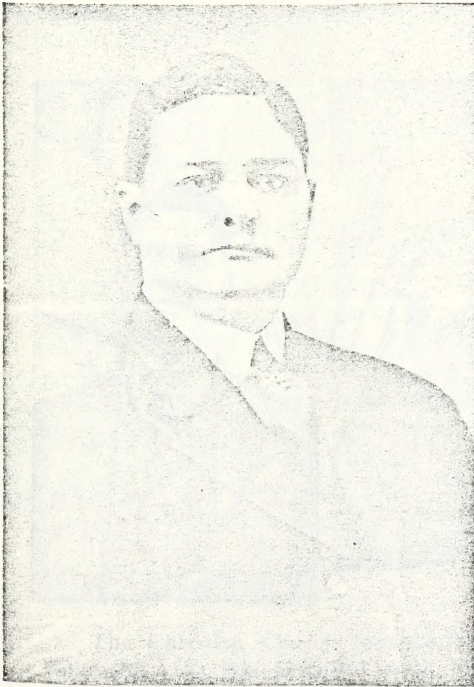
Founded in 1871, the Orphans' Home has been carrying on its valuable service for more than fifty years, and in spite of the serious fire loss of a few months ago is going forward to even larger usefulness.







The new bridge over the Winnepesaukee completed last fall is up-to-the-minute in construction, and makes a valuable addition to an already beautiful Central Street.



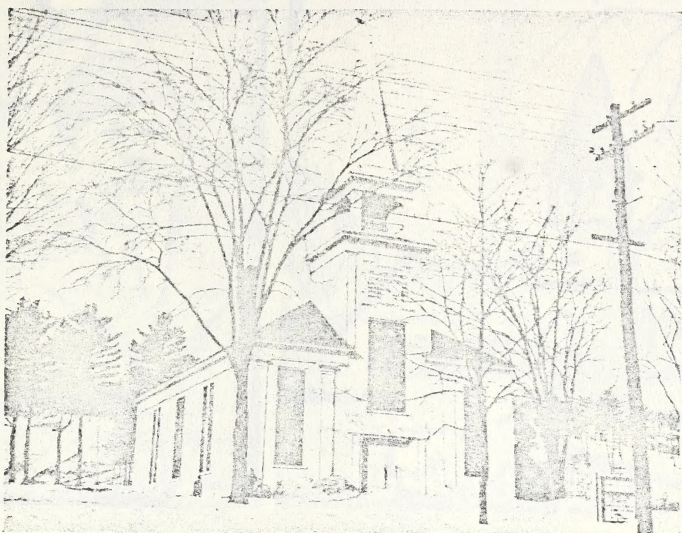
Enos K. Sawyer, Secretary of State; ex-Mayor of Franklin; President of the Senate in season of 1913.

river and the great lake, born and bred all their daies thereupon," were of such indispensable service to the Endicott expedition, one wonders whether it might not have been possible to maintain the friendly course when the period of settlement began. But it is one thing to plot out a program of education from our safe point of vantage; Philip Call and his associates, confronted with a condition not a theory, solved their problem in the way which seemed to them direct and practical. Doubtless we should have done no better.

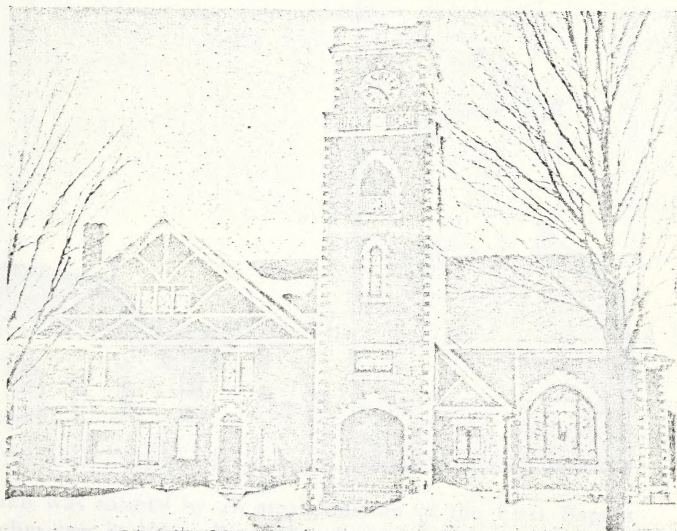
The settlement of Salisbury, marks the beginning of the growth of the village which was to become Franklin. Twelve years later Andover and Northfield were established and in 1764 the first settlers came to Sanbornton. The little group of villages, presenting a solid front to the wilderness, and protected by a small garrison in the fort, were relieved of the necessity of bending all their energies to self-preservation. By the time the Revolution broke out they







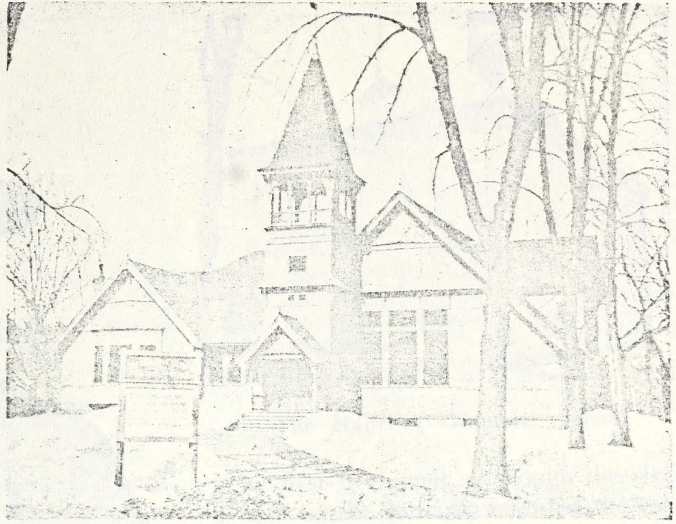
Rev. Stanley Carter Sherman, A. B. Amherst 1912, B. D. Hartford Theological Seminary 1915, came to Franklin last December as pastor of Franklin's oldest church, the Congregational. Founded in 1822, this church has a record of more than one hundred years of service. The ground on which it was built was given by Ebenezer Eastman, one of the founders of Franklin. Although damaged by fire in 1902, it was speedily restored and looks to-day much as it looked when the citizens of the town first built it, a simple white frame building of the sort frequently seen in our New England towns.



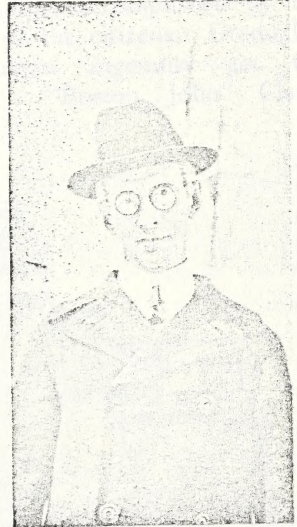
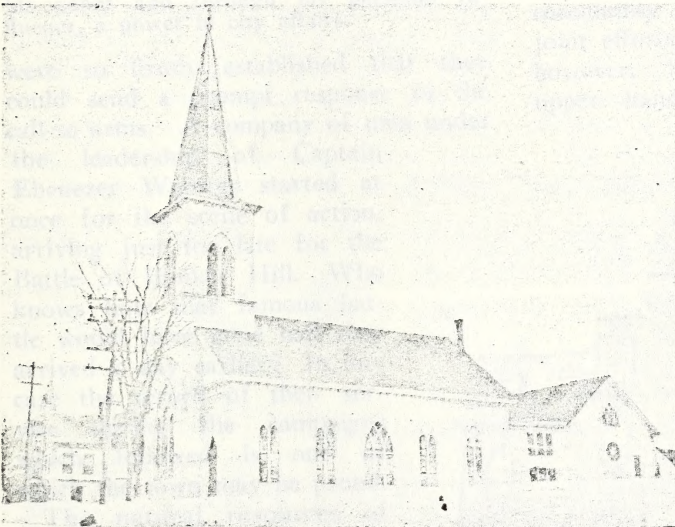
The Christian Church founded in 1838 was destroyed by fire in 1917, and the following year this beautiful brick building was built. In the early days the lower story of the church was used as the town hall. Rev. Arthur A. Richards, formerly of Urbana, Illinois, is pastor here. He is a graduate of Palmer College and Bangor Theological Seminary, and although he has been in Franklin only two months the results of his work are already evident.







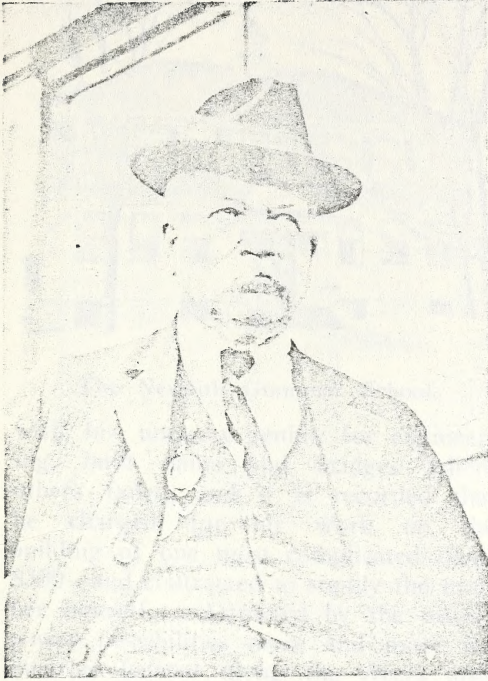
The Congregational Unitarian Church was founded in 1879, and toward its building Mrs. Persis Smith of St. Louis contributed very generously. Its present pastor, Rev. Wilton Edson Cross, L.L.B., is a graduate of the College of Commerce of East St. Louis, 1912, of the Benton College of Law, East St. Louis, 1915, and of the Meadville Theological Seminary, 1918. He has also done graduate work at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago.



The Franklin Baptist Church was formed by an amalgamation of the First Baptist Church and the Free Baptist churches in 1914. Both churches were first organized in 1869. After the union of the churches the building of the First Baptist Church was used for the united services. Since that time extensive alterations and improvements have been made, so that the church has now one of the finest plants in the State for the social and educational work of the modern church. The present pastor, Rev. Frederic S. Boody, is a native of New Hampshire, but all his work before coming to Franklin was in Massachusetts.



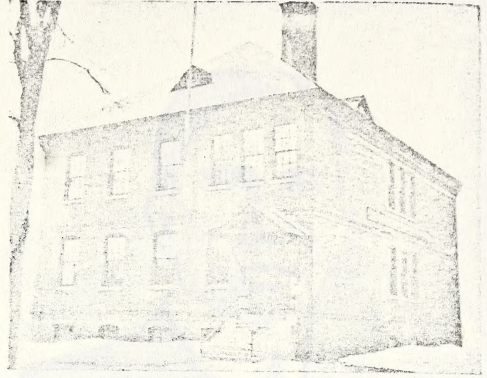




Judge Omar A. Towne, owner and editor of the Franklin Transcript, is, both through his paper and through his personal influence, a power in city affairs.

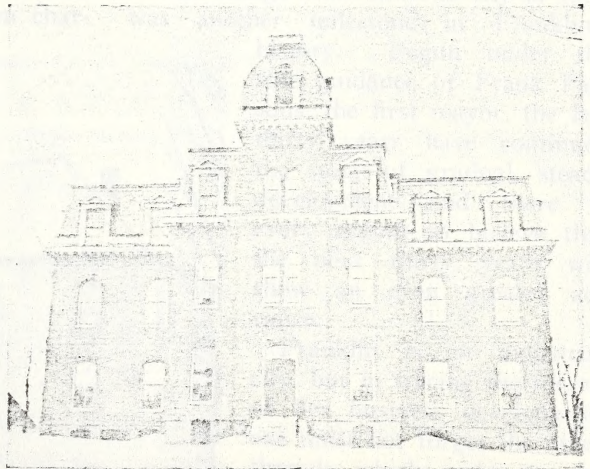
were so firmly established that they could send a prompt response to the call to arms. A company of men under the leadership of Captain Ebenezer Webster started at once for the scene of action, arriving just too late for the Battle of Bunker Hill. Who knows how that famous battle would have gone had they arrived a day earlier? In any case the record of their service during the campaigns which followed is one of which the town may be proud.

The natural resources of the town led to an early development of industry. In 1794, Daniel Sanborn built Franklin's first mill on Salmon Brook. It stood only a short time before a freshet swept it away, but it marked the first attempt to harness the power of the rivers.



The Hancock Grammar School.

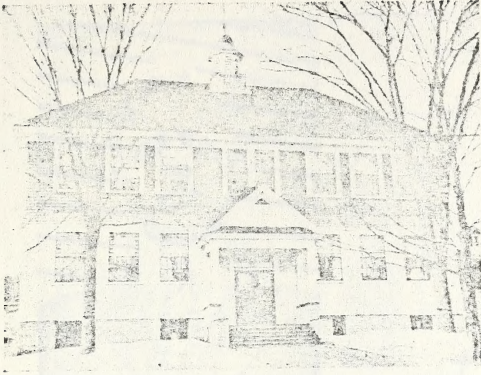
At first it seemed as though the river, as well as the Indians, resented the coming of the white man and sought to crush out his endeavors. Again and again the rising waters or a devastating fire swept away in a night the careful work in which the whole community had been engaged for many months; for in those days the building of a mill, no less than the raising of a church, was a community affair, accomplished by the joint efforts of the citizens. Gradually, however, human ingenuity got the upper hand. "Boston John" Clark,



After a stormy controversy over its location, the Franklin High School was built in 1876. Last year 208 pupils were enrolled and there were 32 in the graduating class. The greatest problem of this and the other schools in Franklin is lack of space.







The Nesmith Grammar School.

with his uncanny genius for engineering, built dams and bridges where others failed, and it is recorded that he charged for his work on the building of one most complicated dam, \$300—and contracted to supply the lumber himself. Attracted by the water-power possibilities more and more industries located along the rivers and Brooks. The Civil War brought an increased demand for Franklin's manufactured products and accelerated the growth of the town for a period. The coming of the railroad put her in closer touch with the outside world, and increased the value of her manufacturing sites. In less than seventy years, from the memorable fight for the town char-



Rodney A. Griffin is President of the Retail Merchants Association of Franklin which has done much to promote the business prosperity of the town.

ter, Franklin had outgrown town government and her citizens applied for and received a city charter.

The change from town to city in 1894 was another milestone in Franklin's history. Begun under the able guidance of Frank Parsons, the first mayor, the last thirty years have continued the story of gradual, steady development and there is every reason to believe that the next thirty years will show an even greater advance.

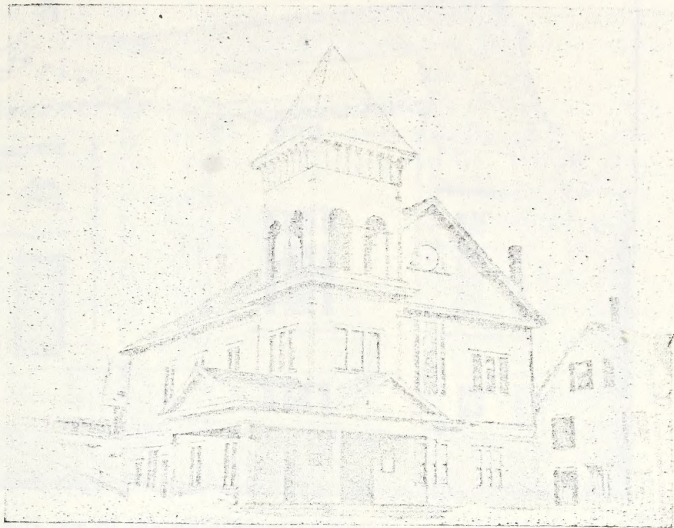
Franklin is an industrial city, but in tracing the thread of her business development one must not forget the other threads which make up the warp and woof of a complete life. Franklin's churches, and schools, her libraries and charitable institutions, her



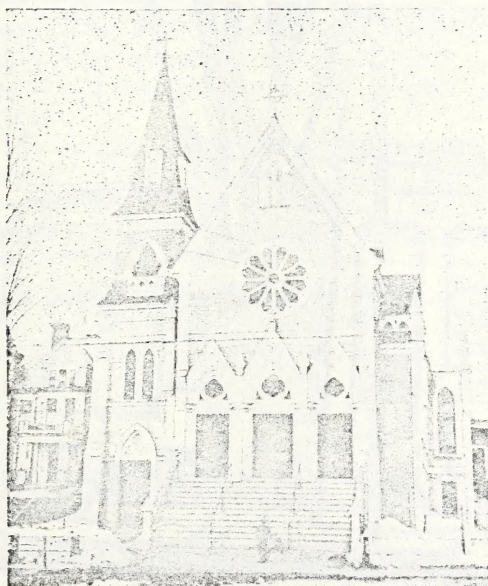
St. Mary's Parochial School was established in 1895, under the direction of the Catholic Church of Franklin.



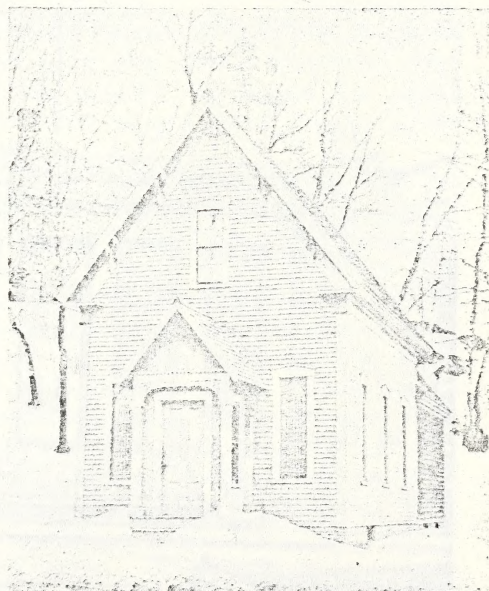




The Methodist Church was organized in 1871. It has been exceedingly prosperous since its start. Its present pastor is Rev. Christian B. Hansen, who is president of the Franklin Ministers' Association recently organized for the purpose of fostering closer co-operation among the churches. No one can doubt that under Mr. Hansen's leadership the Association will do much to promote a real comradeship among Franklin ministry.



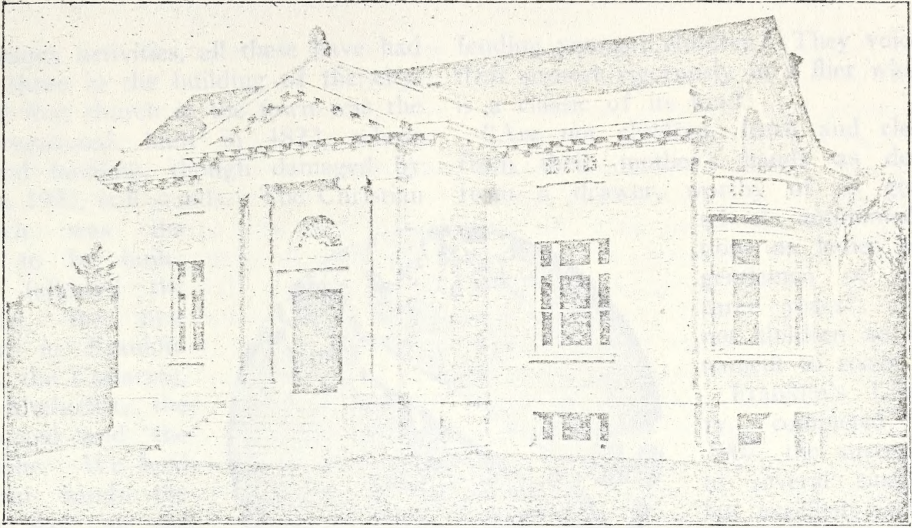
The Roman Catholic Church was organized by Rev. Father Murphy of Laconia and is now under the charge of Rev. J. E. Finen.



Rev. T. W. Harris of Tilton has charge also of St. Jude's Episcopal Church in Franklin. The building in which this church meets was formerly a library.







Franklin's Public Library is one of the most beautiful buildings in the town. It was designed by McLean & Wright of Boston and built in 1907, part of its cost being borne by the Andrew Carnegie Foundation. Mrs. Barron Shirley is the present librarian, and under her direction the library shows a record which compares favorably with libraries throughout the state. There were 50,000 volumes in circulation last year, the largest per capita circulation of any town library in New Hampshire.



R. Wright

The Post Office is the newest of Franklin's public buildings, having been completed within the last year. It fills a long-felt need, for the former quarters had for many years been most unsatisfactory. The new building is simple, dignified, and well proportioned, and it is not to be wondered at that Franklin citizens point it out with pride.





community activities, all these have had their share in the building of the city.

The first church in the town was the Congregational, built in 1822, whose original building, though damaged by fire in 1902, still stands. The Christian Church was the next to be built; then followed the Baptist, the first church in Franklin Falls, the Unitarian, the Methodist, the Episcopal and the Catholic. We held in our hands the other day an old diary, written in beautiful, old fashioned penmanship, and containing a record of Sabbaths, —the texts, the preachers, the gist

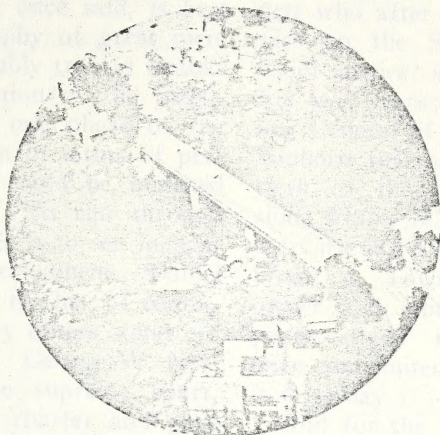
of the sermons,—and faith which speaks more eloquently than any treatise of the place of the church in the history of the town. The diary belonged to Walter Aiken's mother and is now in the possession of his grandson, Mr. James Aiken.

The school history also deserves a chapter to itself. Beginning under the scholarly leadership of Master Tyler, the school system has grown steadily, keeping abreast of the times. The story is not without its humorous parts. The controversy over the building of the high school in the early 1870's, while desperately serious at the time, furnished at least one good laugh for us as we pored over the contents of the trunk bequeathed to the Library by Joe L. Thompson, one-time writing master at the school. The main controversy was about the location of the high school, but there were a few persons of evident democratic tendencies who objected to the building of a school to accommodate only high-school pupils. Why, they argued, should such discrimination be shown against the unof-

fending younger children? They voiced their protest vigorously in a flier which is a classic of its kind:

"Are not children, fresh and clean from their mother's hands as dolls from a drawer, worthy of as good school accommodations as ladies and gentlemen of maturer years?...Are not children an ornament to society?"

Franklin's Library, completed in 1907, the successor to several smaller, but excellent earlier libraries, is one of the most beautiful buildings in the town. Situated on a rise of ground beside the river it may be seen for a



(c)Putnam

Looking down on the old Republican Bridge.

great distance, and the architects, the Boston firm of McLean and Wright, made the most of this advantageous and beautiful location in designing the plans. Last year this library circulated over 50,000 volumes, the largest per capita circulation of any town library in the state.

Of the city's humanitarian organizations—the Hospital, admirably located in the old Walter Aiken homestead, the Orphans' Home, which sustained such serious fire loss a few months ago, the Golden Rule Farm for Boys—much might be written were not the limits of this article so short. They are all beautifully equipped and efficiently managed and form a practical demonstration of the spirit of good will and brotherliness which is characteristic of the town.

Franklin is a city with a great deal of civic pride. This is evident to any one who sees the fine bridge over the Winnepesaukee, completed during the past year, or the beautiful new post-office. It is evident also in the enthusiasm with which young and old have concentrated their energies upon the



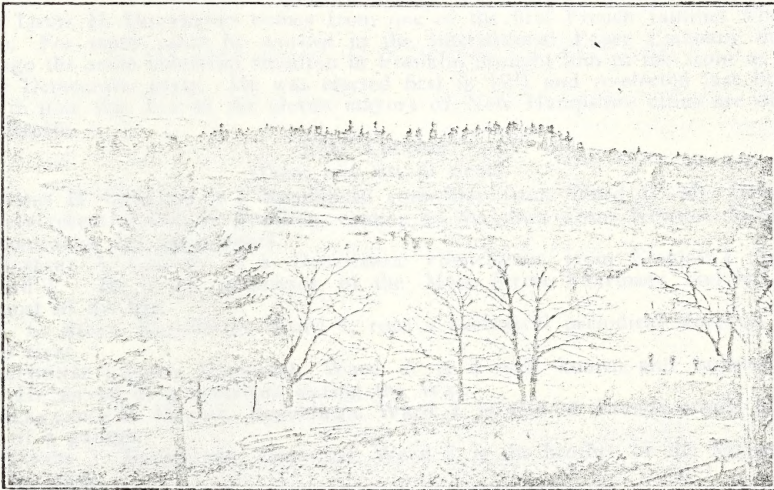


building and development of the new Mojalaka Country Club, and in the enterprise which is rapidly making the summer colony at Webster Lake one of the most beautiful summer resorts in this part of the country.

History, as Carlyle once said, is best written as the biography of great men, and this has been notably true in Franklin. In another section of the magazine is the story of one phase of the life of the town given in terms of personality. That story could be matched by a dozen others. To run through the town's great names is to see in panorama the town's development. Daniel Webster's name heads the list, of course, but the names of many others stand out as only less prominent: George W. Nesmith, member of the supreme court, who wrote Franklin's charter and gave the town its name; Thomas W. Thompson, member of both branches of congress and state treasurer; Austin F. Pike, United States Senator; Warren F. Daniell, prominent both in business

and political affairs, member of U. S. House of Representatives; A. W. Sullo-way, railroad president, state senator and founder of one of Franklin's most successful industries; Walter Aiken, inventor and manufacturer; Judge Blodgett who after twenty-one years of service on the Supreme Court, four as Chief justice; served the city as Mayor for two years; Daniel Barnard, Attorney General of the state; Edward B. S. Sanborn for many years a member and clerk of the State Railroad Commission; Frank N. Parsons, first Mayor of the City and Chief Justice of the State; Omar A. Towne, since the 1890's the owner and editor of Franklin's newspaper,—these men and many others have contributed to make Franklin what it is to-day.

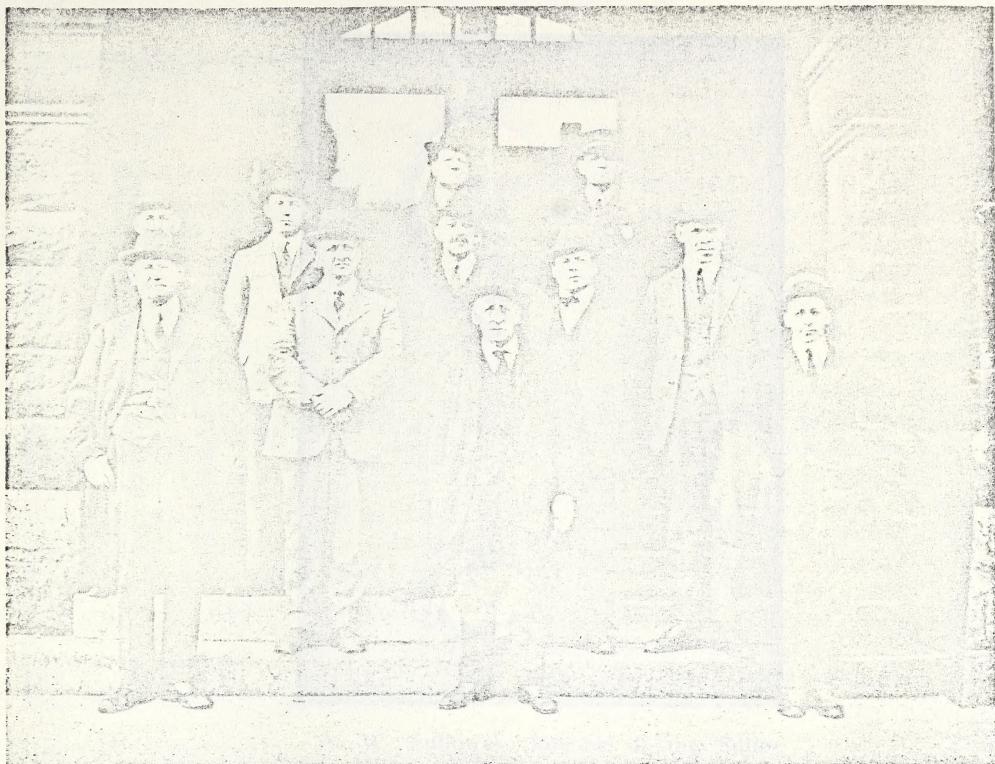
And for the future—that also will be written in terms of the lives of the men and women now active in city affairs and as one runs through the list, one realizes just how bright and full of promise Franklin's future is.



Where the Pemigewasset and Winnepesaukee join to form the Merrimack.







## THE CITY GOVERNMENT OF FRANKLIN

(Centre front row)

MAYOR LOUIS H. DOUPHINET comes from one of the first French families who settled in Franklin. For many years he worked in the International Paper Company mills, and two years ago the acute industrial situation in Franklin brought him to the front as a candidate of the Democratic party. He was elected first in 1921 and re-elected last fall. It is interesting to note that five of the eleven mayors of New Hampshire cities are of French Canadian descent.

### CITY COUNCIL

(Front row left to right)

MR. JAMES H. GERLACH is a Republican councillor from Ward 1. Mr. Gerlach is a comparatively recent arrival in Franklin, coming to the town from Newton, Mass., where he was a contractor for many years.

MR. HERBERT A. GRIFFIN is a Democratic councilman from Franklin's Republican Ward—Ward 1. He is the proprietor of the Main Street Pharmacy and has lived in Franklin most of his life.

MR. T. L. RILEY, Republican, Ward 1, runs a successful periodical store on the west side of the river.

DR. ALPHONSE LAGACE, Democrat, Ward 2, is a well known and honored French physician. He served as a lieutenant during the War.

MR. ALEXANDER B. HEBERT, Republican, Ward 3, is also of French origin, and is the proprietor of a garage.

MR. FRANCIS T. DOUPHINET, Democrat, Ward 2, is the brother of the Mayor, and an electrician by trade.

(Second row left to right)

CITY CLERK IRVING V. GOSS, Republican, has occupied this important position for a number of years, and has proved himself exceedingly competent in the management of city affairs.

MR. JOHN H. THOMPSON, Republican, Ward 3, is Assistant Superintendent of the M. T. Stevens Woolen Mills.

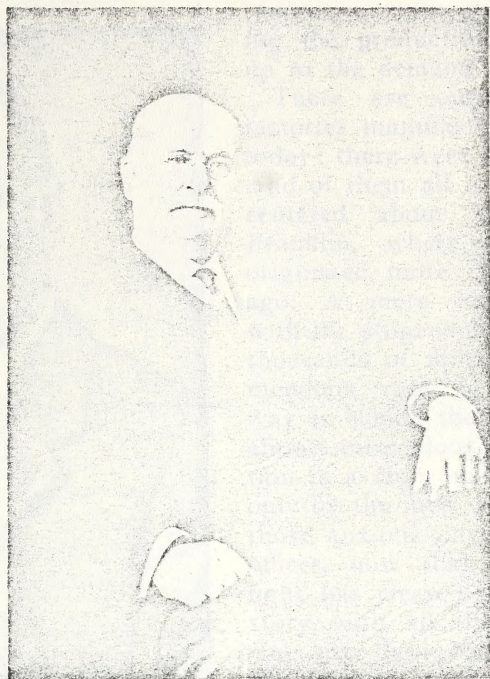
MR. EUSEBE P. LEMIRE, Democrat, Ward 2, is one of Franklin's prominent French citizens. He is a baker by trade.

CITY MARSHAL JOHN MANCHESTER is also leader of the Franklin Boy Scouts.

DR. JAMES B. WOODMAN, Republican councilman from Ward 3, does not appear in this picture. He is a leading physician in Franklin, with a remarkable war record. He had charge of a base hospital in France and at the time the war ended had received the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.







A. W. Sulloway, founder of the Sulloway Mills and leading citizen of Franklin.

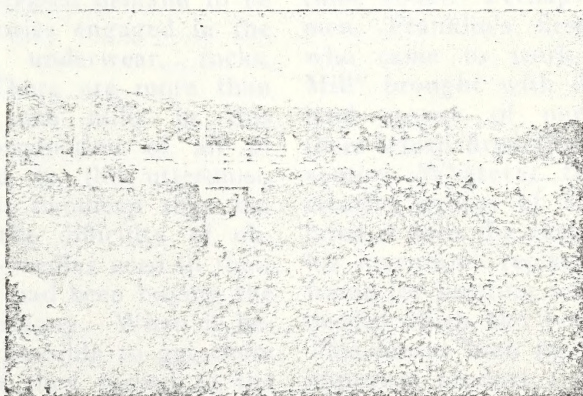
## NEEDLES AND KNITTING

### The Romance of Franklin's Business

THE outbreak of the War in 1914 brought with it the disclosure of some rather startling facts about our manufacturing and its dependence upon other nations for some of the essentials of production. Many of these facts became the subject of our every-day conversation; the dye-stuff problem confronted us at every turn and the toy famine was something the seriousness of which we all could understand. But

there were phases of the situation, no less serious than these, which, because they were more remote from the every-day life of the average man, never became known beyond a small and specialized circle of experts. Many an anxious battle

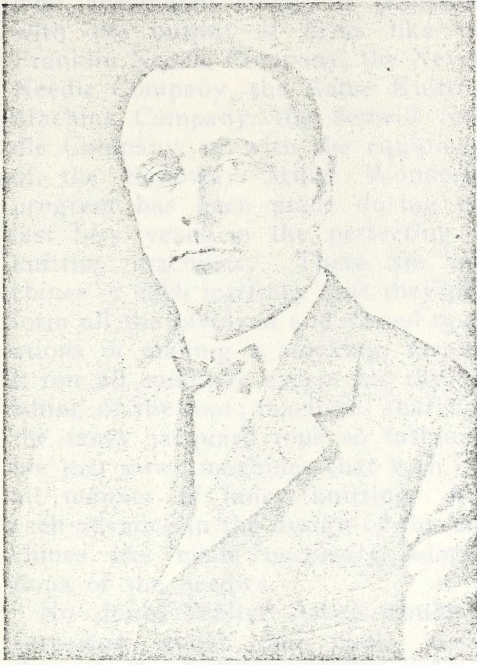
was fought in those days in factories and business houses throughout the land, battles as fundamentally important to the success of the Allied cause as any fought on the battlefields of France. And



A GLIMPSE OF THE MILLS







Herrick Aiken, nephew of Walter Aiken, member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, and President and Treasurer of the Nekia Manufacturing Company.

in one of these battles Franklin played a most important part.

The stupendous task of equipping the army involved, as all of us know, the production of enormous quantities of knitted goods. That meant employment for the leisure time of nimble-fingered women throughout the land; but even more it meant a tremendously increased demand to be met by the factories engaged in the manufacture of underwear, socks, sweaters, etc. There are more than four thousand such mills in this country. The production of all of them was taxed to the uttermost. And the greatest handicap they encountered was the difficulty of obtaining the latch-needles used in their machines. They had been buying the needles from Germany. When it became no longer possible to get them from that source they turned to the factories of this country and threw upon them the whole burden of keep-

ing the production of knitted goods up to the demand.

There are only about a dozen factories manufacturing these needles today: there were even fewer in 1914. And of them all more than half were centered about the little city of Franklin, where the business had originated more than half a century ago. A mere handful of factories with the stupendous task of supplying thousands of mills running at a tremendous rate of production! The way in which the need was met, the almost miraculous increase in production is a story to be told adequately only by the men who worked through those anxious days. Sitting in their offices, now that the smoke of the fight has cleared away, they tell the story with all the zest of veterans. You may hear both sides too, for in Franklin are both knitting mills and needle and knitting-machine factories.

And behind all this is another story—a story of initiative and achievement which goes back to Civil War days and even beyond.

Back in the 1850's, in a little shop on the banks of the Pemigewasset, Walter Aiken perfected two bits of machinery which were of revolutionary significance in the knitting business—the circular knitting machine and the latch needle. Stories differ as to the way in which the inventions came about. Perhaps those Englishmen, Franklin's first "immigrants," who came to work in the "Stone Mill" brought with them from England stories of new developments there which fired the brain of the inventor. Whatever the impetus, the creative genius of Mr. Aiken translated it into the reality of steel, and his inventions replaced the old hand frame for knitting and the old spring needle which had been used hitherto. This meant both increased speed and improved product.

The machines which Mr. Aiken invented and the needles also would





look antiquated today, if compared with the output of firms like the Franklin Needle Company, the Nevins Needle Company, the Acme Knitting Machine Company, the Seawill Needle Company, or with the equipment of the Sulloway Mills. Wonderful progress has been made during the last fifty years in the perfecting of knitting machinery. There are machines of such intricacy that they perform all the involved and varied operations of making a stocking, turning it out all complete except for the finishing of the foot; machines that knit the fancy jacquard tops so fashionable just now; machines that turn out all manner of fancy knitting. And each advance in the design of the machines has made necessary adaptations of the needles.

No doubt Walter Aiken would be surprised could he walk today through the Sulloway Mills and see how that business has expanded and developed. It is our belief, however, that his feelings would be less of astonishment than of satisfaction such as a man feels at having his dreams fulfilled. Inventors are seers and prophets.

We talked not long ago with a man who wanted to write the history of America as the history of two families—the family of John Quincy Adams, statesmen, conservatives, scholars; and the family of Jack London, ever pushing forward to new frontiers. The idea is a good one, but incomplete, for the story of American business can also be written in terms of personalities. And the history of Franklin business is to a surprising extent bound up in the history of the Aiken family. They are inventors, all of them,—from Herrick Aiken, father of Walter Aiken, who conceived the idea of a railroad up Mount Washington and even modeled an engine which should make the climb years before his son, presenting the idea to the Legislature with a



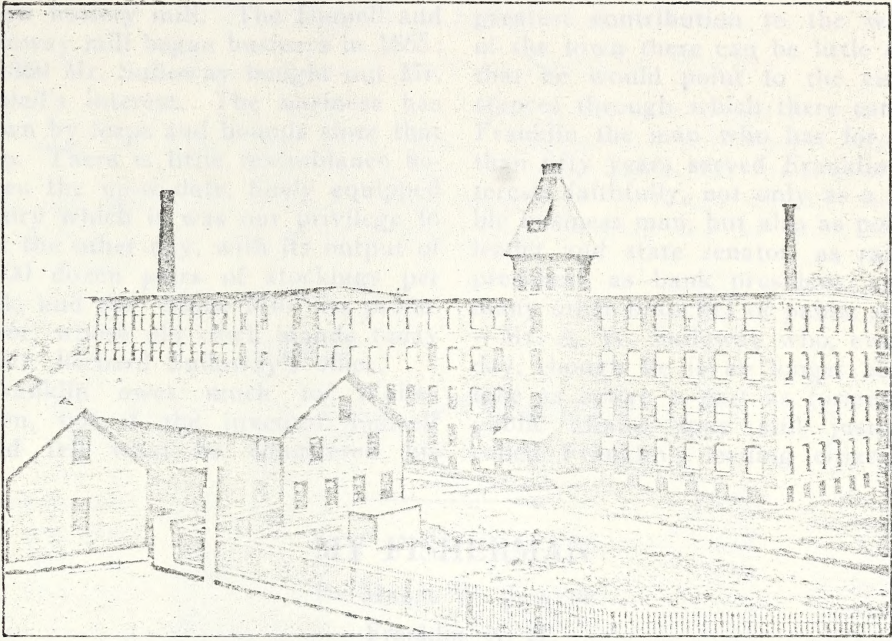
Richard W. Sulloway, agent of the Sulloway Mills, President of the Franklin Red Cross, and actively interested in all civic affairs.

request for a charter, was greeted with derisive cries of "Give him a charter to the moon!" to Walter Aiken's great-nephew, whose inventive genius not long ago prompted him to undertake the somewhat alarming engineering feat of constructing a windmill from his father's razor blades, carefully stolen and hoarded under the woodshed.

Walter Aiken and his father, Herrick Aiken, may be said to be the Fathers of Franklin's manufacturing, not only because of their inventions and their successful business enterprises, but also because in one way or another nearly all of the Franklin factories in operation today have received some contribution from the old inventors. The business which Walter Aiken founded in 1864, and which passed to his sons on his death in 1893, has almost entirely gone in to other hands now, although Mr.







These mills turn out ten thousand dozen pairs of stockings each week.

Herrick Aiken maintains in Franklin the offices of the Nekia Manufacturing Company, a concern engaged in the making of machinery. The shop in which the early machines were invented forms part of the plant of the newest Needle factory—the Nevins Needle Company—a fact which should bring luck to the new enterprise. The buildings in which Aiken's Hosiery Mills were housed are now owned by the M. T. Stevens & Sons Company, who, since about 1870 have been manufacturing in Franklin the highest grade of woolen cloth. The making of needles which Mr. Aiken originated is carried on by such firms as the Franklin Needle Company, which, founded in 1874, and incorporated in 1882, was for many years the largest latch-needle factory in the world; and the Seawill Needle Company and the Nevins Needle Company which, although of much later origin, nevertheless owe a debt, of which they are well aware, to the inventions of Mr. Aiken.

The Acme Knitting Machine Com-

pany is in a sense the successor to Aiken's machine shop. Even the G. W. Griffin Company, manufacturers of Hacksaws, although seemingly unrelated to Mr. Aiken's enterprises, acknowledges a connection, since the invention of the hacksaw which forms the basis for the industry of the plant was made by a worker in Walter Aiken's shop.

Thus closely are the various branches of Franklin's business enterprises related, and undoubtedly the most interesting story of this relationship is that which connects the Aiken inventions with the great Sulloway Hosiery Mills.

When Walter Aiken manufactured his first circular knitting machine, he sent it to the Enfield Shakers; his second went to Mr. A. W. Sulloway of Enfield. Mr. Sulloway's interest in the machine led to an interest in Franklin, and in 1865, with Mr. Fred H. Daniell, he began business there. The old "Stone Mill" had burned down in 1858 and the time seemed auspicious for the building of





a new hosiery mill. The Daniell and Sulloway mill began business in 1865; in 1869 Mr. Sulloway bought out Mr. Daniell's interest. The business has grown by leaps and bounds since that time. There is little resemblance between the up-to-date, finely equipped factory which it was our privilege to visit the other day, with its output of 12,000 dozen pairs of stockings per week, and the "Stone Mill" its predecessor, whose old clock stands today in Mr. Richard Sulloway's office.

Franklin owes much to Walter Aiken, but if the inventor himself could tell what he considered his

greatest contribution to the welfare of the town there can be little doubt that he would point to the circumstances through which there came to Franklin the man who has for more than fifty years served Franklin's interests faithfully, not only as a capable business man, but also as political leader and state senator, as railroad president, as bank president, and in many other branches of public service—Mr. A. W. Sulloway who, even today, though he is no longer able to take as active a part as formerly in public affairs, may still justly be called Franklin's leading citizen.

## MY FISHERMAN

BY MABEL W. SAWYER

Franklin, N. H.

Wind sweeps the meadows. Brimming brooks  
Are taking the trout to deeper nooks.  
Low hanging clouds cover the sky—  
Singing, my fisherman passes by.

White leaning lambs, to lea of the storm,  
Their wool a-wearing, softly warm.  
All through the day, pure drizzling rain  
Sings gently over the country lane.

Deep in the distance lights appear  
With dusk of day, dark night is near,  
Wind-blown, with fisherman's luck content,  
To sheltering roof man's way is sent.

Fire-glowing walls reflect delight.  
Outside the storm has turned to night.  
Day in the open, bright, carefree,  
At dark my fisherman seeketh me.





## "BOSTON JOHN" CLARK

### A Picturesque Figure in Franklin History

**E**VEN in this young land of ours there are mythological heroes, men real enough and historical enough to be sure, but around whom the imagination loves to play and whose biography becomes gradually encrusted with legend. Such a character was Boston John Clark, who lived in Franklin during the middle days of the 19th century.

To-day he would be hailed as a mathematical genius, and paragraphed in all the newspapers of the country. But his contemporaries merely recognized his ability as odd and depended upon his uncanny aptitude for figuring to help them with the practical

concerns of bridge building and dam construction.

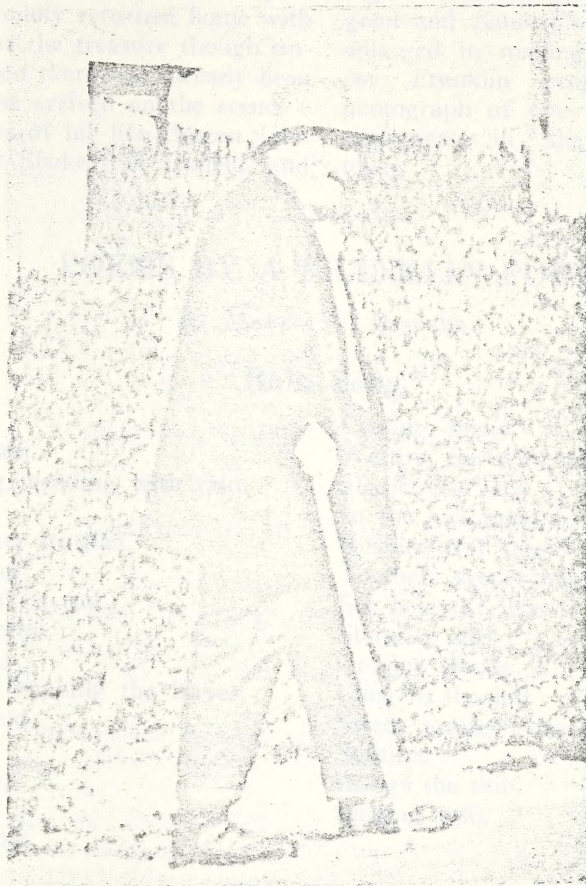
Where others failed Boston John succeeded, and he did so with the aid of only his ten-foot pole. Since he could neither read nor write his figuring was done in his head. His accounts with his men whom he employed, his computations in the construction work he accomplished—the only records of these

were in his memory and it never failed.

The ten-foot pole figures largely in the many stories one hears about Boston John. It is said that one day some boys, knowing how he depended upon

that pole, and thinking to throw him off on his computations, cut off a couple of inches. Boston John, returning, picked up the pole, examined it, and discarded it without comment. His unerring mathematical sense told him something was wrong.

Many years before psychologists had begun to study hypnosis and its possibilities in connection with the healing of disease, Boston John Clark's power of



A MATHEMATICAL GENIUS OF  
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

hypnotism was well known in Franklin. When Mr. Jeremiah Daniell caught his arm in the machinery of his paper mill and was in such severe pain that he could not sleep, the physicians feared he would die. But Boston John, using his mesmeric power, put the patient into a heavy sleep and with this help Nature repaired the damage.

Boston John was thoroughly convinc-





ed that he held converse with spirits. They led him a merry chase sometimes. Once when they had set him to digging treasure down on Cape Cod he ran afoul of some vigorous objections on the part of the owner of the land. It was an experience calculated to shake the faith of a lesser man, but Boston John took it as another instance of spirit guidance and mildly returned home with the remark that the treasure though undoubtedly hidden there had already been found before he arrived on the scene.

The last days of his life Boston John spent with the Shakers at Enfield, and

to this period belongs the picture which accompanies this sketch. Of course Boston John never had a picture taken. But one day a photographer snapped a building in the Shaker Colony just as Boston John was passing. In the original photograph he appears as a tiny figure scarcely more than half an inch high. But the print was exceptionally good and Kimball's Studio of Concord enlarged it, making it possible thereby for Franklin people to possess a photograph of one of the most unique characters in the history of the town.

## POEMS BY A FRANKLIN POET

BY MABEL W. SAWYER

### Rain Song

Twilight here,  
Twilight and rain.  
Boughs beating, bending with rain.  
Music to you  
With your heart so glad.  
Haunting to you  
When you heart is sad.  
Dropping the rain  
From the trees,  
Drenching and dripping the leaves,  
Dark misty mood  
In this wood  
Brings the rain  
Singing rain.  
Cooling the moss

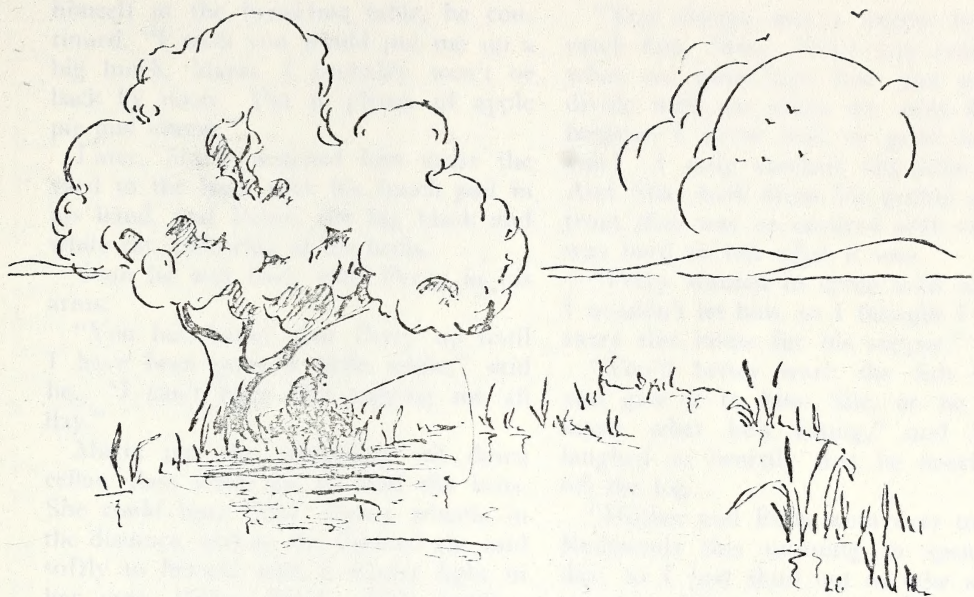
Cooling ferns  
Wetting the wild things in turns.  
Music you hear  
In the brimming brooks  
Rushing o'er stones  
To their deeper nooks.  
See how the trees  
Stand so still  
Greying clouds  
Cling to the hill  
Sweet scented wood  
Solitude  
Brings the rain  
Singing rain.

### The Shower

Goodness, how it darkens things  
To have the sky a-spreading wings  
To beat against the pane!  
Children hurrying home from school  
Bare their heads to feel the cool;  
They wade into the shallow pool  
With glee, welcoming rain.







## A PLAY DAY

### Silas Pettingill Goes Fishing

BY ELLEN BARDEN FORD

ILLUSTRATION BY LUCILLE CONANT

IT was late April. The clouds were hanging low on Blueberry Mountain, and little wisps of fog were floating over the brook that ran through the meadow.

Silas Pettingill stood leaning against the old barnyard bars, and looking speculatively across the meadow toward the brook. The murmur of the swollen waters that sounded now near, now far, was calling him, as it had called every year at that time, since as a tiny boy he had gone fishing with his father, and had fished patiently for hours at a time, with a bent pin for a hook.

"I suppose Maria will think I ought to be cutting bushes to-day over in the west lot, but I'll be darned if I will! I'm going a-fishing," he said to himself decisively.

In the cosy kitchen, Maria was stepping briskly about, getting breakfast on the table. As she glanced out of the window she saw Silas leaning against

the bars, and looking across the meadow.

"I know just as well what he is thinking about as though he had told me," said she to herself. "He wants to go a-fishing to-day. Well! I won't say anything about it, but let him work. It won't be half the fun for him if he talks about it, as it will if he slips away and thinks that he really oughtn't to go, and that I don't know where he has gone."

As she stood looking out of the window, Silas went into a shed and came out with a hoe and a tin box. He gave a stealthy glance at the house, then disappeared behind the barn.

Soon he came into the kitchen whistling cheerily, with a big armful of wood.

"There Maria," said he as he deposited the wood in the box behind the stove, "I guess you have wood enough to last all day." He washed his hands at the kitchen sink, and as he seated





himself at the breakfast table, he continued, "I wish you would put me up a big lunch, Maria, I probably won't be back by noon. Put in plenty of apple pie and cheese."

Later, Maria watched him cross the yard to the barn with his lunch pail in his hand, and Percy, the big black and white cat, following at his heels.

Soon he was back with Percy in his arms.

"You had better shut Percy up until I have been gone a little while," said he. "I can't have him tagging me all day."

Maria put the struggling cat down cellar, then went out to feed the hens. She could hear Silas' cheery whistle in the distance, and as she listened she said softly to herself with a tender light in her eyes, "Bless him! He's nothing but a boy after all."

Silas went leisurely across the meadow to the brook and followed along the bank until he came to a deep, quiet pool. A large willow tree leaned over the water, and an old, moss-covered log invited him to rest. He looked around him with happy eyes. He could see the clean sand through the yellow water, and the little shiners darting here and there. Across the pool, under the willow roots, he caught a glimpse of a trout. In an hour he had caught only one small one, then he came back again to rest on the old log.

A sound caused him to turn as Simon Gay came around a bend in the brook some distance away.

Simon carried a pail in one hand, and in the other he had a fishing rod and some trout strung on a willow twig. His good-natured face broke into a smile of delight as he saw Silas sitting on the log.

"I thought perhaps I should find you here, Sile," said he, as he deposited his pail on the ground and seated himself beside Silas.

"See what I caught as I came along," and he dangled six speckled beauties before Silas' admiring eyes.

"You always was a master hand to catch fish, Sime. Don't you remember when we were boys how you used to divide with me when we went fishing, because I never had as good luck as you? I only caught one little one." And Silas took from his pocket a little trout that was so covered with chaff it was hard to tell what it was.

"Percy wanted to come with me and I wouldn't let him, so I thought I would carry this home for his supper."

"You'd better wash the fish before you give it to him, Sile, or he won't know what he's eating," and Simon laughed so heartily that he nearly fell off the log.

"Mother and Rena went over to Mrs. Redmonds this morning to spend the day, so I just skun out to take a little vacation. Strange ain't it, Sile, how a woman never seems to think a man needs a day off now and then? Mother thinks I am splitting wood."

"Mother thinks I am cutting bushes in the west lot," said Silas with a chuckle. "I did intend to until this morning. Some way this misty spring air, that smells of the ground and all the sweet things that grow on it, and the sound of the brook, makes me feel lazy. I just want to sit here and talk with you and rest. Some folks might think it strange that two old fellers like you and me can have such a good time together, Sime, but we do, don't we?" and Silas looked at Simon wistfully.

"Course we do, Sile. We have had lots of good times together, and I hope we will have many more. Life wouldn't be the same to me without you, Sile. I just hope we will fare along to the next life about the same time, for it seems to me I would be lonesome ever there without you."

The old men looked at each other, and for a moment in their eyes there shone a prophetic light, giving them a fleeting glimpse of a time when one must be taken, and the other left. Simon broke the silence in his matter-of-fact way.





"I don't know how you feel, Sile, but I'm as hungry as a bear. I know it ain't noon, but let's get dinner and eat it. Then we can rest and visit. You find some wood for the fire, and I will get the fish ready to fry."

Soon a little fire was snapping briskly on a large flat rock, and a delightful odor of browning fish arose from Simon's pail cover. Simon took some huge slices of bread and butter, and some ginger snaps from his pail, and Silas contributed apple pie, cheese, and a bottle of coffee.

"Why! we have a dinner fit for a king," said Simon, as he put his beautifully browned fish before Silas.

"I never knew a woman, not even Maria, that could fry fish so it tasted as yours does," said Silas, as he lifted a piece with his jack-knife and put it on his bread.

"Don't you remember the first time we caught fish and fried them here?" said Simon. "We were little shavers. Your father had set you to piling wood in the shed, and mine went to town and left me to rake up the front yard. We came down here and stayed all day, and both got a good licking when we got home at night. But it was worth it," continued the old man reminiscently.

The last crumb disappeared from the rude little table. The sun came out. The mist vanished. And still the old

men talked. "Don't you remember?" prefaced many a story they told each other with quiet enjoyment. The long afternoon slipped quickly by. The sun disappeared behind a bank of clouds, and all the world looked gray. The hylas began their plaintive music in the little pond in the pasture, before the old men thought of home.

"This has been the best day we ever had together, Sile," said Simon. "I feel ten years younger than I did this morning."

"We are 'old boys' Sime, but a play day now seems as good to me as it ever did," answered Silas, as he picked up his fishing rod and pail and turned toward home.

Maria sat by the kitchen window, sewing, when she saw Silas come around the barn, with his dinner pail in his hand. Percy ran to meet him. Silas took something from his pocket, and after carefully washing it in the water tub, gave it to him. When Silas opened the kitchen door, Percy ran by him and under the stove, from which at once issued savage growls, and the vigorous cracking of bones. Evidently Percy was having a supper much to his liking.

Silas looked a little uneasy, but Maria only said with a twinkle in her eye, "Percy must have caught that big rat that has been bothering me so long in the back pantry."

## FRANCES

By DOROTHY E. COLLINS

When Frances was a young thing,  
Mad-cap games she played  
On the sea-gull's eyrie,  
Nor ever was afraid  
Of the cliffs below her  
Where deep-sea breakers rose,  
With green and beast-like shoulders.  
To splash her clinging toes.







WALKER HAARTZE SPOFFORD: HOLDER OF WORLD'S RECORD OF MILK PRODUCTION  
FOR 305 DAYS. RECORD 26,333 POUNDS.

## HOLSTEINS THAT WIN

### Some New Hampshire Champions

By H. STYLES BRIDGES

**H**OLSTEINS, or "The Black and Whites," as they are enthusiastically called by Holstein breeders, the country over, are the largest of any of the dairy breeds and are noted for their production of milk. No breed of cattle can surpass or equal their records in the economical or high production of this fluid that is so essential and vital to the human race.

Right here in New Hampshire we have the honor of having two world's champions of this famous breed. They are Walker Haartze Spofford, who holds the world record for cows of all ages and breeds for total milk production in the 305 day class, and Silda Creamelle Johanna who holds the senior four year record for both milk and butter in the same class. Walker Haartze Spofford's world's record for milk production in 305 days is 26,333 pounds of milk.

Just stop and consider what this means. It means that in ten months time this cow produced more milk than

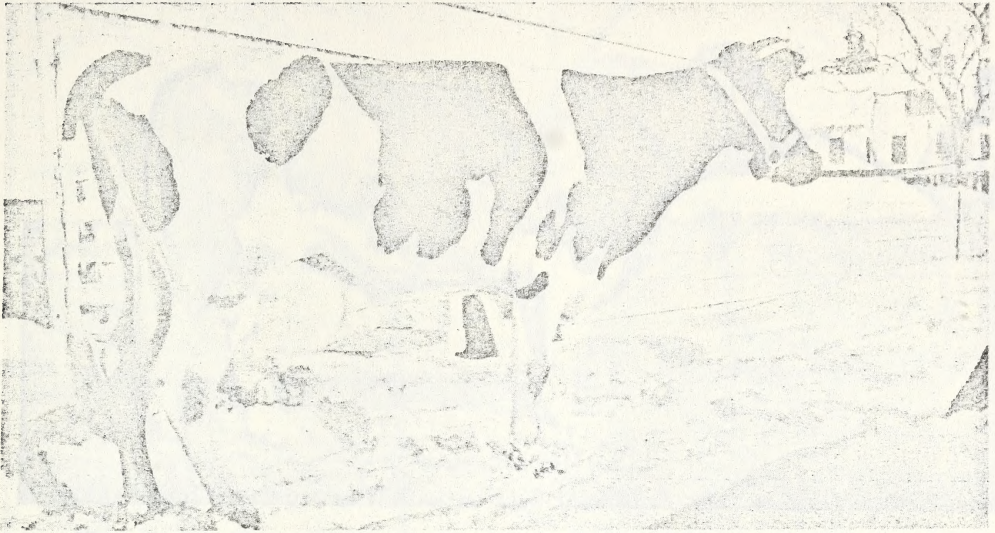
seven ordinary New Hampshire cows produce in a year; or over 13 tons of milk in all. Silda Creamelle Johanna's world's record for 305 days is 23,062 pounds of milk, and 1007.7 pounds of butter.

These queens of the dairy world are owned by the Baker Farm of Stratham, New Hampshire. This farm is located about one mile from Rockingham Junction on the main road, between Exeter and Newmarket. It was formerly known as the old Whitcomb Farm and on it many famous horses of racing renown have been reared. The farm is approached by a long lane nearly one-quarter mile in length, which leads to the farm buildings. The farm itself comprises about two hundred acres, and is a typical New Hampshire farm. The land is about equally divided between pasture and tillage.

The farm is owned by Edwin H. Baker. Mr. Baker purchased it about four years ago. We ordinarily think that, when successful business







HAVENDALE INKA BOWER METCHILD: RECORD 20,450 POUNDS OF MILK, ONE YEAR;  
950 POUNDS OF BUTTER, ONE YEAR

cide to go into farming, it means the expenditure of a great deal of money, the buying of a high-priced farm, the building of fine buildings, the assembling of a herd of high-priced cattle, in fact that everything is done to create a show appearance without regard to the economical phase of farming. Then, according to popular opinion, the owner generally sits back and watches things progress, usually with his check book in close proximity. Mr. Baker is not a man of this type. He is running his farm not as a hobby but as a strictly commercial proposition, and from observations and from the records it would seem to the visitor that he is successful. The Baker farm can be correctly classed as among New Hampshire's practical farms. The farm is managed by Mr. C. C. Laughton, a very thorough and practical farmer. Mr. A. L. Frost and Elwin Flanders are the herdsman and are in immediate charge of the herd.

This herd of Holsteins probably ranks not only as the best in New Hampshire, but as one of the very best in the Eastern States. The herd numbers about eighty head of registered

animals, of which more than half are milking. When milking is mentioned on the Baker farm, it has a real meaning, for they milk many of their cows four times a day and get results by it too. All the milking is done by hand, and, when you consider that some members of this herd milk as high as one hundred and eight pounds a day, milking means a real job.

The cattle are kept under ordinary farm conditions. Two old-fashioned barns have been remodeled to the extent of letting in plenty of sunlight and a ventilating system has been installed.

At the Baker Farm they believe in the old maxim that "the sire is half the herd."

Their senior herd sire is King Segis Pontiac Maartze, an animal of great individuality and backing. This bull's two nearest dams averaged 34.8 pounds of butter in seven days, and his seven nearest dams averaged 30.7 pounds of butter in seven days. Not many herd sires in the country have such records behind them. Colantha Johanna Lad and King Segis, two of the Holstein breed's greatest sires, are his immediate ancestors. His worth does not stop with his looks







"THE SIRE IS HALF THE HERD." KING SEGIS PONTIAC MAARTZE, SENIOR HERD SIRE.

and pedigree, for he has some producing daughters that are fast winning him renown. Several are to be found in the Baker herd. One has a record of twenty-six pounds of butter as a two-year-old and others have fine records in both milk and butter production.

The young stock have a fine chance, for Manager Laughton believes in feeding when the animals are young and not half-starving the youngsters, as the case on many dairy farms. Plenty of the right kind of food when they are young makes strong vigorous cows that are real producers. These cows bear out the above statement, for many of them weigh between sixteen hundred and seventeen hundred pounds.

The crops raised on the farm are mostly for forage. In fact all the roughage used for feeding purposes is home produced. It consists mainly of clover hay and corn silage. Manager Laughton states that this spring they intend to try alfalfa, and he believes that it will be a big asset to them if they are able to get a stand.

Nothing is sold off the farm except

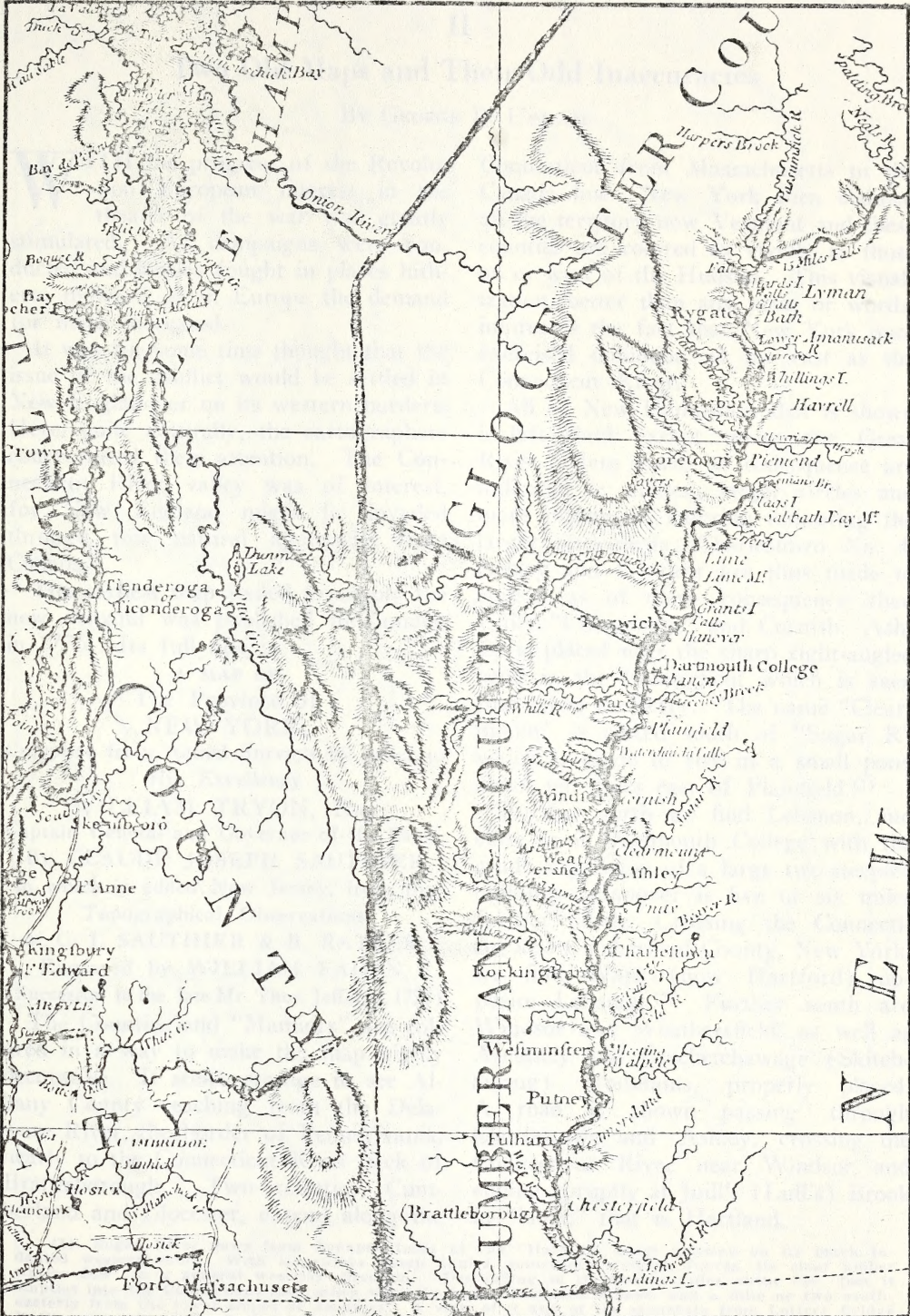
dairy products, and livestock. The dairy products are sold principally in the form of milk, a retail milk route being conducted in Newmarket that disposes of between 200 and 300 quarts daily. The remainder is sold in Boston at wholesale, but at a fancy price. Most of the livestock sold are young animals, particularly bulls, which are sold from farmers' prices up to as high as \$1,000 a piece.

The two world's champions are by no means the only high producers of which this herd boasts, for the majority of the cows have records from 20 to 31 pounds of butter in seven days, as well as large yearly milk and butter records. The herd is under Federal supervision and the animals all tested and healthy. They show every evidence of good care and careful management, and are a sight that any lover of animals would enjoy.

If you are interested in dairy cattle, and particularly in Holsteins, it would pay you to take the time to visit the Baker farm, the home of New Hampshire's premier herd of Holsteins.







PART OF SAUTHIER MAP. LONDON, 1776.





# WHEN CLAREMONT WAS CALLED ASHLEY

## II

### Two Old Maps and Their Odd Inaccuracies

BY GEORGE B. UPHAM

WITH the progress of the Revolution European interest in the theater of the war was greatly stimulated. As campaigns were conducted and battles fought in places hitherto unheard of in Europe the demand for maps increased.

It was for some time thought that the issue of the conflict would be settled in New England or on its western borders. Here, quite naturally, the cartographers concentrated their attention. The Connecticut River valley was of interest, for New England might be invaded through this natural approach from Canada.

The earliest map issued to supply the new demand was published in London in 1776. Its full title is

A MAP OF

The Province of  
NEW YORK,

Compiled from Actual Surveys by order of  
His Excellency

WILLIAM TRYON, Esq.

Captain General and Governor of the Same,  
By CLAUDE JOSEPH SAUTHIER  
to which is added New Jersey, from the  
Topographical Observations  
of C. J. SAUTHIER & B. RATZER.

Engraved by WILLIAM FADEN,  
(Successor to the late Mr. Thos. Jefferys, 1776)

The Counties and "Mannors" are colored in a way to make the map highly decorative. It seems strange to see Albany County reaching from the Delaware River, the border of Pennsylvania, nearly to the Connecticut River back of Brattleborough. Two counties, Cumberland and Gloucester, extend along the

Connecticut from Massachusetts to the Canada line. New York then claimed all the territory now Vermont and these counties are colored as vividly as those on or west of the Hudson. This visualization, better than any print or words, impresses the fact that New York once exercised dominion as far east as the Connecticut River.

All of New Hampshire that is shown is left blank except along the Great River. Here towns of consequence are indicated by circles; larger circles and more prominent lettering indicating the larger settlements; Charlestown No. 4, Ashley and Windsor are thus made to appear as of more consequence than Unity, "Clearmount" and Cornish. Ashley is placed near the sharp right-angled bend in the Connecticut which is seen just above the ferry. The name "Clearmount" is placed south of "Sugar R" which is made to rise in a small pond about ten miles east of Plainfield.<sup>(1)</sup>

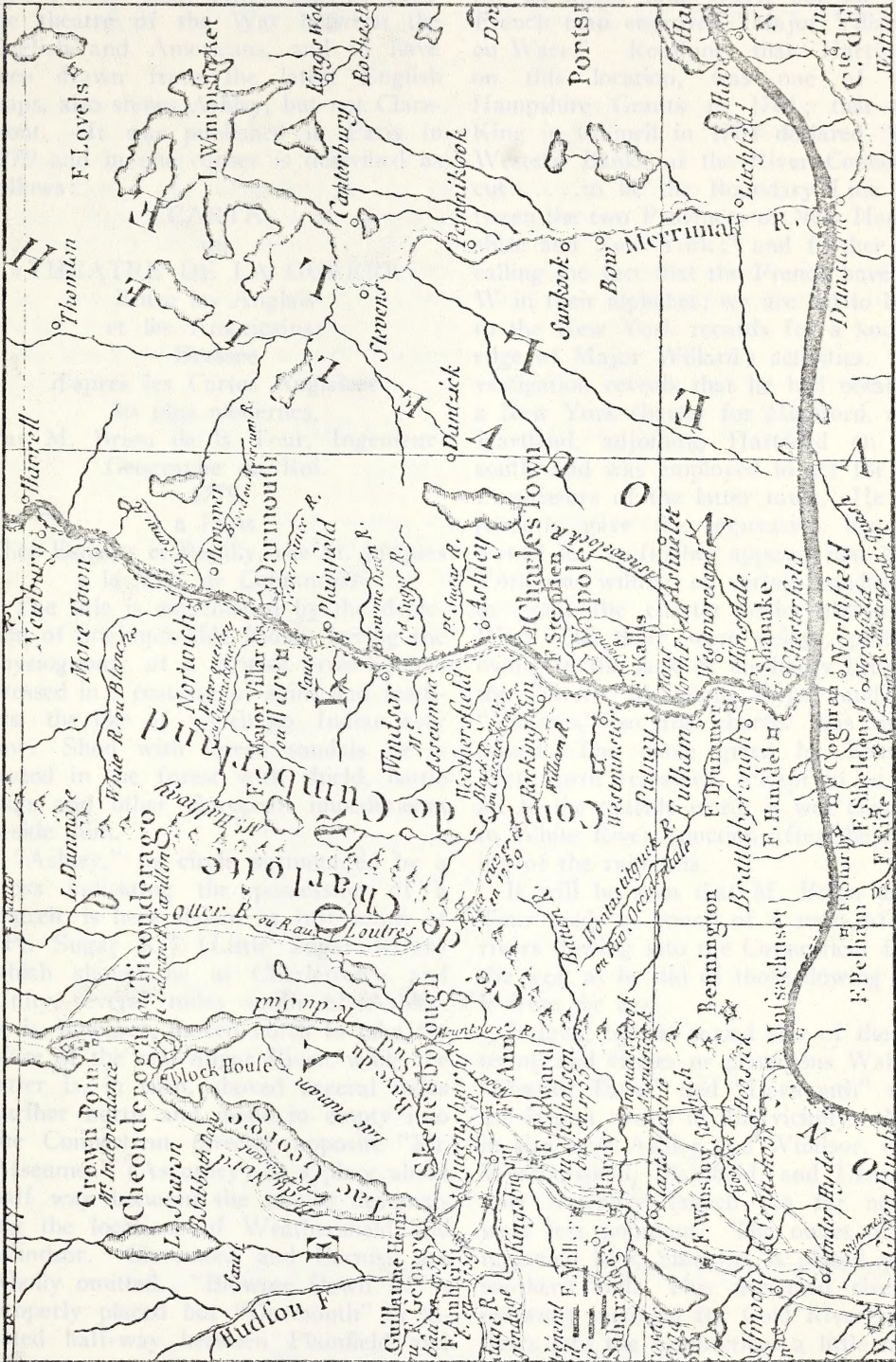
Further north we find Lebanon, and close to it Dartmouth College with the crude suggestion of a large two-steeped building. Hanover is five or six miles further north. Crossing the Connecticut into Cumberland County, New York, we find Ware (now Hartford) opposite Lebanon.<sup>(2)</sup> Further south are Windsor and Weathersfield, as well as Ascutney and Caschetchawage (Skitchawaug) Mountains, properly placed. A road is shown passing through Charlestown and Ashley, crossing the Connecticut River near Windsor and ending abruptly at Juill's (Lull's) Brook in "Hart," that is Hartland.

(1) Sugar River flows from Sunapee Lake at the "Harbor," about midway on its much indented western shore. With sometimes sharp angles, sometimes winding curves, its clear amber waters flow in a general westerly direction. Descending in its twenty miles about 830 feet it empties into the Connecticut four miles westerly from Claremont Village, and a mile or two south-easterly from the lower slopes of Ascutney. A view of it and of the mountain from Lottery Bridge in Claremont is a view to be remembered. See illustration in *Granite Monthly*, Vol. 52, p. 50.

(2) Few know of the existence of Hartford Vermont, but as White River Junction it is familiar—at least around the railroad station—to hundreds of thousands who have wearily waited there.







PART OF THE M. BRION DE LA TOUR MAP, PARIS 1779. HEAVY BLACK LINES INDICATE PROVINCE BOUNDARIES.





A French map purporting to show the theatre of the War between the English and Americans, and to have been drawn from the latest English maps, also shows Ashley, but not Claremont. It was published in Paris in 1779 and in one corner is described as follows:

CARTE  
du  
THEATRE DE LA GUERRE  
Entre les Anglais  
et les Americains:  
Dressee  
d'apres les Cartes Anglaises  
les plus modernes,  
Par M. Brion de la Tour, Ingenieur-  
Geographe du Roi.  
1779  
a Paris  
Chez Esnauts et Rapilly, rue St. Jacques  
a la Ville de Coutances.

The title is embellished by the depiction of an impossible Indian having the physiognomy of a British prize-fighter, dressed in a costume of skins and feathers, the like of which no Indian ever saw. Shod with Greek sandals he is seated in the forest with shield, battle flags and other European impedimenta beside him.

"Ashley," its circle surmounted by a cross indicating the possession of a church, is here shown as just south of "Pt. Sugar R." (Little Sugar River) which should be in Charlestown and Unity, several miles south of Ashley. It is, however, moved north to take the place of the real Sugar River, while the latter is, in turn, shoved several miles further north and made to empty into the Connecticut directly opposite "Mt. Asseumea" (Ascutney) at a place about half way between the circles designating the locations of Weathersfield and Windsor. Claremont and Cornish are wholly omitted. "Blowme Down R" is properly placed but "Darmouth" is located half-way between Plainfield and Hanover.

Over the river from "Darmouth," which is placed where Lebanon should

be, we again find Ware, but on this French map engraved "Major Villard's ou Ware." Recalling that Hartford, on this location, was one of the Hampshire Grants in 1761; that the King in Council in 1764 declared "the Western Banks of the River Connecticut.....to be the Boundary Line between the two Provinces of New Hampshire and New York;" and further recalling the fact that the French have no W in their alphabet; we are led to look to the New York records for a knowledge of Major Willard's activities. Investigation reveals that he had obtained a New York charter for Hertford, now Hartland, adjoining Hartford on the south, and was employed to act for the Proprietors of the latter town. He apparently gave the impression that he owned it. It further appears that New York was willing, on certain conditions, to grant the charter under the name Ware, but there were delays, perhaps owing to the lack of cordiality between the "Green Mountain Boys" and the "Yorkers," so the charter was never issued. The name given by Benning Wentworth remained, except in so far as, to the outside world, it was changed to White River Junction after the coming of the railroads.

It will be seen that M. Brion de la Tour made as much of a mess of the rivers flowing into the Connecticut from the west as he did of those flowing into it from the east

Judging by the varied size of the lettering and circles or pentagons Walpole "Charles Town" and "Darmouth" were the largest towns in this vicinity. Next in size were Ashley and Windsor, while Weathersfield, Plainfield, and Dantzick, now Newbury (much too far north) were less populous. The outlet of the unnamed lake, Sunapee, is placed at its southern end. This unnamed river is evidently intended for Cold River for it flows into the Connecticut a little north of Walpole. The map maker had merged Cold Pond with Sunapee.

*To be continued*





# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, as suddenly as the thought struck him, when he and a friend of his who long ago described it to me, were hunting for a lost poem together: "I should like to have an anthology of the one-poem poets!"—in sympathy with which fugitive wish the poems to be published under this heading from month to month have been selected, though it is not presumed their authors have not, in some cases, written other poems which to some tastes are of equal or perhaps even greater merit. It is probable that some at least of the poems here published will be collected later in book form. Suggestions will be welcome.

A. J.

## WINDS TODAY ARE LARGE AND FREE

BY MICHAEL FIELD

Winds to-day are large and free,  
Winds today are westerly;  
From the land they seem to blow  
Whence the sap begins to flow  
And the dimpled light to spread,  
From the country of the dead.

Ah, it is a wild, sweet land  
Where the coming May is planned,  
Where such influences throb  
As our frosts can never rob  
Of their triumph, when they bound  
Through the tree and from the ground.

Great within me is my soul,  
Great to journey to its goal,  
To the country of the dead;  
For the cornel-tips are red,  
And a passion rich in strife  
Drives me toward the home of life.

Oh, to keep the spring with them  
Who have flushed the cornel-stem,  
Who imagine at its source  
All the year's delicious course,  
Then express by wind and light  
Something of their rapture's height!

## SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Say not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.





If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
 It may be in yon smoke concealed,  
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
 Comes, silent, flooding it, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
 When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
 In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!  
 But westward, look, the land is bright!

## THERE WAS A ROSE

BY SARAH MORGAN BRYAN PIATT

"There was a rose," she said,  
 "Like other roses, perhaps to you.  
 Nine years ago it was faint and red,  
 Away in the cold dark dew,  
 On the dwarf bush where it grew.

"Never any rose before  
 Was like that rose, very well I know;  
 Never another rose any more  
 Will blow as that rose did blow,  
 When the wet wind shook it so.

"What do I want?—Ah, what?  
 Why I want that rose, that wee one rose,  
 Only that rose. And that rose is not  
 Anywhere just now . . . God knows  
 Where all the old sweetness goes.

"I want that rose so much;  
 I would take the world back there to the night  
 When I saw it blush in the grass, to touch  
 It once in that autumn light.

"But a million marching men  
 From the North and the South would arise,  
 And the dead—would have to die again?  
 And the women's widowed cries  
 Would trouble anew the skies!

"No matter. I would not care;  
 Were it not better that this should be?  
 The sorrow of many the many bear,—  
 Mine is too heavy for me.  
 And I want that rose, you see!"

*Washington, D. C. 1870.*





# LEGISLATURES OF THE PAST

## How They Dispatched Their Business Expeditiously

By JAMES O. LYFORD

**I**T is too early at this day, some three weeks before the final adjournment, to summarize the work and accomplishments of this legislature. It may be of interest, however, to your readers to know some of the reasons why the biennial sessions of the New Hampshire legislature are more than twice as long as the annual sessions used to be.

A few people remember the former annual sessions of the legislature, meeting in June and adjourning after a session of from four to five weeks. The pay of the members was three dollars a day for every day, including Sundays, that the legislature was in session. The members were allowed ten cents a mile mileage for one trip from their homes to the capital and return. It was before the days of free passes on railroads for legislators, and the state allowed no transportation of members beyond the one-round-trip mileage. Except those members, who could reach the capital on early morning trains and return on late afternoon trains, the legislators came to the capital at the beginning of the session and remained until its close, a few of them making week-end visits to their homes. There were plenty of private houses in Concord where members could obtain rooms, and some where both rooms and board were furnished. Hotel rates were cheaper than now and more nearly fitted the pay of the members. The member who broke even on his salary of twenty-one dollars a week was satisfied; and many of them accomplished this result.

After the first week, which was given up to organization and the inauguration of the Governor, the legislature settled down to an actual session of four days a week, working Friday as it now does Thursday, and later in the session having a more than formal session Monday

evening. Public expectation was that the legislature would adjourn before July 4th to allow the farmers to begin haying; and if for any reason the session was delayed beyond this date, the press of opposition to the majority party of the legislature accused that body of extravagance. A session of only four weeks did not materially interfere with the every-day activities of lawyers and business men who might be elected to the legislature. Then again, election to the house was regarded by ambitious men, lawyers and others, as a stepping-stone to further political preferment.

The rules of the house were framed for the dispatch of business and not for the convenience of members. The committees began work as soon as they were appointed. If a member desired a hearing on a bill he had introduced, he was expected to arrange with the committee to which it was referred for that hearing. The active committees, like the judiciary, proceeded to weed out the bills referred to them that were without merit and report them immediately to the house as inexpedient. These reports were acted upon by the house at the same session that they were reported; and if the member had any pride in the bills he had introduced, he had to be on hand to defend them before the house. Before the second week of the session was over, the old chestnuts that appeared session after session were again laid away in the legislative graveyard.

As soon as the business warranted, the house met at ten o'clock in the morning and frequently sat until five or six o'clock in the afternoon, while the last week of the session evening sessions were held which were largely attended. Debates on important measures continued for two or three days before a vote





was taken. The previous question was seldom moved and seldom ordered. Full discussion was practical because of the longer daily sessions.

There was no journal of the house, the newspapers giving in full the routine work of that body. The house subscribed for three or four of the leading newspapers of the state for each of its members; and these newspapers arranged through their legislative reporters to give the proceedings in detail. The expense was less than the cost of a daily journal, even when the legislature voted \$100 each at the close of the session to the legislative reporters of these newspapers. There was a public advantage in the practice of having the newspapers publish the routine proceedings that does not pertain to the daily journal of the legislature. The people of the state were fully informed through the newspapers of all bills before the legislature, as they are not at present. Several cases have occurred this session where committees have reported upon bills before them and then consented to a recommitment of the measure for further hearing, because the public that had interest therein had only a late notice that the matter was before the legislature.

All the daily newspapers of the state had weekly editions of large circulation, so that, while New Hampshire had no morning daily, as now, with state-wide circulation, these weekly newspapers reached a large majority of the people. If the member returned home at the week-end, his constituents in the country towns were sufficiently informed of legislative transactions to discuss with him the work of the legislature. In addition to the routine proceedings given in the newspapers, the representatives of the legislative newspapers gave a semi-editorial comment in their correspondence of the transactions of the general court and of the aptitude on public questions of its active members. Some of these, like the letters of Henry M.

Putney to the *Manchester Mirror*, and the reports of Major Manson for several sessions in the old *People* newspaper, were most entertaining and facetious. Editor O. C. Moore of the *Nashua Telegraph* wrote in a more-serious vein; but L. B. Brown and John W. Odlin gave spice in the *Patriot* to all unusual incidents of the legislative proceedings. These men had a large knowledge of state affairs, and they wrote understandingly of subjects before the legislature. It was with such men that I served my apprenticeship in newspaper work.

Looking back with knowledge upon the days of annual sessions, it is easy to understand why the sessions were short—the debates fuller, the membership more representative, and the work as well done as now, if not better. It is not so easy to see how we could return to the customs and procedure of half a century ago. We suffer to-day primarily from the unwillingness of well equipped men to give service to the state; for service in the legislature over a period of three months is a service without adequate compensation. So long as the house is of its present numerical membership, no increase of compensation will be voted by the people. But public service of any kind is very largely a matter of individual sacrifice. A reduction of the size of the house and an increase of pay for the members would little affect the character of the membership. Public spirit must be stimulated among members of the bar and business men, if the New Hampshire legislature is to be manned as it was fifty years ago, or even thirty years ago. In the session of 1881 were at least three ex-members of congress who sat in the house, one future secretary of the navy and United States Senator, besides some of the most eminent lawyers of the state.

Railway service to-day, especially in the winter season, is detrimental to long daily sessions. Seldom is there a quo-





rum of the house present until half-past eleven, and a considerable number of members leave on early afternoon trains for home. Out of this time comes the lunch hour. A vote must frequently be hastened so that members can go home.

In a house the size of ours, nearly all the work must be done by committees, and their conclusions accepted or rejected with only a limited debate. Much of the important work falls to a few committees. There are not enough lawyers to equip more than one legal committee, the judiciary; and in all ordinary sessions the bulk of the bills have to be referred to this committee. Since the rules were changed a few years ago by which all bills appropriating money have to go to the appropriation committee for revision after other committees act upon them, this committee has become one of the leading committees. This session, the ways and means committee, which has charge of revenue bills, has attained especial importance. The majority of the members, however, are upon committees having little to do. As we do not under the present rules and procedure do much business in the legislative hall before the fourth or fifth week, it is small surprise that the session in its early days becomes irksome

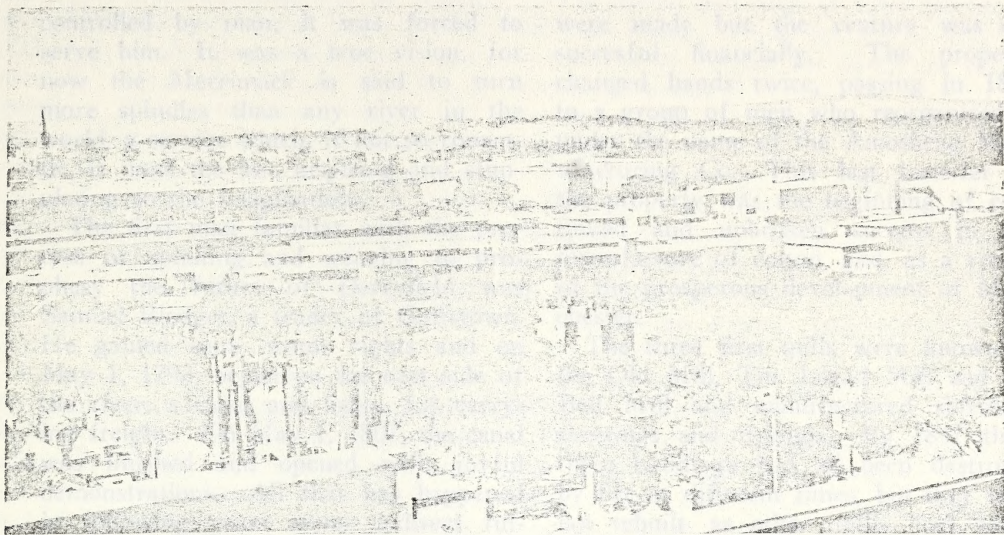
to a very large number of members.

One defect of all legislative bodies is the scarcity of members who are willing to do the drudgery of the sessions, which is never spectacular. This drudgery consists in patiently investigating the effect of bills introduced, comparing the proposed law with existing law, watching the bills reported by all committees to see that no unwise legislation is enacted. This work falls largely upon the chairman of the judiciary committee and those of his immediate associates who have had experience in legislation. Because of a lack of this vigilance the new Hampshire legislature has enacted some crude legislation.

Perhaps I cannot better close this hastily written and incomplete article than to pay tribute to the present chairman of the judiciary committee, Nathaniel E. Martin, who at great personal sacrifice has not only worked legislative days but also over week ends in patient investigation of not only the bills before that committee, but many of the bills before other committees, bringing to his work all the ability of a leader of the New Hampshire bar. His is an example of public service that leading lawyers of the state may well emulate.







LOOKING DOWN UPON THE AMOSKEAG MILLS AS THEY ARE TO-DAY.

## MANCHESTER'S DEBT TO THE MERRIMACK

What the River Has Done for the Growing City

By VIVIAN SAVACOO

THE results of Manchester's development and success are evident in many ways but the cause is perhaps more obscure unless one realizes for how long a time the Amoskeag Falls have been her ally in winning prosperity. The growth in retail, banking, and cultural enterprises in the city and the corresponding increase in population spring from the textile industry so firmly established here because of natural resources. The waterfalls are the source of Manchester's prosperity and of whatever fame she enjoys. The beautiful Merrimack since earliest times has been the city's greatest asset, first in bringing the Indians to settle on its banks, attracted by the bountiful supply of fish, which were so numerous at the falls that the Indians decided to name them Namaoskeag, an Indian compound made up of *namaos*, meaning fish and *ag* meaning long, or extended places of water. This name was at first applied to a large part of the stream, but, as

fish became more scarce, it was limited to the vicinity of the falls. The name has persisted as we all know it in the English derivation, Amoskeag.

In course of time white settlers followed in the wake of the Indian to trade with them and also to take advantage of the beauty and fertility of the district. Slowly but surely the Indian disappeared, and, by the middle of the eighteenth century, a township with the name Derryfield was well established, whose interest it was to protect the fisheries, thereby insuring its future.

But fate, in the guise of the falls, was determined on a different future for Derryfield. How true it is that the natural resources of any region must direct its development, for then nature and man work together and the result is beyond belief. Slowly, to the men working by the falls, watching the water surge and listening to its roar, came the vision, beyond the conception of the Indian, of what such power might do, if,





controlled by man, it was forced to serve him. It was a true vision, for now the Merrimack is said to turn more spindles than any river in the world, a service which, if not so romantic, is none the less inspiring and stimulating to the imagination.

The first man familiar with the process of spinning and weaving to prophesy the future of Derryfield was Samuel Blodget, a trader of Goffstown. He gained some water rights and on May 1, 1793, began on the east side of the river, a canal and locks, for carrying freight. On May 1, 1807, the canal was finished and opened with joyful demonstrations. All that has happened in following years seems indirect fulfillment of his prophecy at that time, namely, "As the country increases in population, we must have manufacturers, and here at my canal shall be the Manchester of America." In 1810 the name of the town was changed to Manchester, and from his small beginning has developed one of the great cotton manufacturing centers of America.

In the meantime Benjamin Pritchard had been busily engaged in a daring enterprise. He had bought a water right on the west side of the falls, and in the fall of 1805 he started spinning cotton with second-hand machinery in a wooden one-storey building. At first he was unsuccessful but, gaining the help of four others, he enlarged the original mill and began spinning cotton yarns. In 1810, to gain more capital, they obtained an act of incorporation from the legislature under the name of The Amoskeag Cotton and Woolen Manufacturing Co. Their spinning jenny, with only eight spindles, was run by power but the picking and carding was let out to be done on hand looms by women of the neighborhood. A smart weaver earned thirty-six cents a day at the average rate of three cents per yard.

From 1805 to 1824 some additions

were made but the venture was unsuccessful financially. The property changed hands twice, passing in 1824 to a group of men who reorganized it under the name of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Co. This last transfer of the property was the beginning of continued and unbroken success in the manufacture of cotton, and, as a result, of the prosperous development of Manchester.

The three first mills were known as the Old Mill, The Island Mill and the Bell Mill and manufactured shirtings, sheetings and tickings. By 1847 these three buildings had all been destroyed by fire at different times, but they were not rebuilt as other mills had taken their place.

The owners, foreseeing the need of more power and land, had obtained most of the water rights at Amoskeag and by 1835 all the rights on the Merrimack between Manchester and Concord, obtaining also large grants of land on both sides of the river for future mills and the growth of the city. Soon they started to lay out streets, plant elms, and plot house-lots to sell to those wishing to build. Much of the orderly, attractive arrangement of Manchester is due to these pioneers of the textile industry.

Now in 1838 a division was made in the work. Several men decided to form a new company for the manufacture of cotton goods alone. They purchased land and water rights from the Amoskeag, arranged with them for the construction of a mill, and obtained from the Legislature an act of incorporation under the name of Stark Manufacturing Co. On June 24, 1839, the canal was filled for the first time and they began to grind cards. On July 21st, "they got off two pieces of cloth, having been less than one month from grinding the cards to the production of cloth." Such deliberateness did not last long however. By the early fifties more mills had been built, equipment increased and improv-





ed, the combined production of which was 2,180,000 two-bushel bags, 8,000,000 yards of sheeting, drilling and duck annually. The payroll was \$30,000 a month. This achievement might well have seemed the fulfillment of that early vision of the settlers, but development had not ended, for from 1863 to 1880 the record was one of steady growth in every way, in looms, spindles, and buildings. By 1880, they were employing 950 women, 250 men, and had a payroll of \$40,000 a month.

It is interesting to compare the working conditions of seventy years ago with those of to-day. In the first place, unbelievable as it may seem, the employees worked thirteen hours a day, part of the time by lard oil in tin lamps set under the looms, as gas was not used until 1851. The hours for work varied with the season so that there were eight different schedules for the day's employment of which the few below are samples.

1855

"From the 1st to the 20th of November.

The 1st bell rings at 4½ o'clock  
The 2nd bell rings at 5½ o'clock  
The 3rd bell rings as soon as the hands can see.

"From the 20th of November to the 1st of February.

The 1st bell rings at 5 o'clock  
The 2nd bell rings at 5½ o'clock  
The 3rd bell rings as before.

"From the 1st of March to the 1st of November.

The hands work before breakfast.

*Closing*

"From the 20th of March to the 1st of May.

As long as the hands can see to advantage—

"From the 1st of May to the 1st of September.

Work until 7 o'clock.

"The dinner bell rings at 12½ o'clock the year round. From the 1st of May to the 31st of August the hands are allowed 45 minutes; from the 1st of September to the 30th of April, 30 minutes.

These changes go on endlessly. It is difficult to see how such complicated changing schedules could be followed when one compares them with that of the Stark Mill in 1920.

"Monday to Friday inclusive—7:15 A. M. to 12 M.; 1 P. M. to 5 P. M.

Saturday—7:15 A. M. to 11:30 A. M."

The pay was as small as the hours were long. A girl who averaged one dollar a day was envied by her companions, all of whom thought themselves fortunate to be able to save two dollars and fifty cents a week above board and room rent. The employees were all English people from the surrounding country, simple in habits, and in tastes. Although the mill gave little time for pleasure from Monday morning to Saturday night, they were glad to be busy and to earn so much money. The French came to Manchester after the Civil War, the Swedes in 1882, but the great immigration wave did not come until after 1905.

But to resume the story of the mills. From 1880 to 1899, the Stark Mills were not only doubled in size but strengthened financially. Severe competition was encountered however and the Stark mills changed hands several times, working under new management always with increase in equipment and production. Finally in 1913 the company became a Massachusetts corporation, surrendering for the first time its New Hampshire charter and assuming the name of Intrenational Cotton Mills with Lockwood Greene & Co. as Managers. When America entered the World War, The Stark was able to meet the demands of the government and fulfil them so efficiently that by 1921, when business was resumed on a





peace basis, the Stark Mills' annual production was 30,000,000 yards and their pay roll for 1,700 employees, \$1,500,000.

Due to financial depression and other reasons, the Stark Mills have been absorbed within the last year by the Amoskeag, which brings us again to a consideration of the parent organization. What has it been doing in the interval which has so prospered the Stark?

This is a question which probably the greater number of readers can answer readily. We all know how steadily the industry has increased with constant extension along all lines. Only a detailed summary of their career could reveal, however, how truly marvelous has been the part the Amoskeag has played in the life of Manchester, and in the world as well, for as early as 1851 the company was awarded its first medal for superiority of goods at the World's Fair in London. Scarcely a year passed without a step forward for the organization in acquisitions and production. In 1871 a new dam was constructed which served until recently when another slightly below the old in position, far wider and more expansive has been completed, while plans for still another below Goffs Falls are under consideration. In 1905 the Amory and the Manchester Mills were purchased and new buildings have been added, the largest of which is the Coolidge Mill, built in 1909. The many organizations for the employees are undoubtedly well known and are only mentioned as another indication of what the Amoskeag has become.

It is unnecessary to list here increase in machinery, spindles, and amount

manufactured. The only statistics given will be the fact that the Amoskeag now employs 16,500 hands and has reached this number through the stages shown in the brief table below:

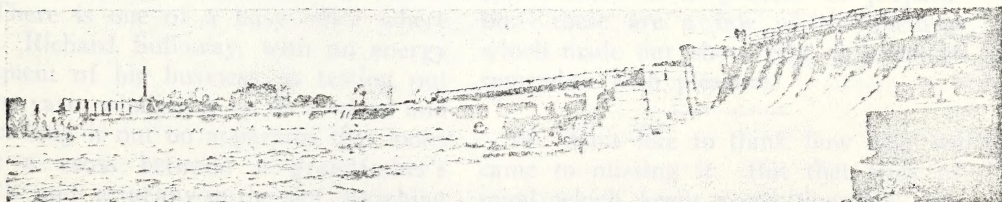
TABLE SHOWING WAGES PAID PER YEAR AT END OF 10 YEAR PERIODS

1831—	\$36,298
1840—	74,239
1870—	1,107,428
1880—	1,604,322
1908—	5,096,498
1909—	6,083,257
1850—	487,005
1860—	633,680
1890—	2,435,481
1900—	2,772,811
1910—	6,176,353
1920—	6,370,089

Recent events in the life of the textile industry are too vivid in the minds of all to need further recital here. Its growth is a wonderful history of the growth of a city also, and of the plans and work of many men throughout their lifetime.

To one family especially does great credit belong for the prosperity of the mills, to the Straws, who for three generations have served as agent. On July 26, 1856, Mr. Ezekiel Straw was chosen for the responsible place, was succeeded by his son Mr. Herman Straw, while at present Mr. William Parker Straw holds the position of vast importance in the life of so many thousands.

Their effort has been made possible and aided by the Merrimack River, which now, with our help and thought in turn, will make it possible for Manchester to retain the high place she has won.







# THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

## About Our Recent Travels

THERE was once an old resident of Franklin, named Benson, whose memory, of unusual keenness, went back, so he said, to the days when the rivers were nothing but young little brooks, which, strangely enough, ran in the opposite direction to that which the rivers now take. Some say, perhaps from jealousy, that Benson's memory was helped by generous imbibing of hard cider. We are not, of course, in a position to vouch for the truth of the story. But we are more inclined to believe there may be truth in it now that we have been in Franklin and know something at first hand about the versatility of those rivers.

Our sojourn in the city covered three days. When we arrived, the rivers were quietly murmuring along between well-defined banks of new white snow. To our untutored eye there were, even then, a bewildering assortment of streams, but after Mr. Herrick Aiken had drawn for us a beautiful topographical map, navigation seemed simple.

And then—the Deluge! The place became alive with rivers. We got all mixed up and were in constant fear lest we should walk right down the middle of the Pemigewasset under the impression that it was Main Street. On the whole the walking looked smoother in the river.

The picture of ourself picking our way gingerly among rioting rivers is one of those photographed on our memory by our brief stay in Franklin. But there are many others.

There is one of a busy office where Mr. Richard Sulloway, with an energy eloquent of big business, is testing out some yarn, winding it up on a wheel and stretching it out on apparatus that looks like a cross between a grandfather's clock and a penny-in-the-slot weighing

machine, while we watch fascinated from the doorway.

There is another of Mr. G. L. Hancock demonstrating graphically, with the aid of a thread ripped from his coat-lining, the mysteries of the action of a latch needle.

Another is a view from the Library window across the river to the western hills, behind which, attended by magnificent sun dogs to the north and to the south, the sun is just going down. We are indebted to Mrs. Barron Shirley for much valuable help in our pursuit of Franklin's history, but we are most grateful to her for our first introduction to those rainbow pillars of the western sky.

Another picture shows Mr. F. N. Proctor, wielding a murderous Indian battle axe behind the cashier's cage of the Franklin National Bank. Heaven help any bank robber who ventures that way!

A glimpse of the city from the high hill where Mr. James Aiken's home stands, and where in days gone by they used to trap wild pigeons; a picture of a curly-headed little girl, who, with flattering appreciation of the details of our costume, welcomed us at the door of Mr. Herrick Aiken's house; a mill interior with long lines of girls happily busy at the intricate processes of stocking manufacture; the clean, white cafeteria of that same mill where lunch for the workers is in process of preparation—these are a few of the pictures which made our short visit an event to remember with pleasure.

We don't like to think how near we came to missing it. But that trick of mind which keeps one's thoughts run-





ning upon details of near escapes, insistently brings ours back to this question: Should we have dared to venture into the town had we read before we started the awesome and alarming statement we later discovered in a dusty tome in the Library: "The town has produced more brains, other things being equal, than any other municipality of New Hampshire."

—H. F. M.

### Announcements

Our cover picture was taken at the Webster birthplace in Franklin last summer during the time of the meeting of the Grange.

Next month—The American Legion! Do you know what an important work it is doing for New Hampshire? Do you know how it is helping in civic betterment in our towns and cities? The Granite Monthly for May will carry the story.

"Along Came Mary Ann" is the title of an interesting article by Miss Daisy Williamson of New Hampshire State College, which we hoped to present to you this month, but which we were forced to postpone because of lack of space. But it's coming.

Were you disappointed last month by being unable to get a copy of the GRANITE MONTHLY? Lots of people were. The edition sold out almost before it was off the press. There's one way to avoid such disappointments for yourself and your friends. The coupon on the contents page of the magazine makes it easy for you—"A word to the wise—"

The Brookes More Prize of \$50 for the best poem published in the Granite Monthly during 1922 was promptly paid by Mr. More and should by this time be in the hands of Miss Helen Mowe Philbrook, the winner.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

The New Hampshire Farm Bureau is proud of the fact that, according to many experts, it receives more publicity, both in and out of New Hampshire, than any other farm bureau in the East. Therefore, it is proud of H. STYLES BRIDGES, who as Secretary of the Bureau is responsible for that publicity. Mr. Bridges is a University of Maine man. The article on Holsteins is the first of a series. Ayershire's next month!

A second installment of GEORGE B. UPHAM'S account of Claremont's early days cannot fail to be of interest to his many friends in Claremont.

Both LUCILLE CONANT, whose charming sketch heads the story "A Play Day," and VIVIAN SAVA-

COOL, whose second article on Manchester's growth appears in this issue, are Manchester's young women. Miss Savacool begins this month her management of our book review department.

JAMES O. LYFORD needs no introduction to Granite Monthly readers. One of our leading Republican statesmen, he undoubtedly knows more about Legislatures past and present than any other man living.

ELLEN BARDEN FORD is a writer of charming sketches and stories who lives in Lebanon, N. H.

MABEL SAWYER, who has three poems in this magazine, is the wife of Secretary of State Sawyer.





# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOO

## The Next-to-Nothing-House

BY ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

Boston, Atlantic Monthly Company

**L**ONG before you finish "The Next-To-Nothing House," you will feel the urge to become at once a Collector. You may have been perfectly content with your twentieth century furniture, reveling in its softness and springy luxury, but before you have read many pages, you will feel a vague discontent stealing over you, you will fitfully start to eliminate, alter, and add to your furnishings; and your longing for spring will become more intense, that you may start out on the road of the Collector, leading through the tiny hamlet, the secluded farm, and the dusty junk shop to an early eighteenth century house. This feeling will probably pass with the realization that we can't all have cosy white cottages in which men like Daniel Webster roomed while in college and which we may furnish so that he himself might step into it and feel no strangeness on his return into a modern world. But whatever the feeling of our house may be, we can be sure that it pervades throughout, that everything harmonizes and combines to produce one effect, and in her book the author gives many valuable hints as to what must be considered to achieve success. Location, size, color, and arrangement of the room, and a sense of what furniture may or may not be used together, all are necessary details, and as you follow the mistress of the Next-To-Nothing-House on a tour of inspection, you see by her vivid descriptions and alluring photographs how altogether charming will be the result. You will undoubtedly choose your favorite room, as I did, selecting much to my surprise, the kitchen. It seems to me the greatest of all achievements in furnishing to make a kitchen

attractive, but how could anyone help but adore this "unsterilized" colorful room which, in spite of antique pottery and stenciled chairs, is convenient and modern in culinary equipment. The most menial tasks must lose a distastefulness when performed in a kitchen with the air of "spiced cookies" or a pan of "gingerbread."

This eighteenth century house is entirely livable, and it is one of the fascinations of the book to see how cleverly the modern additions may be installed to blend with the dignified simplicity of past generations and not detract from the "fourposter" atmosphere.

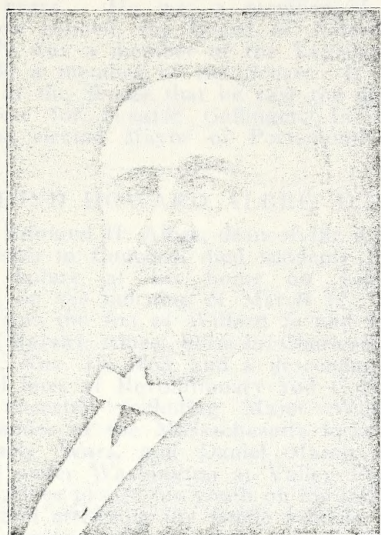
To all lovers of antiques I recommend this book, to all interested in making their homes the most delightful of places I strongly advise it, and to those not included in either class, if there be any such, I urge its perusal because of the pleasure received from acquaintance with the personality of the author. Whether or not she can overwhelm your protests that eighteenth century furniture is not comfortable by awakening the artistic in you to a point which will disregard downy divans and by explaining how comfort and art may be combined, you will enjoy her friendly manner, her amusing recital of her problems, her cordiality, lightheartedness, and charm,—the charm with which are offered her bits of philosophy and her wish that her friends may have "everything they desire—almost," leaving always something for anticipation.

It is wonderful to know all we read is true, that these are real people living in a real house whose old green door will open to us at the lift of the brass knocker and reveal its lovely interior on our next visit to Hanover.





# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



JAMES W. HENDERSON

## JAMES W. HENDERSON

James William Henderson, born in Rochester, February 18, 1840, died in Dover, March 15, 1923.

He was the son of William M. and Maria (Diman) Henderson, and was educated in the schools of Rochester and Dover, to which latter city his parents removed during his early life, his last attendance being at Franklin Academy in Dover. He taught school in Rochester and Farmington in youth, and learned the printer's trade in the office of the Dover Enquirer; was engaged for some time in the Massachusetts State Printing Office and on the Boston Journal, and was subsequently employed at times in Dover printing offices.

He took an active part in political affairs in Dover, for many years, as a Democrat, and was prominent as a party leader in Strafford County, serving as a member of the State Committee. In the State Convention of 1875, he had the honor of presenting the name of Capt. Daniel Marcy of Portsmouth as the candidate for Governor, which he did in a forceful and convincing speech.

In 1877, Mr. Henderson went to St. Augustine, Florida, where he became extensively engaged in real estate operations, and also continued the study of law, which he had commenced in Dover. He was admitted to the Florida bar, and subsequently to the bar of the U. S. District and Supreme Courts. He served for some time as State's Attorney for St. Johns County, under appointment of Judge J. M. Baker.

He married, May 18, 1878, Ellen Compton, daughter of Jacob Compton of Chicago, by whom he had two sons, the first

born dying in infancy. The second—J. Compton Henderson—born July 8, 1880, educated in the public schools of Chicago, Phillips Exeter Academy and the South-western University, Jackson, Tenn., is a lawyer in Chicago, where his father was for some time associated with him, and where he had extensive real estate interests, as well as in Dover and St. Augustine, dividing his time for some years among the three places, his wife having died April 26, 1909.

For the past two years he had resided most of the time in Dover, to which city he was strongly attached. His death resulted from pneumonia, and shortly preceded the arrival of his son, who had been summoned upon his illness. Funeral services were held on Sunday March 18, in the Ricker Memorial Chapel at Pine Hill Cemetery, under the auspices of Wecohammet Lodge, I. O. O. F., of which he was a member.

James W. Henderson was indeed one of Nature's noblemen, an honest man, a faithful friend, a true American citizen, a loyal and lifelong adherent of the principles of Thomas Jefferson, the father of American Democracy.

H. H. M.

## HAROLD B. FELKER

On March 9th, Harold B. Felker, headmaster of the Meredith High School, died in Meredith as a result of an illness of pleurisy and pneumonia. Though not yet twenty-five years of age at his death, he had already become one of the leading citizens in his town, and was one of the most popular and successful headmasters the Meredith School has ever had.

He was born in Meredith, August 20, 1898. He attended the Channing and Meredith Center schools, later becoming a student at the N. H. State College, from which he graduated in 1920. While at college he was one of the most active and popular members of the student body, being president of his fraternity, captain of the track team, and member of the popular society, the Senior Skulls. After serving in the southern camp during the war, he became headmaster of the Hancock High School in 1920. In June, 1921, he was elected headmaster of the Meredith High School, and in August was married to Miss Corinne Emerson, a graduate of the Keene Normal School.

He is survived by his father, Commissioner Andrew D. Felker, his widow and a young child.

## JOHN S. BROUGHTON

Ex-Mayor John S. Broughton died in Portsmouth February 9th, at the age of ninety-two years. He was one of Ports-





mouth's oldest retired business men, having begun at the age of fifteen years as a clerk in a lumber company where he remained doing the bookkeeping for over sixty years. He was a member of the common council, the Board of Aldermen, in 1879 was a member of the Legislature, in 1880 a member of the Senate. It was while at the Senate that he cast the deciding vote for Senator Gallinger. In 1876 he was elected Mayor of Portsmouth.

#### EDMUND HOWARD ALBEE, D.D.S.

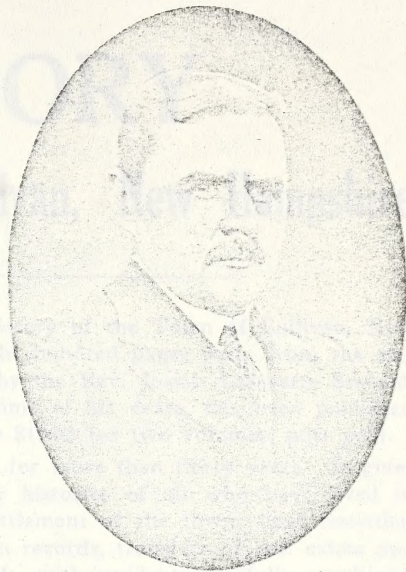
Dr. Edmund H. Albee, dean of the dental profession in Concord, died suddenly from heart failure at his home on Liberty Street, on the morning of March 12, 1923.

He was the son of Willard S. and Harriett (Marsh) Albee, born in Charlestown, N. H., Nov. 15, 1863, and a descendant in several lines of Revolutionary and Colonial War ancestry, including Major Willard, commander of the Massachusetts forces in the early Wars, and Daniel Marsh who served under Washington at Valley Forge.

Dr. Albee passed his youth on his father's farm, and attending the public schools, and early commenced the study of dentistry, pursuing the same in the office of his uncle, Dr. William Albee, at Bellows Falls, Vt., and at the Philadelphia Dental College, from which he graduated D.D.S. in 1891, immediately commencing the practice of his profession in Concord, in which he continued with great success up to the time of his last illness in January of the present year. He was devotedly attached to the work of his profession, in which he gained wide reputation as a skillful practitioner, and gave little time to the distractions of social and fraternal life. He was a member of the Concord District Association of Dentists, of which he was treasurer at the time of his decease. He was also an active member of the N. H. Dental Society, of which he was president in 1914; of the Northeastern Dental Association and of the National Dental Society. Outside his profession, the only organizations to which he belonged were the Concord Chamber of Commerce and the N. H. Society of Colonial Wars. He was a consulting surgeon of the Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital and an attendant at the South Congregational Church.

Of a modest and retiring disposition, he was little known outside the wide circle of those who had been his patients in the long period of his practice, which exceeded that of any Concord dentist now living, and by large numbers of whom he was held in high personal regard as a man and a friend; while he was generally esteemed as a public spirited citizen.

Dr. Albee was united in marriage, December 9, 1891, with Miss Lois Hurd of Newport, by whom he is survived; also by a daughter, Harriett Isabella, born February 18, 1903, now a student at Simmons



DR. EDMUND H. ALBEE

College. He also leaves a sister, Harriett Hosmer Albee, pastor of the Congregational Church at West Stewartstown, who, by the way, was named for the noted female sculptor, a cousin of Dr. Albee's mother.

On the occasion of the last rites in memory of the deceased, all the dental offices in the city were closed and the members of the profession attended in a body, the bearers being selected from their number.

—H. H. M.

#### SARAH HUNT CLOUGH

Mrs. Sarah Hunt Clough, wife of Alderman Albert C. Clough, died on March 16th, at her home in Manchester, as a result of illness from pneumonia. Mrs. Clough was active in a number of women's organizations throughout the city, graduating from Smith College in 1895. She taught at the Manchester High School until her marriage. Three daughters survive her, Elizabeth, Mary, and Constance.

#### LIZZIE A. DANFORTH

Mrs. Lizzie A. Danforth, wife of representative William P. Danforth, died in Concord on March 2nd. Besides her husband, she is survived by her sister, Mrs. Kate Smith of Concord.

#### CLIFFORD W. BASS

Clifford W. Bass, former well-known business man, died in Portsmouth on February 18th. He was one of the best known golfers in this state having won four times the state championship. He is survived by his widow, and two sisters, Mrs. Wilder News of Rochester, and Miss Lena Bass of Portland.





# HISTORY

## of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire

The exhaustive work entitled, "History of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire," two volumes of over eight hundred pages each, from the settlement of the town in 1777 to 1917, by the Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, D. D.; and nearly completed at the time of his death, has been published by his estate and is now on sale, price \$16.00 for two volumes, post paid.

The work has been in preparation for more than thirty years. It gives comprehensive genealogies and family histories of all who have lived in Sullivan and descendants since the settlement of the town; vital statistics, educational, cemetery, church and town records, transfers of real estate and a map delineating ranges and old roads, with residents carefully numbered, taken from actual surveys made for this work, its accuracy being unusual in a history.

At the time of the author's death in 1917, there were 1388 pages already in print and much of the manuscript for its completion already carefully prepared. The finishing and indexing has been done by Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury, a lady of much experience in genealogical work; the printing by the Sentinel Publishing Company of Keene, the binding by Robert Burlen & Son, Boston, Mass., and the work copyrighted (Sept. 22, 1921) by the estate of Dr. Seward by J. Fred Whitcomb, executor of his will.

The History is bound in dark green, full record buckram, No. 42, stamped title, in gold, on shelf back and cover with blind line on front cover. The size of the volumes are 6 by 9 inches, 2 inches thick, and they contain 6 illustrations and 40 plates.

Volume I is historical and devoted to family histories, telling in an entertaining manner from whence each settler came to Sullivan and their abodes and other facts concerning them and valuable records in minute detail.

Volume II is entirely devoted to family histories, carefully prepared and containing a vast amount of useful information for the historian, genealogist and Sullivan's sons and daughters and their descendants, now living in all parts of the country, the genealogies, in many instances, tracing the family back to the emigrant ancestor.

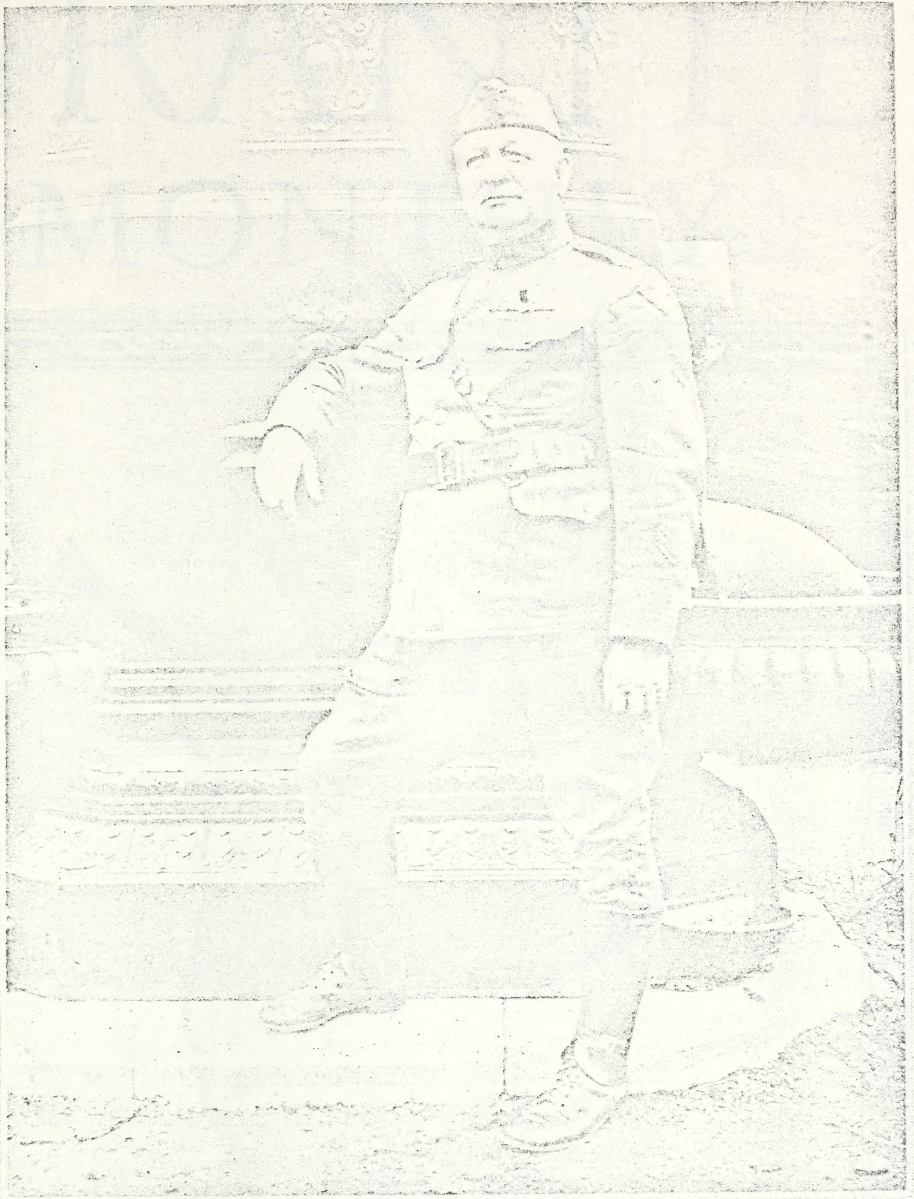
The index to the second volume alone comprises 110 pages of three columns each, containing over twenty thousand names. Reviewed by the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record and the Boston Transcript.

Sales to State Libraries, Genealogical Societies and individuals have brought to Mr. Whitcomb, the executor, unsolicited letters of appreciation of this great work. Send orders to

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45 Central Square, Keene, N H.







MAJOR CHARLES S. WALKER  
KEENE

N. H. Department Commander American Legion  
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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 55

No. 5



MAY 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### In the Legislature

THE month of April did not witness, as generally had been expected, the final adjournment of the New Hampshire Legislature of 1923. On the second day of the month the Supreme Court answered the questions submitted to it by the Legislature in regard to the constitutional limits upon taxation; saying, in effect, that the continued presence in the Constitution of the word, "proportional" which the voters refused, in March, to eliminate by amendment, makes it impossible for the Legislature to levy graduated taxes.

This decision by the court made it necessary for the Ways and Means committee of the House of Representatives to revise once more its tax reform program, which previously had suffered from the negative vote of the people on the constitutional amendment. This necessity, coupled with the further fact that the making up of the principal appropriation bills had to await action on the revenue raising measures, has been the main cause of the protracted session of the General Court; but another factor contributing much to the delay has been the evil of absenteeism, which is noticed especially when the time arrives for final action on important disputed matters, the Constitution requiring a two-thirds vote for valid action in the presence of less than

two-thirds of the total membership of the House.

The open warfare between the Republican Senate and the Democratic House continued during the month, the upper branch killing various "platform" bills sent up by the other party from the House, including the abolition of the woman's poll tax and a number of "home rule" measures. The House also decided that it was "inexpedient to legislate" as to more than a hundred proposed acts during April, prominent in this list being practically all of the new state highway lay-outs asked for from all sections. The "budget" bills came in from the House Appropriations committee at the end of the month and carry a total of a little more than six million dollars for the running expenses of the state from July 1, 1923, to July 1, 1925. The only large special appropriation to meet the approval of this committee was one for \$400,000 to make very necessary increases in the capacity of the State Hospital.

An interesting proposition making its appearance at the very end of the session was the request of officers and graduates of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts at Durham that its name be changed to the University of New Hampshire.





## Important Appointments

**D**URING the month the Supreme Court named Colonel Edwin C. Bean of Belmont as chairman of the state tax commission in place of former Governor Charles M. Floyd of Manchester, deceased. Mr. Bean has served in the State Senate and resigned as Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1915 to accept election as Secretary of State, holding the latter position until the present year. He has had agricultural, mercantile and banking, as well as official, experience.

Another appointment of the month was made by Governor Fred H. Brown and was that of Irving A. Hinkley of Lancaster as attorney general in the place of Oscar L. Young of Laconia, incumbent since 1918, term expired. The appointment of Mr. Hinkley, who is the youngest man in many years to hold the position, came as a surprise, as he has not been prominent in politics and was not one of the many Democratic lawyers mentioned in the press in connection with the place. He is a member of the prominent North Country law firm formerly headed by the late Senator Irving W. Drew and having the late Governor Chester B. Jordan and Judge George F. Morris of the federal courts among its members.

## Grand Army Encampment

**T**HE 56th annual encampment of the Department of New Hampshire, Grand Army of the Republic, was an event of April in Concord, the occasion being honored by the presence of the national commander-in-chief and other distinguished guests and the patriotic organizations affiliated with the G. A. R. holding their annual conventions with a large attendance. There are now less than 1,000 surviving members of the Grand Army in New Hampshire.

## News Notes

**D**URING the month Governor Brown issued proclamations for Fast Day, April 26, and for Arbor Day, May 11. The former holiday witnessed, as usual, the opening of the baseball season in the state and the chief annual function of the year, at Nashua, of the Scottish Rite Masons of the state, who announced their intention to proceed at once with the erection of a magnificent home for their order in the Gate City.

**F**AILED to arouse public interest in Concord in the tercentenary celebration this year of the settlement of New Hampshire led to a decision to transfer the formal literary exercises in observance of the occasion, including an oration by President Hopkins of Dartmouth College, which were to have been held at the state capital, to either Portsmouth or Dover.

**A**N interesting state report made public during the month was that of the temporary fuel administrator, Burns P. Hodgman, of Concord, who, during his brief service of two months, brought into the state 40,000 tons of coal at an administrative cost of a cent and a fourth per ton. In the detail of this remarkably successful work Mr. Hodgman had the assistance of Miss Mary A. Nawn, from the state public service commission.

**T**HE Republican Club of the legislature, at its last meeting of the session, enjoyed an address by former Governor and Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, whose New Hampshire connections are many. He took a position in strong support of President Harding's advocacy of participation by this nation in the world court.

—H. C. P.







A memorial of trees is the most beautiful of War Memorials. Then Henry J. Sweeney Auxiliary Unit of Manchester planted forty-eight Memorial trees in Stark Park last spring.

## FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

### The American Legion, a New Hampshire Asset

**T**HEY had gathered in Paris, a group of the finest men the American Army produced, for the purpose of discussing the betterment of conditions for the A. E. F. in France. Young Colonel Roosevelt was there, and Major Eric Fisher Wood, and many others whose names are well known, and as they talked one thought was uppermost in the minds of all. Very soon they and their men were to go back into private life. Gradually the bonds which held them together in such splendid fellowship would grow weaker and the vast power of co-operation which had accomplished such miracles in war would never be turned into peace channels, unless..... The alternative was the idea out of which grew the American Legion.

The meeting at the Allied Officers Club in February, 1919, was followed a

month later by a caucus at the American Club in Paris to which were summoned delegates from all branches of the army, representing all parts of the United States. And here New Hampshire Legion history begins, for Major Oscar Lagerquist of Manchester was New Hampshire representative at the conference, and Major Frank Abbott was also present. These men brought back to the United States when they came an enthusiasm for the new organization and a willingness to work hard for its success. Perhaps that is one reason why New Hampshire beat the entire United States in the matter of organizing, chartering the first state Legion organization in the country.

The first Legion meeting in New Hampshire was held at Manchester on May 5, 1919. This meeting was call-







Major Cain addressing the crowd at the Weirs. Among his distinguished hearers the photograph shows Governor A. O. Brown, General Edwards, Dr. R. O. Blood, and Lemuel Bowles, National Adjutant of Legion.

ed by Major Frank Knox for the purpose of sending delegates to the national caucus at St. Louis. Forty-seven representatives were present at that meeting, and they selected the following delegates: Major Frank Knox of Manchester, who was elected chairman of the New Hampshire State Branch Temporary Committee of the American Legion, Jeremy Waldron of Portsmouth, Walter J. Hogan of Manchester, George Fiske of Manchester, John Santos of Manchester, Arthur Trufant of Nashua, Hervey L'Hereaux of Manchester, William J. Murphy of Manchester, C. Fred Maher of Laconia, H. E. Deschenes of East Jaffrey.

The St. Louis caucus increased the enthusiasm of the delegates and, like able business men that they were, they lost no time in putting that enthusiasm to work. Before they had reached New Hampshire on their return trip, they had a plan all outlined for the organization work in the state. The Legislature

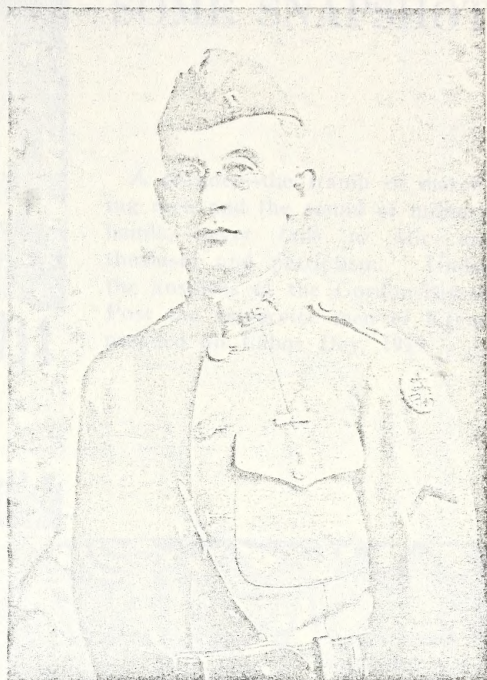
had appropriated \$10,000 for the purpose of providing a Welcome Home Celebration for the boys. Major Knox went to Governor Bartlett and asked that the money be turned over to the Legion. The Governor and Council granted the request; the Legion used part of the money for a Welcome Home Celebration at the Weirs in August; the rest of the money went for organization.

Under the able direction of Major Abbott, the organization progressed by leaps and bounds. Laconia, organizing on April 6, carried off the first charter. Then in quick succession came the Henry J. Sweeney Post of Manchester, the James E. Coffey Post of Nashua, the Gordon-Bissell Post of Keene. By the middle of August forty-two posts had been chartered with a total membership of 3,000 members.

The first state to organize, New Hampshire was also first to hold a state convention. This took place at the







Kimball

These men represent two kinds of New Hampshire Legion Post. A. Wilbur Greene (left) is commander of the post at Greenville, a small town post which is a force in community affairs. Dr. H. H. Amsden (right) commander of the Concord post, leads an equally influential city organization.

Weirs, August 26, 27, and 28, 1919; and General Clarence R. Edwards was the guest of honor. The camp ground at the Weirs has for many years been the rallying place of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association, an organization composed of veterans of the Spanish War and the Civil War. The gatherings had been losing interest of late because of the rapidly thinning ranks of the members. But now comes the American Legion, to carry on in the spirit of the old soldiers, and to continue the annual encampment, at the Weirs, "New Hampshire's School of Patriotism." It is a thought which grips the imagination.

The 1919 convention drew up constitution and by-laws, established headquarters at Concord, elected delegates for the national convention to be held at Minneapolis in November, passed resolutions favoring adjusted compensation, and elected the following permanent of-

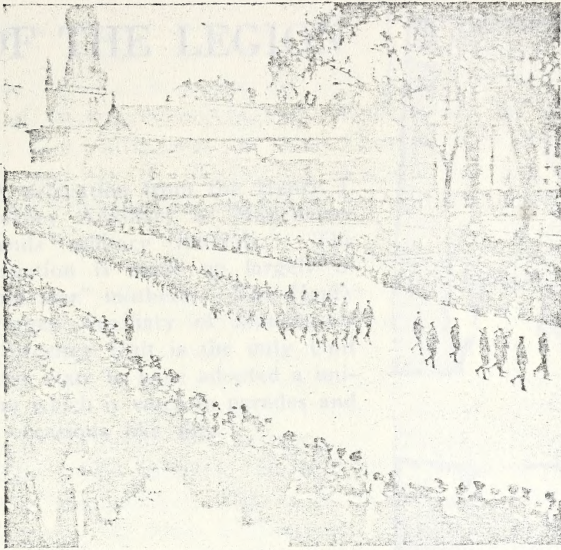
ficers: Commander, Orville E. Cain of Keene; Sr. Vice Commander, Frank A. Quigley of Wilton; Jr. Vice Commander, Alan B. Shepard of Derry; Secretary-Treasurer, Frank J. Abbott of Manchester; Quartermaster, Charles W. Buzzell of Lakeport; Sergeant-at-Arms, James P. Hartigan of Rochester; Chaplain, Rev. William H. Sweeney of Tilton.

These state conventions have been held regularly since that time. The second convention recorded 78 legion posts; in 1921 there were 80; and in 1922, 82. The officers elected in 1920 were: Commander, Reginald C. Stevenson of Exeter (re-elected); Sr. Vice Commander, Dr. Robert O. Blood of Concord; Jr. Vice Commander, Joseph Edwards of Derry; Adjutant, Frank J. Abbott of Manchester; Chaplain, Rev. William H. Sweeney of Tilton; Quartermaster, Charles W. Buzzell of Laconia; Sergeant-at-Arms, Aldo B. Garland of Mil-

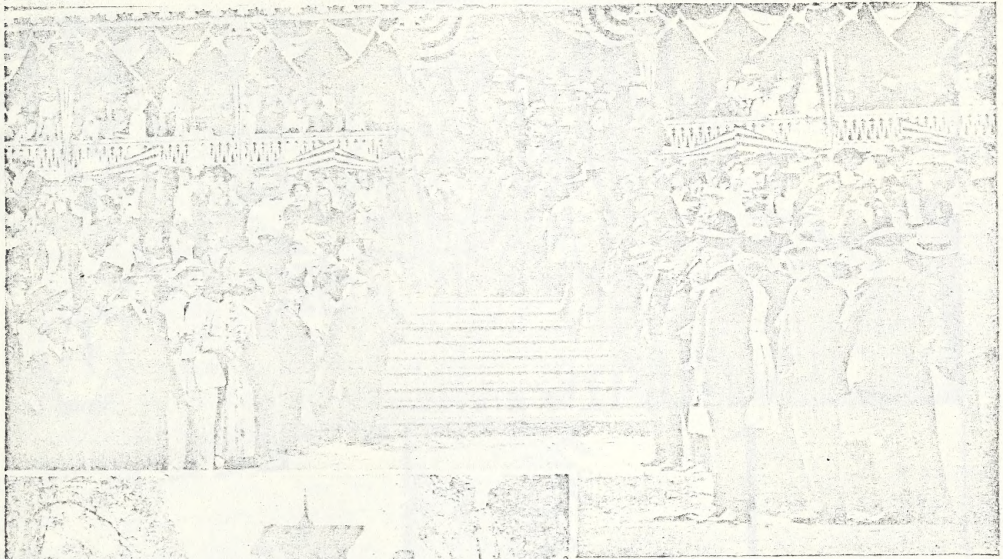




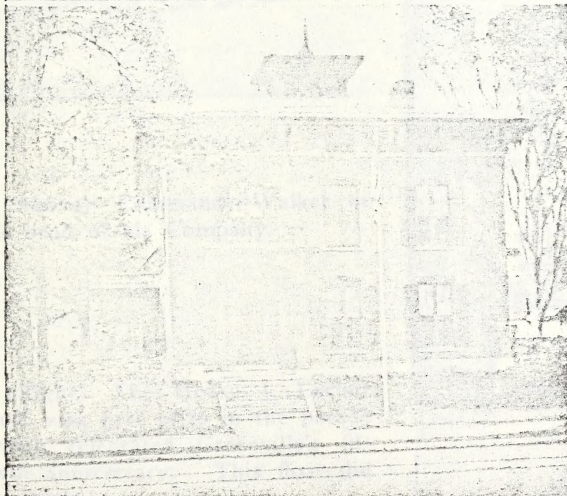
## SOME SNAPSHOTS



A parade,—the tramp of marching men and the sound of military bands,—never fails to stir enthusiasm and patriotism. Under the auspices of the Gordon-Bissell Post the ex-service men of Keene paraded on Labor Day, 1919.



(Above) The reviewing stand at the Weirs. Governor A. O. Brown stands at the center of the group.



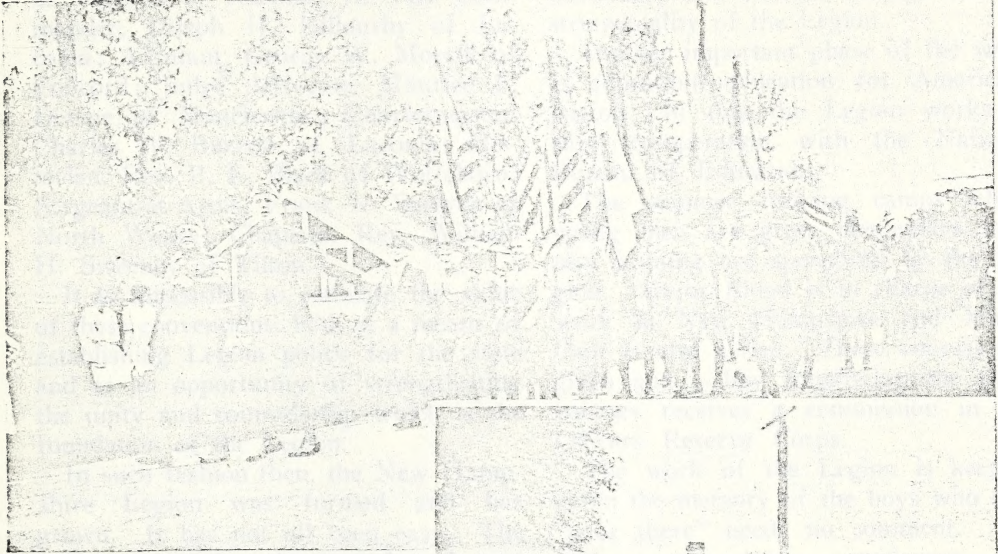
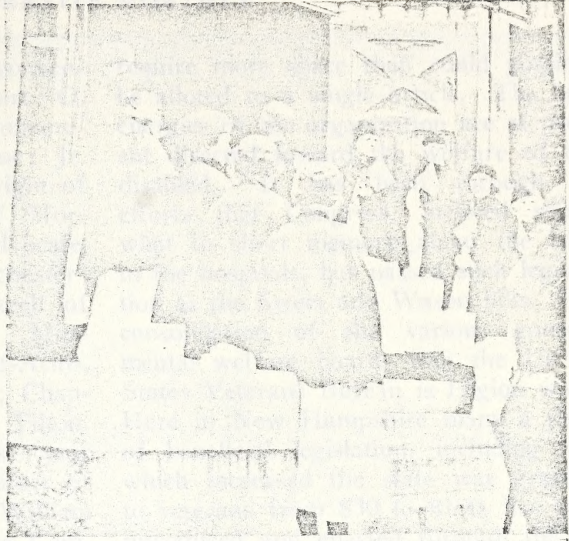
(Left) The City of Keene has been generous to the Gordon-Bissell Post, giving it not only this beautiful home but also money for its maintenance.





## OF THE LEGION

A delegation from the Henry J. Sweeney Auxiliary of Manchester attends military funerals. The delegation is made up largely of "gold star" mothers. The Henry Sweeney Auxiliary of Manchester J. Sweeney Unit is the only Unit in the state to have adopted a uniform which is worn in parades and on occasions like this.



(Above) Commander Walker at the head of his Company.

(Right) The Henry J. Leclair Post won first prize in the parade which celebrated Greenville's fiftieth anniversary. This float did the trick.







ton. Those chosen by the 1921 convention were: Commander, Robert O. Blood of Concord; Sr. Vice Commander, Charles S. Walker of Keene; Jr. Vice Commander, Neldon T. Wright of Portsmouth; Adjutant, George W. Morrill of Concord; Judge-Advocate, Maurice F. Devine of Manchester; Quartermaster, Charles W. Buzzell of Laconia; Historian, George W. Morrill of Concord; Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas S. McPolin of Wilton; Chaplain, William H. Sweeney of Tilton. The 1923 officers elected last year are: Commander, Charles S. Walker of Keene; Sr. Vice Commander, William E. Sullivan of Nashua; Jr. Vice Commander, Joseph H. Killourhy of Laconia; Adjutant, George W. Morrill of Concord; Judge Advocate, Maurice F. Devine of Manchester; Quartermaster, Charles W. Buzzell of Laconia; Historian, Rev. B. F. Black of Wolfeboro; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank N. Sawyer of North Weare; Chaplain, Rev. William H. Sweeney of Tilton.

It is impossible to estimate the value of these conventions, both as a means of establishing Legion policy for the state and as an opportunity of strengthening the unity and comradeship which is the foundation of the Legion.

In such fashion then, the New Hampshire Legion was formed and has grown. It has not all been easy. The initial spurt of enthusiasm has flagged at times; the industrial troubles of the state have taken their toll of members; and the unfortunate misunderstanding on the part of the public in regard to the bonus legislation has undoubtedly had its effect also. But the Legion is making its way. A report from national headquarters as this article is written places New Hampshire fourth in the race for the best record of increased membership. By the time the magazine is in print it may be first in the list!

To go into details about the work of the American Legion as a whole would

require more space than could possibly be allotted to a single article. The best energies of the organization are at present directed toward the welfare of the disabled. It has been through its efforts that Congress, inclined somewhat to short memory about the boys in the hospitals, has passed such legislation as the Sweet and Wason bills. The consolidation of the various governmental welfare boards into the United States Veterans Bureau is Legion work. Here in New Hampshire many a piece of beneficial legislation, including that which increased the state war gratuity to veterans from \$30 to \$100, has been introduced and enacted through the instrumentality of the Legion.

Another important phase of the work is education—education for Americanization. In this the Legion works in close co-operation with the National Bureau of Education.

The summer training camps where young men are given elementary military training are sponsored by the Legion. Major Blood is in charge of the work in New Hampshire and Major Cain is also active. Three courses are given and a boy completing the three courses receives a commission in the Officers Reserve Corps.

The work of the Legion is keeping green the memory of the boys who died "over there" needs no comment. To put more solemn significance into Memorial Day; to give the boys and girls of the country a glimpse of the real meaning of patriotism; to make them love the flag so much that they would die for it—these are among the most sacred trusts of the Legion, whether it be the great national body or a tiny post in a little village.

In the main tasks of the Legion as a whole, New Hampshire has co-operated splendidly. But that does not tell the whole story. For the measure of the value of the individual post comes in its value as a community asset. Applying the test to New Hampshire posts







A GROUP OF PROMINENT LEGIONNAIRES

Front Row: Neldon T. Wright of Portsmouth; Dr. Robert O. Blood of Concord;  
Dr. Charles S. Walker of Keene.

Back Row: Maurice J. Devine of Manchester; George W. Morrill of Concord;  
Rev. Wm. H. Sweeney of Tilton.

one is surprised and gratified at what has been accomplished; and the future looks even brighter. An unselfish organization, working for clean politics, for community welfare, giving a lift here to the boy scouts, and there to a charitable society,—what cannot such an organization accomplish?

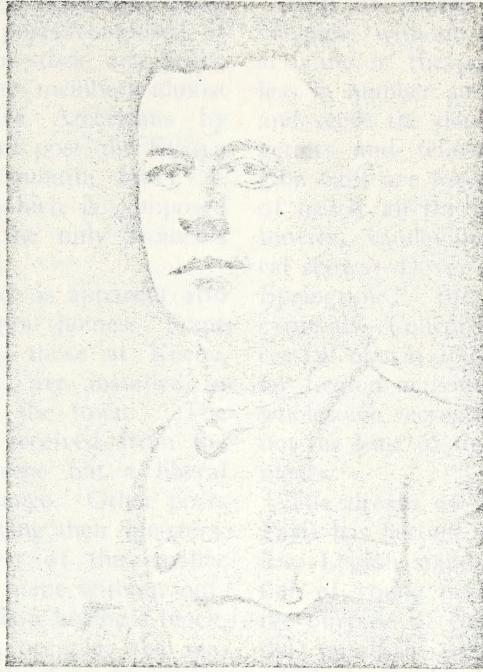
To take just a few examples: the Newport post, R. A. Shedd, Commander, presents a silver loving cup annually

in an athletic contest between the Stevens High School of Claremont and the Newport High School; the Exeter post, J. A. Tufts, Jr. Commander, recently dedicated a most beautiful war memorial designed by that distinguished son of Exeter, Daniel Chester French; the Warner post, Henry H. Hall, Commander, rendered valuable assistance in building the road on Mt. Kearsarge and built a shelter on the summit; the Green-





ville post, A. Wilbur Greene, Commander, brought to the town the moving picture, "The Man Without a Country;" the Pittsfield post, G. E. Freese, Commander, is responsible for the organization of a flourishing Chamber of Commerce; the Contoocook post, John Carr, Commander, although the youngest post in the Department, handled the advertising for the community Fourth of July Celebration last year and brought thousands of people into the town, this post also holds monthly smokers to which the men of the town are invited; the Canaan post, Dr. P. W. Wing, Commander, is actively behind the boy scouts of the town; the North Stratford post, L. E. Barnett, Commander, sponsors worth-while lectures, among them one by Donald Macmillan; the post at Woodsville, P. N. Klark, Commander, promotes athletics and provides each Christmas a dinner and party for the poor children of the town; the Milton post, C. E. Tanner, Commander, has distinguished itself by prompt action in emergencies like fires and drowning accidents; the Greeneville post, A. W. Greene, Commander, plans a series of band concerts for the town this summer; the Claremont post, J. T. Townsend, Commander, has helped stage two Safe and Sane Fourth of July Celebrations; the Wilton post, Joseph Hurley, Commander, makes its rooms a gathering place for all the men of the town who



C. F. Meacham of the Riley V. Strong Post of Littleton, commands an alert and flourishing post.

care to pay a small sum for the use of the privileges; the Berlin post, H. B. Moreau, Commander, took active part recently in the school graduation exercises of the town; the Laconia post, J. P. Pitman, Commander, raised a considerable amount of money to help the State Hospital, and was one of the first posts of the state to hold a "Dad's Night;" the Manchester post of A. Lagerquist, Commander,

held a benefit for the Children's Aid and Protective Society and is planning to bring the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Manchester for a concert this summer; the Concord post, Dr. H. H. Amsden, Commander, holds each year on the Sunday just preceding Armistice Day, an impressive memorial service to which all the town is invited. One could go on indefinitely, for there is not a post in the state but has in one way or another rendered community service.

The posts of New Hampshire are a varied group. There are city posts like those in Manchester and Nashua and posts numbering only a handful of men in a small village, like the post at Barnstead which is doing splendid work. There are rich posts—until recently the Gordon-Bissell post of Keene, Arthur Olsen, Commander, held that title without dispute; now it is contested by the James E. Coffey Post of Nashua, L. A. Desclos, Commander, which has just received a generous bequest—and there



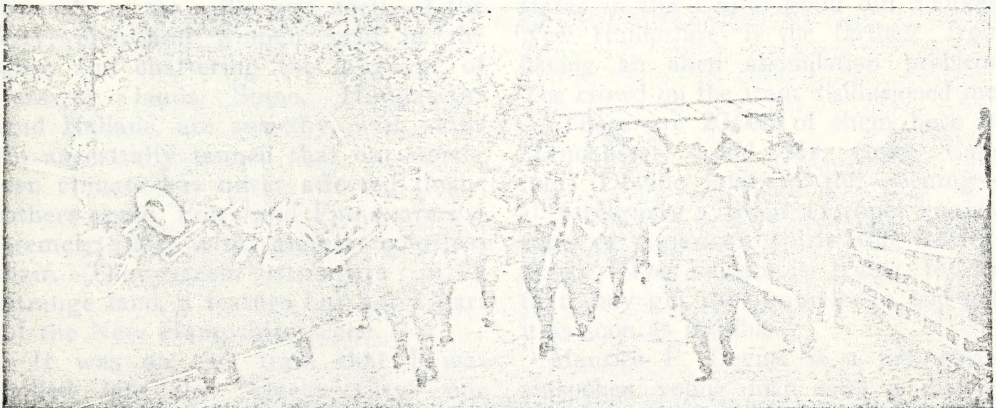


are posts which just scramble along pluckily. There are posts composed of nearly 100% American stock, and posts, equally patriotic, whose members almost without exception are Americans by adoption. There is one post, the Evelyn Petrie Post of Portsmouth, Mary A. Kilroy Commander, which is composed entirely of women, the only women's post in New England.

The same divergence is apparent also in the matter of Legion homes. Some of the posts, notably those at Keene, Littleton and Exeter, are installed in quarters provided by the town. The Keene post, in fact, received from the town not only its home but a liberal provision for maintenance. Other posts have succeeded in buying their quarters. Suncook was the first of the smaller posts to buy its own home without outside assistance. This is a business block, of which the Legion occupies the second floor and rents the first for stores and offices. A similar plan has been followed by the Tilton post. The home of the Sweeney Post in Manchester is the envy of posts throughout the state. Nearly every post which does not own its meeting place is ambitious to do so. This aim looms large in the plans of the posts at Ashland and Greenville and Penacook.

And of course no article would be complete without mention of the social activities of the posts. They are countless in number and unlimited in variety, and serve the double purpose of money getters and fellowship promoters. Legion balls are listed among the activities of nearly all the posts; minstrel shows, movies, vaudeville, theatricals, musical shows—Dover's production of "Miss Springtime," for instance—fairs and carnivals—Concord put on a very successful one in 1920—these are all popular Legion activities. The supplying of wholesome recreation may be counted as not the least of the Legion's accomplishments.

The dream of those army officers in Paris has become a reality. The American Legion stands to-day, an organization of young men banded together for the purpose of carrying over into peace the unselfish patriotism and idealism which inspired them to war service. Definitely non-partisan and non-political, it has yet upon its shoulders a responsibility greater than that of any party in the country. The movements which the American Legion supports are bound to succeed; the policies of government which win its disapproval are foredoomed to failure. How is this stupendous influence going to be used?



On the March







MAURICE F. DEVINE

By his own admission he can make a speech on any subject at any time.

## THE LEGION: MAKER OF AMERICANS

### An Interview With the Man In Charge

ON the train arriving in Manchester at 5:30 (if it is on time) one has for a very brief portion of the trip a horde of strange traveling companions. They are operatives from the mills just north of the city, men and women, clad in the garb and chattering the language of faraway lands. Some, Hungarians and Italians, are swarthy, with skins so ancestrally tanned that our northern climate has never affected them; others again, Poles and Finns, are extremely fair with almost colorless hair. They seem strangers in a strange land, a feature but not a part of the New Hampshire scene.

It was on this train that I was rolled into the "Queen City" one bleak evening of last March, and the experience served as a good introduction to my meeting with Maurice F.

Devine, the head of the Legion's Americanization work in the state. I had come to Manchester to interview Mr. Devine with more or less levity, for surely, I had believed, of all the states in the Union good old Yankee New Hampshire is the farthest from having an alien assimilation problem. The crowd on the train disillusioned me.

"There are 20,000 of them here in Manchester," said Mr. (once Captain) Devine later in the evening—all foreigners without a proper knowledge of American spirit and institutions. The Legion is trying to see that they get that knowledge and get it as soon as possible."

Maurice F. Devine is a tall, pleasant-spoken young man with a distinct gift of self-expression. As he flows along, his captivated listener is compelled to admire the wisdom of the







The Camp at the Weirs has been called New Hampshire's School of Patriotism

men who chose him for the leadership in the educational work of the Legion.

"It has been widely and wrongly understood," continued the young lawyer, "that the Legion is the enemy of our foreign-born population, because of its stand on immigration and the foreign language press. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Legion has, and always has had, the best interests of the alien at heart.

"But the trouble is that the foreigner, even he who has settled in America permanently, has not become American either in character or citizenship. He has lived in colonies of his own, speaking his own language, reading his own newspapers, bringing up his children, not as Americans, but as Russians, Germans, Poles, as the case may be. He has felt himself not an American but a stranger in a hostile country, and has proved irresponsible, ready for any trouble or

disorder, ready to believe any anti-American propaganda.

"And yet all this is not the fault of the foreigner so much as it is that of the native-born American who has neglected his education, left him to look after himself (after working hours), and then expected him to absorb, mysteriously, from the air perhaps, the essence and spirit of Americanism. The Legion is out to alter that.

"We want to curtail the foreign language press because it gives the alien worker here a foreign viewpoint on life. It is easier for him to read, and consequently he prefers it to the American papers. He reads every day, let us say, 'The Albanian News.' Every editorial begins 'We Albanians.' Everything on the front page concerns the doings of Albanians in Boston, in Ossining, in Turkey. The impressionable child grows up with the idea, 'I am an Albanian,' instead of 'I am an American,' and the harm is done. We can never have





a harmonious, contented country while it is populated by forty different self-conscious races.

"We want to stop immigration altogether for five years and were back of the present limitations on immigration, because among other things the steady human stream flowing from the other side prevents aliens already here from becoming Americanized.

"We believe that more ceremony, greater dignity, should be attached to the assumption of citizenship by the foreign born. The average foreigner who becomes a citizen, acquires his citizenship in a very perfunctory manner, a few words are said to him and, Presto! he is an American citizen! He cannot take very seriously something given away so lightly and casually.

"We want naturalization tests and ceremonies that will mean something. We want the naturalized alien to be really fit for citizenship, and we want him to be proud of it. More, we want one hundred per cent naturalization among foreigners resident in this country. 'Naturalization Weeks' in December, campaigns of education and appeals similar to the Liberty Loan drives, have proved a great success in many communities throughout the land.

"We are against propaganda preaching forcible supervision of the American government, as we are opposed to everything contrary to the ancient ideals of the nation.

"We wish to keep the flag flying over every school in the country, because it means a lot to us and we want it to mean a lot to every school child, whether of

American or foreign-born parents. And we wish to make the study of the United States Constitution compulsory in every school of every grade.

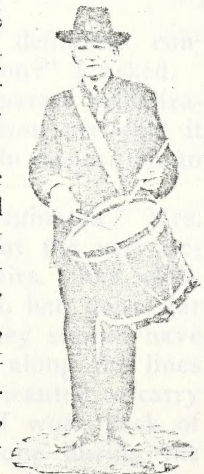
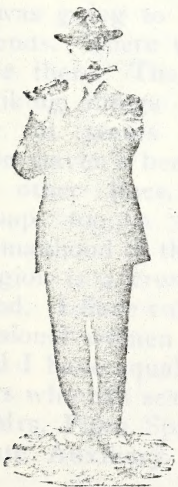
"We want to maintain the idealized view of American history in the elementary schools because we believe that to the very young a noble tradition is more important than exact facts. We want our children to look back upon the nation's founders as heroes, because we want to give them models to look and live up to. That about explains our stand on this much discussed question of school history books.

"As to the Legion's practical Americanization work in this Department," here Mr. Devine blushed modestly and apologetically, but without cause. "Of course we have been handicapped by lack of funds and available workers. But we are steadily spreading our Americanism propaganda. We are giving illustrated lectures on Americanism throughout the state. We are trying to co-operate with the public schools and all the organizations in the state which are interested in this work.

"Finally, we have introduced into the Legislature a bill providing for the compulsory teaching of the Constitution of the United States in every school in the state.

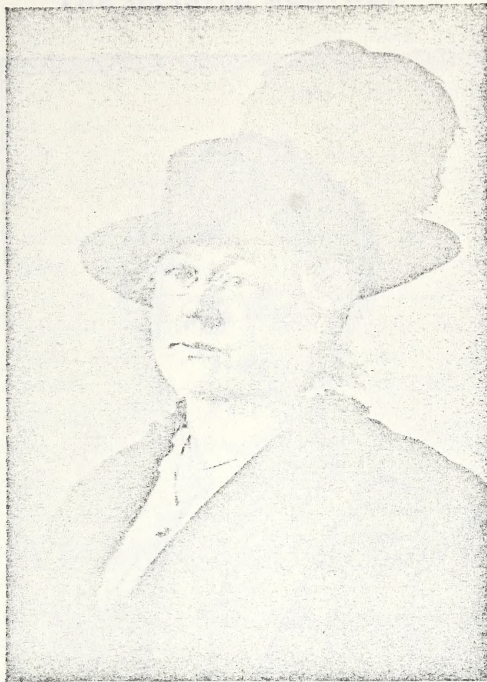
"Is there anything more I can tell you? Have I said anything you can use in your GRANITE MONTHLY article?"

And we, when we suddenly remembered we were speaking with the Judge Advocate of the New Hampshire Legion, were about to shout appreciatively at Mr. Maurice J. Devine, "You've said a mouthful!"









MRS. FLORA L. SPAULDING  
President of the New Hampshire Department American Legion Auxiliary and National Vice-President.

## BEHIND THE LINES

### The American Legion Auxiliary at Work

**I** had been so active in various branches of Woman's Club work that I half expected, when I went out to the first conference of the Auxiliary in 1919, that I was going to find a lot of my old friends. There was hardly a familiar face there. That's one of the most striking things about this work to me. It seems to get the women who haven't been particularly active in other lines. It's a democratic group, too, a cross-section of the womanhood of the country just as the Legion is a cross-section of its manhood. I have college women and professional women among my workers; and I have equally enthusiastic members who can scarcely speak English."

Mrs. Flora Spaulding, President of State Auxiliary and Vice President

of the National organization, is so full of enthusiasm for the work of the American Legion Auxiliary that she carries her interviewer along with her to a vivid realization of the significance of this work.

"Is the Auxiliary definitely connected with the Legion?" I asked.

"It's an entirely separate organization, but its constitution prevents it from taking a stand in opposition to the Legion, of course.

"The movement originated," Mrs. Spaulding went on, "at the very beginning of Legion affairs. The women's organizations who had done war work believed that they should have authority to organize along the lines of the Legion. They wanted to carry into peace the sort of work back of the lines they had done during the





war. They applied to the temporary National Organization at St. Louis; the matter was referred to a committee and favorably reported to the convention at Minneapolis, which authorized the formation of the organization. At that time there were 1342 units of American Legion Auxiliary, with 11,000 members. When the first Auxiliary Convention was held at Kansas City in 1921, the numbers had increased to 3,653 units and 131,000 members. And last year at New Orleans reports showed 5,375 units and 190,635 members, including units in Mexico, Alaska, Panama, France and Cuba as well as in the United States."

Mrs. Spaulding smiled: "That gives you some idea of the way the work has progressed.

"As for our work in New Hampshire. It has been largely hospitalization work up to this time. They say that the peak of war disability won't be reached until about 1927. And it is so easy to forget what the boys suffered. The Auxiliary has to be constantly watchful. We aim that not a single New Hampshire boy in a hospital anywhere from Maine to Mexico shall be without some one to look out for him in a friendly way—send him remembrances at Christ-



DR. ZATAE L. STRAW

National Committee Woman for New Hampshire: President of the Henry J. Sweeney Auxiliary Unit of Manchester: Daughter of a doctor, and a doctor herself. "There were eight of us in my immediate family practising medicine at one time," she says. And that does not include her younger daughter who is also on the way to becoming a doctor.

mas, write to him and things like that. Some units have been very generous in adopting these boys.

"Last year the units in New Hampshire raised and spent \$10,000 on relief work.

"Another thing the Auxiliary has done is to provide outlets for the products of soldiers in the vocational schools. The government teaches the men handwork but does not provide the mechanism for turning that handwork into money. Last year at the New England store in Boston \$36,000 was turned back to the boys who had

sent their handwork there to be sold.

"Then there is the work we do in Americanization. Keeping the flag flying over our schoolhouses, introducing simple but effective ceremonies to be used in the naturalization of citizens, teaching the etiquette of the flag, encouraging the teaching of English in night schools. You see, quite aside from the part which each unit plays in its own community, we have enough to do to keep us busy.

"We don't think the Legion could get along without us now. They tell us so at any rate. And we are hoping that the time will come when there isn't a single 'bachelor post' in New Hampshire. We have fifty-two units now and there are about eighty posts, so you see it isn't an impossi-





ble aim. It can be done."

"But the work must keep you most fearfully busy," I said.

In answer Mrs. Spaulding took me into her "office," a little room bearing all the earmarks of an executive sanctum.

"The woman who cleaned here the other day," said Mrs. Spaulding, "sniffed at that pile of papers to be filed and said; 'You shuah must get paid handsome for all dat wuhk!' She couldn't understand why any one should bother with it otherwise!

I have here complete card catalogue records of all the New Hampshire units. My successor is going to find no loose ends or tangled threads if I can help it."

And as we left the house we had added to our original impression of Mrs. Spaulding as a charming woman an admiration for her as a competent, efficient executive, who has given to her Legion Auxiliary work, as only her friends fully understand, more of her strength than she had to expend.

## WHAT AUXILIARY UNITS DO

### In Their Own Communities

**H**APPY is the Legion Post which has its Auxiliary. Out of the capacious pockets of the unit, as from the inexhaustible bag of the Swiss Family Robinson, come so many of the things which help the Legion that a bachelor post is at an inevitable disadvantage. The Auxiliary units are fairy godmothers to the posts; for instance, the Newport unit waved its wand and forthwith there were piano and whist tables for the post rooms; by a similar magic the units at Peterboro, Berlin, Derry, Concord, East Jaffrey and many other places helped by furnishings and flags and funds to make the Legion headquarters livable and pleasant.

Another activity, also of the fairy godmother type, is directed toward individuals rather than whole posts,—the "adopting" of ex-service men in hospitals. The units at Alstead, Wilton, Antrim, Lisbon, Manchester (Manchester Unit), and Dover are among those which have taken under their particular care lonely boys and have made their hospital days happier by letters, little remem-

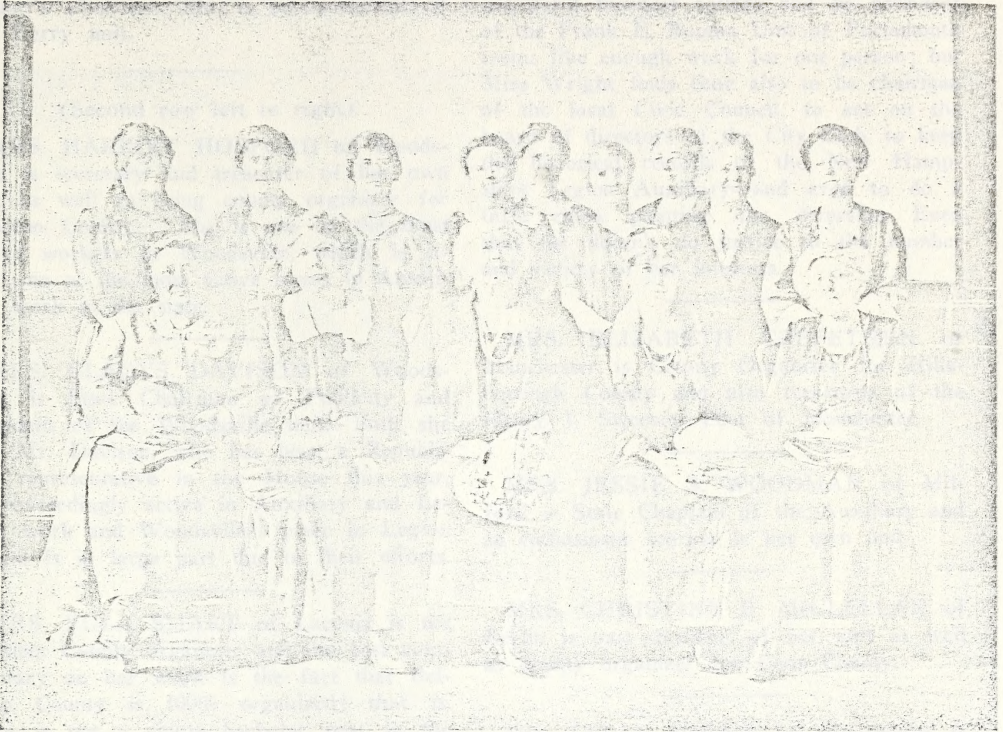
brances and friendly good cheer.

When a Legion Post proposes a good work the Auxiliary is first to contribute, and oftentimes it seems that the women are more successfully resourceful in the matter of raising money than the men. When the Milford post recently voted to equip a playground, the unit immediately voted \$50 toward that purpose, and that incident is repeated many times in every town. The methods of raising money are many: socials, suppers, whist parties, dancing parties, food sales, tag days, poppy drives, etc., have all been tried successfully. Dramatics have formed an important part of the activity of many posts, notably Antrim, Newport, Londonderry, Dover, Lisbon and Peterborough.

And perhaps all would agree that the relief work carried on by the units is of the most lasting importance. Fuel, food, Christmas baskets, toys for the children—these have all been dispensed through units, and the encouragement and good cheer which they have given cannot be measured.







## STATE EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY

### A Group of Leaders in Auxiliary Work

(Front row left to right)

MRS. ABBIE JONES of Concord is Merrimack County Organizer and State Chairman of Americanism, one of the most important branches of work which the Auxiliary is doing.

MRS. GERTRUDE E. HAWLEY of Manchester, State Secretary, combines with her work for the Legion Auxiliary a successful business of her own. She is active in the D. A. R., the Ruth Chapter of the Eastern Star, the Business and Professional Woman's Club, and many other kinds of club work. She was one of the delegates to the last National Auxiliary Convention.

MRS. FLORA L. SPAULDING of Manchester, State President and National Vice President says, "The one thing I really can do in this world is to cook." But her many

public activities prove that, though cooking may be one of her most valued accomplishments, it is by no means the only one. The Manchester Unit of Manchester recently showed its appreciation of her work by giving a party in her honor.

MRS. ALMA D. JACKSON of Woodsville handles the funds for the Department as State Treasurer. It requires a competent person to do this, for a good deal of money goes through the Department's hands in the course of a year. Mrs. Jackson is equal to the job, and she manages to find time also to take part in the many activities of her own town.

MRS. EMMA ABBOTT of Derry represents Rockingham County, a county which is one of three in the state to be 100% organized. That in itself tells the story of Mrs.





Abbott's efficiency. She is past-president of the Derry unit.

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(Second row left to right)

MRS. HARRIET HOSFORD of Woodsville is secretary and treasurer of her own unit as well as being county organizer for Grafton County. She is one of the most active workers in Woodsville, which is itself one of the most active towns in Auxiliary work in the state.

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MRS. GLADYS DAVISON of Woodsville is State Chairman of Publicity and president of the Woodsville unit. Both she and Mr. Davison, who has been a Republican representative in the House this year, are exceedingly active in Auxiliary and Legion work and Woodsville's place in Legion affairs is in large part due to their efforts.

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MRS. EULA SMART of Laconia is the Belknap County organizer and the best commentary on her work is the fact that Belknap County is 100% organized; that is, there is not a single bachelor post in the county.

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MRS. NELLIE F. BAGLEY of Newport is also a representative of a 100% county—Sullivan County. Mrs. Bagley is one of the business women on the board and her work for the Auxiliary is doubly commendable because of the many other demands on her time and energy.

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MISS CHARLOTTE E. WRIGHT of Portsmouth is State Historian. To run a

successful business college and be president of the Frank E. Booma Unit of Portsmouth seems like enough work for one person; but Miss Wright finds time also to be chairman of the local Civic Council, to act on the board of directors of the City Club, to keep the historical records of the New Hampshire Legion Auxiliary—and even to do a little china painting for diversion. Even that list doesn't do justice to the number and variety of her interests.

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MRS. ELIZABETH TREFETHEN of Manchester is County Organizer for Hillsborough County and also treasurer of the Henry J. Sweeney Post of Manchester.

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MRS. JESSIE S. WOODMAN of Milford is State Chaplain of the Auxiliary and an enthusiastic worker in her own unit.

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MRS. CHRISTINE B. McCLELLAN of Berlin is past-president of her unit as well as county organizer for Coos County.

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DR. ZATAE STRAW of Manchester is National Committee Woman for New Hampshire and President of the Henry J. Sweeney Unit of Manchester.

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Two members of the Board not included in this picture are MRS. EULA H. BUCKLEY of Dover, State Vice President of the Auxiliary and Chairman of Hospitalization, which is, of course, the most important kind of work which the Auxiliary undertakes at present; and MRS. JENNIE F. WELLMAN of Keene, organizer for Cheshire County.

## ONE HUNDRED PER CENT POSTS

### Of the New Hampshire Legion

The following American Legion Posts of New Hampshire have already enrolled for 1923 all the members enrolled in their respective posts during past years:

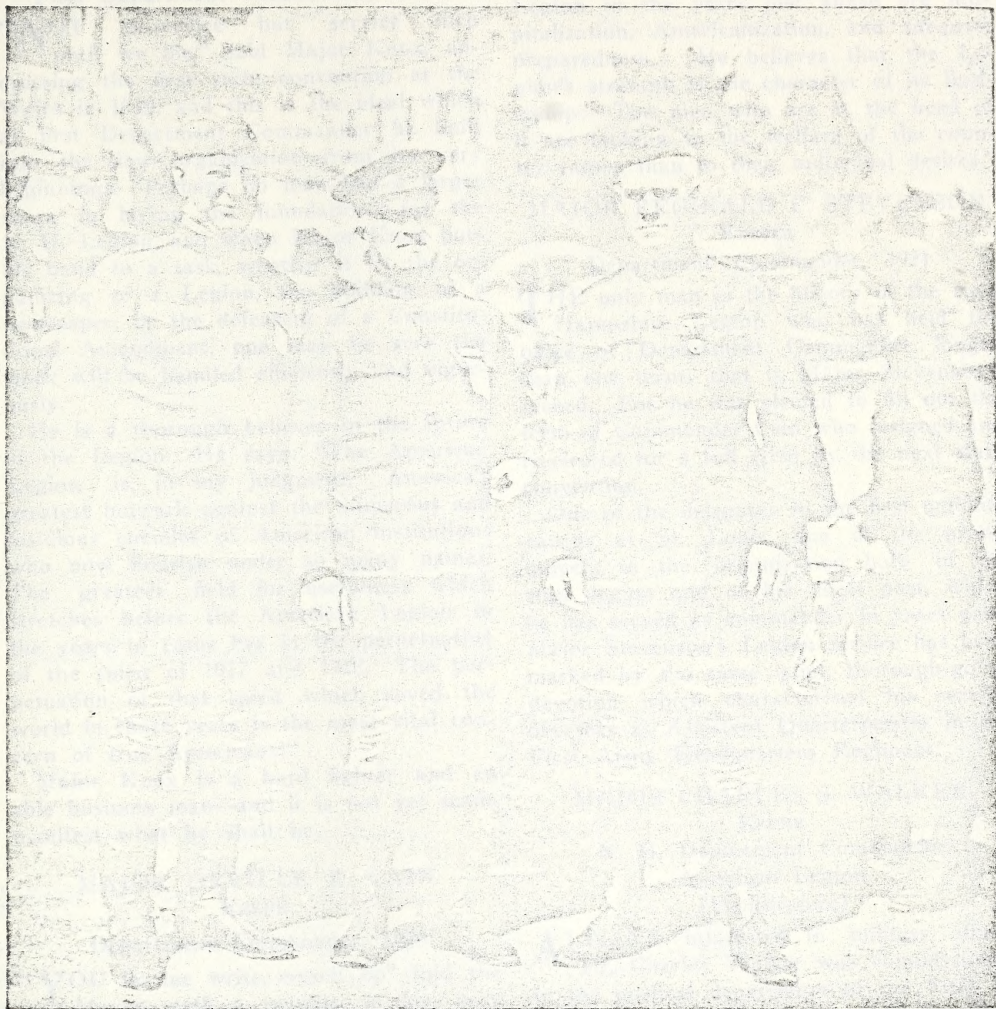
Nashua, Rochester, Ashland, Suncook,

Warner, New London, Winchester, Hinsdale, Troy, Alstead, Farmington, Salem, Enfield, Brookline, Henniker, Manchester (Manchester Post), Canaan, Tilton, Newmarket. The others are fast coming into line.





# A PORTRAIT GALLERY OF LEGIONNAIRES



THE THREE FIRST COMMANDERS OF THE DEPARTMENT: KNOX, CAIN AND STEVENSON

*"For God and Country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes:*

*"To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the great war; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."*

—Preamble to American Legion Constitution.





## MAJOR FRANK KNOX

MANCHESTER

First Department Commander, 1919.

"NOT ex-service but service men until we die," said Major Knox, addressing the first state convention at the Weirs in 1919, and this is the ideal which as first Department Commander he built into the new organization from its very beginnings. Perhaps no man had a larger share in laying the foundations for the N. H. Legion, and when Major Knox puts his hand to a task, whether it be the organizing of a Legion, the building of a newspaper, or the defeating of a Constitutional Amendment, one may be sure the work will be handled efficiently and vigorously.

He is a thorough believer in the future of the Legion. He says: "The American Legion is, in my judgment, America's greatest bulwark against the numerous and insidious enemies of American institutions who now flourish under so many names. The greatest field for usefulness which stretches before the American Legion in the years to come lies in the perpetuation of the spirit of 1917 and 1918. The perpetuation of that spirit which saved the world in those years is the most vital concern of true Americans!"

Major Knox is a hard fighter and an able business man—and it is not yet made manifest what he shall be.

## MAJOR ORVILLE E. CAIN

KEENE

Department Commander, 1920

"YOU let me write myself up" said the Mayor with a twinkle in his grey eyes "I'd say—'Went to France in 1918; back in 1919. Glad to be home!'" But this *veni-vidi-vici* type of account leaves too much unsaid. We venture to fill in a few of the gaps.

Major O. E. Cain, Mayor of Keene and past Commander of the Department of New Hampshire, is a real old soldier with a record which goes back to 1900 and includes service on the Mexican border as well as in France. New Hampshire Department Commander in 1920, he had much to do with shaping the policies of the new organization; and as member of the National Executive Committee was active in pushing through Congress the Sweet and

Wason bills securing compensation for the disabled veterans.

He believes that the chief tasks of the Legion in the years just ahead are hospitalization, Americanization, and adequate preparedness. He believes that the Legion's strength is the character of its leadership: "The men who are at the head of it are looking to the welfare of the country rather than to their individual desires."

## MAJOR REGINALD C. STEVENSON

EXETER

Department Commander, 1921

THE only man in the history of the New Hampshire Legion who has held the office of Department Commander longer than one term: that is Major Stevenson's record. For he was elected to fill out the term of Commander Cain who resigned and re-elected for a full term by the next state convention.

One of the delegates to the first national caucus at St. Louis, one of the prime movers in the organization both of the state legion and of his local post, which he has served as commander in years past, Major Stevenson's Legion service has been marked by the same quiet, thorough-going devotion which characterized his service overseas as Assistant Quartermaster in the First Army Headquarters Regiment.

## MAJOR CHARLES S. WALKER

KEENE

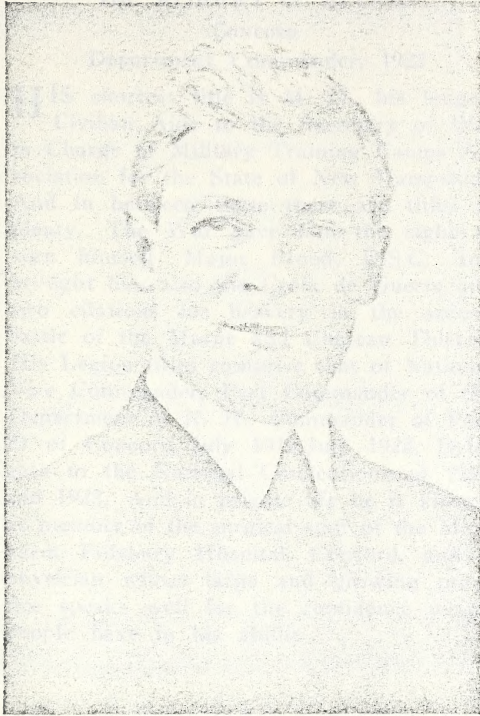
N. H. Department Commander  
American Legion  
(Frontispiece)

ALWAYS interested in military affairs Dr. Charles Walker was commissioned in the medical department of the First N. H. Infantry in 1911, served on the Mexican Border in 1916, and in the World War was commanding officer of the Medical Supply Unit of the 26th Division. He organized the Gordon-Bissell Post at Keene and was its first commander, the man largely responsible for the efficiency and business-like manner in which the post is run.

"The American Legion," he says "is destined to be the one organization in the United States that stands for Americanization and insists that the foreign-born shall be able to read and write the American language. This is to be accomplished through our schools and is nation-wide in its scope."







MAJOR FRANK ABBOTT  
MANCHESTER

Department Adjutant, 1919-21.

"OH, I had just come home from strenuous service with the 103rd Field Artillery and my health was sort of smashed up and I had to have something to play with, that's all!" Thus Major Frank Abbott, first Department Adjutant, describes the trifling task of organizing the New Hampshire Legion. Of the 81 posts in New Hampshire, Major Abbott had a finger in the organization of not less than 76. He was on hand when the Legion started, attended the Paris meeting and the first caucus at St. Louis, and helped put the new organization on its feet.

"And then I had to get busy and earn some money for my family," says the Major. But although his duties as Transportation Manager for the Amoskeag do not leave him much time for outside interests, he is still loyal for the Legion. "The young brains of the country," is the way he describes it.

MAJOR JOSEPH KILLOURHY  
LACONIA

FROM one end of New Hampshire—of New England in fact—he was known as "The little man with the big voice," and his good humor, buoyancy and absolute squareness won friends for him wherever he went, whether he was fighting at St. Mihiel and the Argonne, or acting as member of the Governor's staff, or occupying that most difficult of all diplomatic posts, that of referee at an athletic contest or umpire at a ball game.

There has been in New Hampshire no man with such a grip on the hearts of his fellow Legionnaires, and when Major Killourhy was killed in an automobile accident last October, his death was mourned not only by Post No. 1 of Laconia, which he had served as Commander for three years, but by every Legion man in New Hampshire.





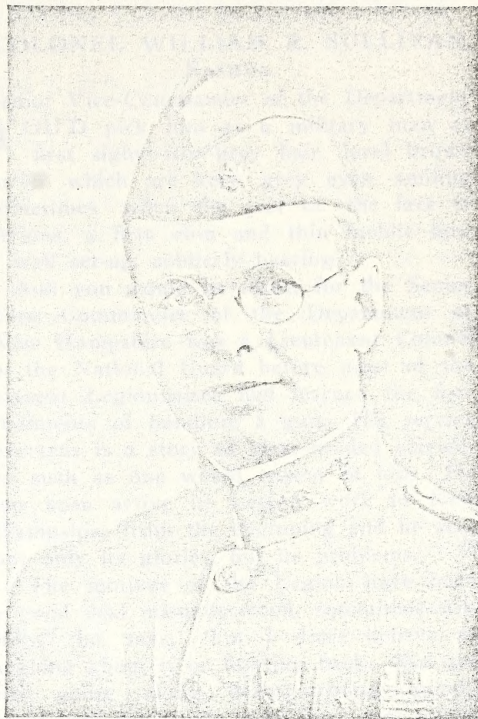


## DR. ROBERT O. BLOOD

CONCORD

Department Commander, 1922

**H**IS shortest title is M. D., his longest Civilian Aide to the Secretary of War in Charge of Military Training Camps Association for the State of New Hampshire. And in between these there are titles aplenty. The War gave him the right to sign himself Major Blood, D.S.C. and brought him also the Croix de Guerre and two citations for bravery in the second battle of the Marne and Chateau Thierry. His Legion titles comprise that of National Vice Commander, Past Commander of the Department of N. H., Commander of Post 21 of Concord July 1919-July 1922, Delegate to the National Conventions of 1921 and 1922. And in private life he is known as member of the surgical staff of the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Concord, and a physician whose large and growing practice speaks well for the confidence which people have in his ability.



Kimball



## MAJOR GEORGE MORRILL

CONCORD

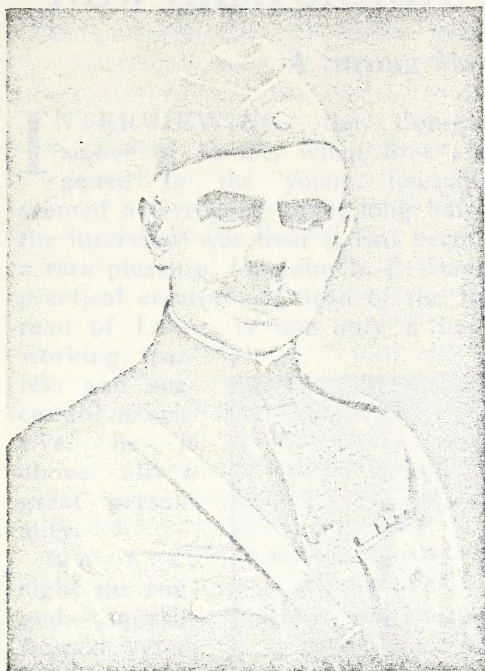
Department Adjutant

**"G**IVE me those 2,000 members, this year, I lie awake nights thinking about them." That is the way Major George Morrill accepted his re-election as Department Adjutant last August, and his speech points out the fact that he is a hard worker for the good of the Legion in New Hampshire. To him belongs much of the credit for New Hampshire's standing in the membership contest being held by the national organization: latest reports place this state fourth in the race.

Major Morrill has been a member of the National Guard since 1907. He served on the Mexican border, and during the World War was Captain in a quartermaster corps. He was elected Department Adjutant in 1921 to succeed Major Abbott, and was re-elected in 1922.







MAJOR OSCAR LAGERQUIST  
MANCHESTER

"YOU'VE done a D— good job, and I'm going to do something for you!" Thus, General Edwards to Captain Lagerquist, Q. M. C. when he had accomplished what no man in the American army had ever accomplished before—the feeding of a full division of 27,000 men and 7,000 animals on a road march—And that is how he comes to be Major Lagerquist.

To-day he sits quietly in an insurance office, but one notices the crisp incisive manner of the soldier of General Edwards' staff who considered the provisioning of 40,000 men as all in the day's work.

He was the first Legionnaire of the state, having been detailed to attend the Paris caucus. And when the Manchester Post of Manchester was founded in 1919 he was unanimously chosen Commander, an office which he still holds.

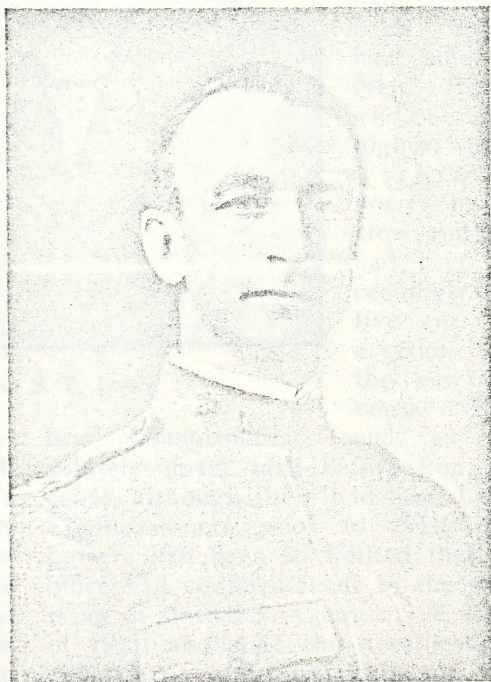
"It is my belief," he says, "that the Legion will be increasingly a force and factor in cleaning up politics and driving out the elements which are trying to destroy our government."

COLONEL WILLIAM E. SULLIVAN  
NASHUA

Senior Vice-Commander of the Department  
**YOU'D** pick him as a military man at first sight—iron-grey hair, level brows under which are keen grey eyes, smiling sometimes when the rest of the face is serious, a firm chin and thin mobile lips, a well set-up, soldierly bearing.

And you would be right; for the Senior Vice Commander of the Department of New Hampshire was a Lieutenant Colonel in the National Guard before most of the present Legionnaires had learned the first rudiments of handling a gun. His service overseas is a story of clear-headed efficiency such as one would expect of him. He has been active in Legion work in New Hampshire from the beginning and he sees not only its glories, but its problems.

"The motives of the Legion have been a good deal misunderstood, sometimes wilfully," he says, "but I don't believe in arguing about it or fighting back. We are just going along demonstrating quietly what we are really out for; and public opinion will take care of itself. It always does."







# NEW HAMPSHIRE'S LABOR COMMISSIONER

## A Strong Man and a Big Job

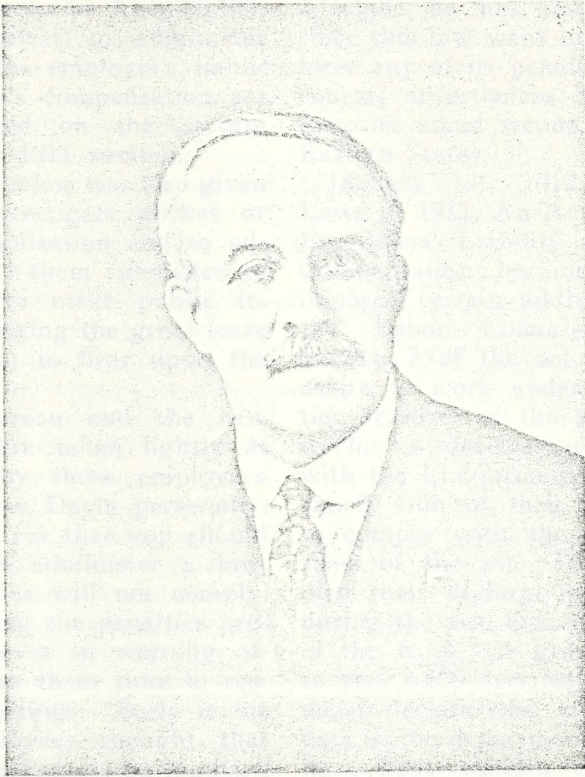
**I**NTERVIEWING the Commissioner of Labor, when first suggested to the young journalist, seemed a terrifying task; long before the interview was over it had become a rare pleasure, for John S. B. Davie, practical creator and head of the Bureau of Labor, is not only a hard-working, fearless and successful executive, he is above all a great personality.

On first sight the rugged, square-framed veteran of the State House seems an "Iron Man," and it is with a sensation of poetic justice that one learns he was indeed an iron moulder and President of the New Hampshire Federation of Labor when appointed to his present position in 1911, by Governor Bass. But something more than the sheer strength which speaks in every line of Davie's face and frame has kept him at his post throughout several changes in administrations and something more than mere fighting ability has enabled him to make innumerable friends and settle countless disputes. John Davie, hard-headed, hard-mus-

cled Scotchman is a graduate and past master of the school of hard knocks, and has learned to understand men and their squabbles; but in no school has he ever had to learn the brand of "human kindness" which he claims is the key to all labor troubles, and which has

made him so generally liked throughout the state.

When Governor Bass, in 1911, sought a staunch and yet practical labor man to head the newly-formed Bureau of Labor, he called upon Davie, who had received from organized labor in New Hampshire the highest office within its power to bestow, and who had been exceedingly active in the creation of the new Bureau. The



John S. B. Davie

new Commissioner found an absolutely novel task before him, because, although there had been Labor Commissioners prior to 1911, their powers had been so limited that the office had confined itself to the gathering of statistics. Chapter 198, Laws of 1911, abolished this toothless old department and substituted a very different sort of State Bureau.





The Commissioner was given power to visit the manufacturing, mechanical and mercantile establishments of the State, at any time, to see that the laws relating to the employment of help were complied with and that reasonable sanitary and hygienic conditions were maintained.

The Bureau of Labor was given the power to compel the observance of the prescribed number of hours of labor (then fifty-eight, now fifty-four, and perhaps to be forty-eight). It was given power to administer certain parts of the employers' liability and workmen's compensation act which was placed on the statute books during the 1911 session.

The Bureau of Labor was also given the power to investigate strikes or lockouts upon application and to adjust them or have them submitted to arbitration and to make public its findings, thus bringing the great force of Public Opinion to bear upon the offending party.

The young Bureau and the new Commissioner were taken lightly at first, especially by those employers who did not know Davie personally.

Mr. Davie believes that you should first endeavor to administer a law, then, if the parties will not comply, enforce it, inflicting the penalties prescribed. He believes in warning offenders and giving them time to rectify their shortcomings. Early in his term some employees thought that this was a sign of laxness on his part, and that Davie was an easy-going man, a mere placeholder who neither barked nor bit, whose warnings could be disregarded with impunity. They were soon set right on that point.

Manufacturers soon found that the Commissioner was clothed with some authority, for early in his work he was obliged, by the attitude of four or five employers, to hail them into court and inflict the penalties prescribed in the laws they were violating. Some of these cases were con-

cerned with hours of labor. Since those days Davie has never been forced to call upon the courts to back him up.

A practical mechanic himself, Davie is administering the factory inspection law with a true understanding of the worker's needs and yet a sense of what is and what is not practicable for the employer. Owing to the fine co-operation of employers and employees of the state as a whole he has not been obliged, since this law went into effect, to enforce any of its penalties through the courts; nevertheless New Hampshire factories stand second to none in the Eastern States.

January 1st, 1912, Chapter 163, Laws of 1911, An Act in Relation to Employers' Liability and Workmen's Compensation became effective and imposed certain additional duties on the Labor Commissioner. Under Section 3 of the act employers who desire to work under the compensation features of the act are required to file a declaration of acceptance with the Commissioner of Labor and satisfy him of their financial ability to comply with the succeeding sections of the act. Twelve employers filed their declarations of acceptance during the two first years. This part of the work has grown from twelve to over 4,600 declarations. This scant dozen declarations, with all the other data of the department was filed away in a little wooden case which was then the whole "files" of the Bureau of Labor. Today two big office rooms on the third floor of the State House are lined with steel filing cases. Commissioner Davie, with justifiable pride, preserves the little old cabinet which once housed all the Bureau's papers, and displays it to visitors as a symbol of the Bureau's growth.

The man, by his firmness and independence, has made some enemies. Some of the more extreme labor leaders thought that, as a former work-





ing man, Davie would be with labor right or wrong in all industrial disputes, and they have sometimes been disgruntled by his fairness and impartiality. Some high-handed employers, accustomed to doing things their own way without check or interference did not like some of the rulings made by the Commissioner, but the great sane majority, both of employers and employees, has learned to respect and like him.

Davie is a practical idealist; practical through experience, an idealist in his faith in human nature and the Golden Rule. He believes with all his soul in the common interest of capital and labor, and has no sympathy either for the shirker or the slave-driver. He believes in the closest co-operation of the workers and the employer to the mutual benefit of both. His judgment in industrial crises has been absolutely disinterested and motivated only by a love of fair play. These qualities have made him a respected and much called upon mediator in threatened and actual strikes and lockouts. To use the words of the Commissioner,

"Under the provisions of Section 4, of the act which re-organized the Bureau, the Commissioner of Labor upon application is authorized to act as mediator between an employer and employees on questions relating to wages or conditions of employment in any establishment where ten or more people are employed. Regardless of the provisions of this statute we are confronted from time to time with controversies which might possibly have been avoided had both parties in our industrial life used the provisions of the act for settling affairs of this kind. The commissioner is authorized to render a decision in such controversies within five days after the completion of the hearing, copies of which are sent to both parties and one kept on file in the Bureau of Labor.

The act further provides that in any case where the parties fail to agree through the efforts of the Commissioner, he shall endeavor to secure the consent of both parties in writing to submit their differences to the State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration. Our State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration is composed of one employer, one member of organized labor, and one who represents the public. The decision of said Board is final and binding on both parties for six months or until sixty days after either party has given the other notice in writing that they will not be bound by the same.

An appropriation is provided whereby the members of this board receive compensation only while they are actually engaged in the adjustment of controversies between employers and employees.

Employers and workers of the State of New Hampshire should proceed under the provisions of this act before resorting to a strike or lock-out.

The intent and purpose of that part of the law which provides for taking up any difference that may arise relating to conditions of employment or rates of wages is, in so far as possible, to eliminate from our industrial life the strike or lockout as a means to settle such differences.

The strike or lockout is not the proper way to settle controversies between employers and employees. Both parties in our industrial life should realize that trying to settle a dispute by a strike or lockout is always unsatisfactory and unnecessarily expensive to both sides. The general public, although primarily not directly involved in a controversy, is bound to suffer when such a controversy continues for any great length of time.

"With such a law on our statute books let us all strive to the end that New Hampshire will be an example





to all other states in the elimination of the strike and lockout as a means to settle an industrial dispute."

During Commissioner Davie's administration ninety-two of these industrial disputes have been brought to his office for adjustment. Forty-nine of these were amicably settled through the Commissioner himself, eight by the State Board, nine through other agencies, seven between the parties, sixteen were lost by the operatives, one company went out of business and two are still pending. Think of it! Ninety-two great controversies, which caused large financial losses to both capital and labor, nearly all of which were brought to a conclusion through the advise and impartial work of one man. Add to the above, eleven conferences held before the Commissioner which resulted in an adjustment of the differences without resorting to the strike or lockout and it rounds out a remarkable record in this line of endeavor.

By his honesty and efficiency Davie has saved scores of lives and great sums of money. He has averted tie-ups which would have caused enormous inconvenience to the people of New Hampshire, the consumers. But the State, believing that a good man can never have too many tasks to attend to, laid another on his shoulders in 1917 by establishing a State Free Employment Office, free alike to the man wanting a job and the employer wanting a man. Not only was the Commissioner henceforth to see that there was fair play to the working man, that he worked under decent conditions and for humane hours; but he was to supervise the bringing together of employers and unemployed, to become the great State Job Finder.

Davie smiled his mellow smile and went to his increased task. He is ever willing to serve more fully, and work well; he has been brought up

on it. He made as fine a success of employment as he already had of compensation, inspection and arbitration. During the World War the United States Government, through Federal Director Clarence E. Carr of the United States Public Service Reserve, came to Commissioner Davie with a request for 1,698 men for emergency shipbuilding, New Hampshire's quota. Through the co-operation of the State Free Employment Service with the Federal Director there were enrolled 2,500 men, 1,600 of these men were placed on emergency work at no expense to the Federal Government and at a cost to the State of less than a dollar a man.

In the years since the establishment of the State Free Employment Office over two thousand positions have been filled, but the Commissioner is not satisfied. He would like to see the employment service extended to meet the full needs of the State, but for that purpose larger appropriations and Federal co-operation would be required. There is a constant drift of labor from one state to another, and unless free employment service is provided throughout the country, New Hampshire's Employment Office would be swamped by all New England's unemployed. Nevertheless one can easily see the enormous saving, to both worker and employer, by the co-operation of all of the states and the Federal Government in perfecting some method of clearance.

On first entering the office of Commissioner Davie, I made a great error. "This Department, I understand," said I, "is a sort of buffer between capital and labor." The Commissioner, being a modest and courteous man, assented with a nod, as he crammed his well-colored old pipe with tobacco shaved off a plug, but certainly the Bureau of Labor is something much more than a buffer between classes in New Hampshire.





It is a connecting and guiding link as well as a lubricator, a link of intelligence and honest understanding of both parties. It is a source of guidance toward the common end: prosperity of all classes. Davie sees clearly and works to keep both horses pulling together and headed right. He uses the gentle pull of Reason and the cutting whip of Law and Public Opinion on one and the other without discrimination. He hates and discourages equally the employees who talk of "smashing things up" and the owners who speak of "starving them into submission." In short, he has tried to make the Bureau of Labor a vital and beneficent factor in the industrial life of New Hampshire.

However, a great deal remains to be done in labor work here, and Davie and ex-Governor Bass, two prime movers in the re-organization of the Bureau, would like to see the splendid work accomplished during the past eleven years under this law continued. The workmen's compensation law, the first in the East, has become a little antiquated and needs revising to meet present day living conditions. There should also be a section board to administer the law.

The scope of the Employment Service, as has been pointed out, should be enlarged when conditions in surrounding states make such enlargement practicable. Above all there should be more use made of the Bureau's arbitration facilities before and not after strikes have begun. In all directions the work of the Labor Bureau can and will be expanded during the next ten years, and its natural growth should be fully as great as that of the past decade.

Of all the important and varied tasks that he has accomplished since the beginning of his term, Davie takes greatest pride in his factory inspection work, and considers it one of the most vital. He began this work

in 1911, without a single assistant, and alone, sandwiching in trips of inspection between periods of office work. That year he visited 300 large factories and brought about a great many improvements in hygienic conditions and a great increase in safety devices. For six years he continued this "lone wolf" type of work, defending the lives and health of New Hampshire's industrial laborers practically single-handed. In 1917 the legislature passed a law providing for the safety and health of employees in factories, mills and workshops authorizing the employment of two inspectors to assist Davie in his factory inspection work. Ever since the Bureau of Labor has annually visited over 900 factories, improving the safety and hygienic conditions of more than 80,000 people.

In 1921 the law was amended to include mercantile establishments and a woman inspector was added to the Commissioner's staff, who was assigned by Davie to inspect the stores and restaurants of the state and see that the shop girl got as decent working conditions as her sisters in the factories. This woman inspector visited approximately 700 establishments last year, which brings the total of working places under the Labor Bureau's inspection to about 1,600. The inspection branch of Commissioner Davie's office, you see, has grown almost as much as the compensation work since he was appointed eleven years ago.

The thing about this tremendously important part of his function which pleases Davie, however, is not its mere extent; it is its efficiency. Insurance men say that New Hampshire factories are as a whole the safest in the East, and such is Davie's personality that he has achieved this result without a single costly legal fight. In neighboring states the factory inspection laws have caused more long-drawn-out, expensive litigation





than any other portion of the labor code. Davie modestly attributes his success to the intelligence and willingness to co-operate of New Hampshire employers and employees, but I do not think I shall give them cause of offence if I say that the same man could have obtained the same results anywhere. Commissioner Davie is eminently fair to both parties in this as in other phases of his work; and the knowledge that he demands only what is just, and will not take one tittle less than he demands, has largely influenced the stand of employers on his recommendations.

Davie believes that healthy, contented employes are a firm's greatest asset, and that therefore employers should be only too glad to do their utmost for improved working conditions. Like a certain famous Dartmouth College professor he believes that co-operation is the keynote of the universe, and that it contains the solution of almost all our problems. He firmly professes belief in the common interest of laborer, employer and consumer, and works for the one good of all. Combining this fine, optimistic doctrine with an aggressive personality he has made some enemies, a great many friends, and above everything a great practical and tangible success in his work.

Under him the Bureau of Labor has grown from the infant descendant of a political loafer's job, to a strong young giant, influencing for the better the entire industrial growth of the state. Davie started with one assistant; now he has six under him. But through it all he has remained the same quiet, unassuming and hard-working man.

He is heart and soul, head over heels, engrossed in his job, and his great desire is that his work as Commissioner of Labor of the State has been to lay a foundation upon which permanent friendly industrial relations can be established between em-

ployers and employees of the state. When finally his service for the State is completed, if, through his efforts, he has been a factor in making conditions just a little better, he will consider that his service for the State has been worth while. He knows life and his job and never becomes irritated over unjust criticism.

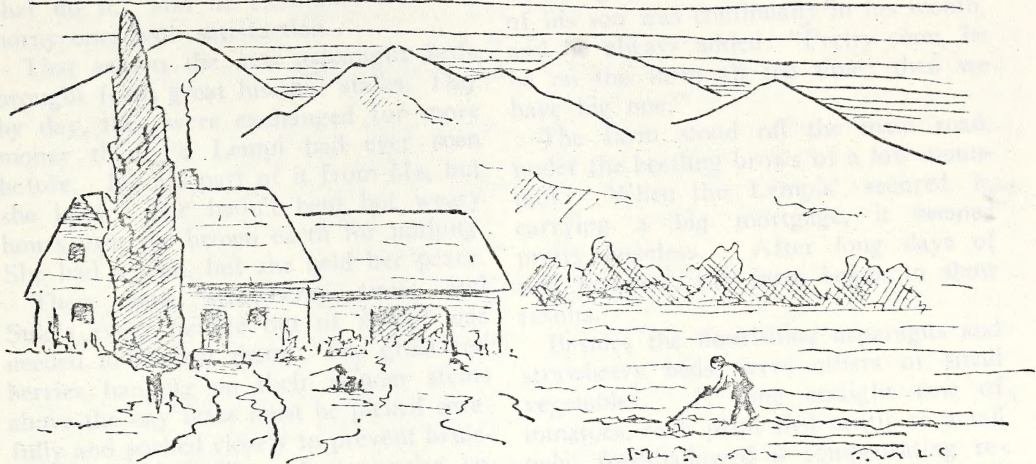
The writer believes from the above record that the present Commissioner is the type of man New Hampshire or any other State can ill afford to lose from her service.

For many years the Bureau of Labor of New Hampshire has been known nationally. The Twentieth Annual Convention of the Association of Officials of Bureaus of Labor Statistics of America was held at Concord, N. H., July 12-16, 1904. The Bureau has always been a member of a national association, although the association has changed its name by the amalgamation of the National Association of Factory Inspectors and the Association of Officials of Bureaus of Labor Statistics of America, it now being known as the Association of Governmental Labor Officials of the United States and Canada. The department is well known throughout the country and Canada. Mr. Davie has always held important committee assignments in the national conventions and has, during his term of office, with the exception of two years, been a member of the executive board which is composed of the officers elected at the annual convention. The New Hampshire Commissioner at the present time holds the office of First Vice-President of the National Association, which, to the writer's mind, is a distinct honor to the State.

The Bureau is also a member of the International Association of Public Employment Services and, through the Commissioner, has always taken an active part in conventions of this national association. —A. J. L.







## THEIR SON

### A Story of Americanization

BY BERTHA COMINS ELY

THEY both idolized the boy. No uncertainty, that. But how differently!

Ma Lempi's prideful eyes softened, noticing the new library book on the kitchen shelf. Not so Pa Lempi's. His flashed in anger. His mouth grew hard and ugly, while his shoulders set defiantly. Longer and harder farm tasks he gave the boy; but somehow they got done. Ma Lempi saw to that.

Each morning she was Sulo's alarm clock, for how could he hear one, making the figures every night, long after Pa Lempi loudly slept!

Every night, she cautiously rose on an elbow lest she disturb her slumbering spouse, and peered fondly through the partly opened kitchen door at Sulo's head, bent under the lamp. She sank back content, after that glimpse, a madonna smile making her face beautiful.

The matter of shoes was difficult. It taxed Ma Lempi's ingenuity repeatedly. Pa Lempi usually went without. So

did Ma—then, why couldn't their son?

"What's good 'nough for us, 's good 'nough for him. You make him no good," Pa Lempi would fling at her.

But Ma Lempi was a mother first and a wife afterward. She knew a thing or two, a woman's intuition, that.

He should have socks too, if possible! she thought.

Sulo objected. "You shan't go without for me, Ma," he said.

He was troubled about his mother's leathery feet hardly distinguishable in the fresh earth, where she stood, an asparagus knife in her hand.

"I am shod like a queen, my Sulo. Didn't you bring 100 on the card, this week!" she replied, her ample unconfined bosom shaking with knowing mirth. They understood each other, those two.

Pa Lempi's gruff voice interrupted the little confidence: "I'll be glad when you get the age, sixteen; not long from now. A day's work you can do then."

A frightened glance swiftly swept Ma





Lempi's wooden face, but unseeing Pa Lempi continued: "The books! What good are they? It's the strong hands that do it," and he examined his own horny ones with satisfaction.

That season the new asparagus beds brought forth great luscious stalks. Day by day, they were exchanged for more money than Pa Lempi had ever seen before. He hid part of it from Ma, but she knew. She hadn't bent hot weary hours over the brown earth for nothing. She had a plan, but she held her peace.

Then came strawberry time, and Sulo's every minute out of school was needed to harvest them. The great red berries hanging on their slender stems above the hay litter must be picked carefully and packed closely to prevent bruising. They brought a better price so. Pa Lempi knew Sulo picked faster, packed better, than he. He gloated over it. "We'll have bigger farm," he said, "when you help all the time."

Sulo smiled, "The more I study, the better I can make it," he answered.

"Books don't know. It's work that tells ye," Pa Lempi retorted, unconvinced.

Money was being quickly stowed away for the bigger farm. A fine apple crop was anticipated, when the promising fruit stopped growing. It appeared blighted. Pa Lempi couldn't understand it. He had sprayed as others had. He talked with his neighbors. He became alarmed, and pointed out the condition to Sulo.

Sulo, now a senior in the near-by Academy was hoping to go to the State Agricultural College. He had heard it talked about at school. He had studied the catalogue and longing filled his soul. One time he brought a catalogue home, and explained it to his mother. Pa Lempi sensed mischief, when he saw their two heads together.

"What now!" he thought, and later, he found the catalogue and burned it. He took matters in hand after that and hid unfamiliar books that Sulo brought home.

"The boy is mad!" he exclaimed.

But to his neighbors met at the corner store; to his friends encountered in bartering; at church or meetings, praise of his son was continually in his mouth, and he always added: "Pretty soon, he be on the farm all the time; then we have big one."

The farm stood off the main road, under the beetling brows of a low mountain. When the Lempis' secured it, carrying a big mortgage, it seemed pretty hopeless. After long days of toil, however, the farm began to show results.

Besides the flourishing asparagus and strawberry beds, were others of small vegetables. A long straight row of tomatoes, each plant tied neatly to a tall pole, foreshadowed a compensating return. Corn and potatoes covered several acres. Among the hardy brakes and sweet fern, two cows kept the struggling grass down.

Mornings, summer and winter, Sulo saw the sun rise while doing the chores. Later in the day, he trudged three miles to school. Always, at the crest of the mountain, before taking the other side at a trot, he looked back on the farm nestled in the valley. Always, he glowed with resolve, that he would help make it the best farm possible. He knew he could learn how, if his father would give him time.

The blight in the apple orchard troubled Sulo. He told his Professor about it. "Why not write to Washington?" he suggested.

Sulo didn't understand, but began to hope.

The Professor helped him write the letter, explaining the condition in the orchard. Sulo said nothing about it at home, not even to his mother. After that, every day he hopefully took the mail from the oblong tin box at the crossroad, when it held the flag signal erect. At last came the expected letter. It described the enemy and explained how to exterminate it.

Oblivious to all about him, studying





the letter's contents, Sulo was startled by his father's heavy hand descending in wrath on his shoulder.

"At the books! When the farm is going to ruin! You care not, my God!"

Sulo lurched, but regained his feet and warded off the second blow, just in time. Meeting his father's anger with a smile, he said:

"See here. We have it from Washington. We can save the crop."

Pa Lempi listened unbelieving, while Sulo explained; then slowly his face lighted with hope. He grabbed Sulo by the arm hurrying him out of the door and across the gardens. They broke into a run nearing the orchard. Breathless, they hunted for the offending slug. Sulo was the first to discover one, then Pa Lempi held another between his fingers.

"We'll kill 'em; now we know," he yelled excitedly.

Ma Lempi, curious, had followed closely behind and heard Pa Lempi.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "The school! It helps."

Pa Lempi nodded his head in assent, thoughtfully.

Ma Lempi gave her son a wink of understanding; then trudged back to her waiting tasks.

A few days before the end of school, Pa Lempi took from the R. F. D. box at the crossroad a square envelope. He handled it gingerly; wiped his earth-stained hands on his overalls and opened it.

The contents meant nothing to him, until he discovered Sulo's name. His face glowed. He laid the envelope on the kitchen table.

Ma Lempi coming from the field to prepare dinner, saw it. She too discovered Sulo's name and joy filled her heart.

When their son returned from school, he explained that he had gained honors and was to speak on graduation day.

From that time, a slow but subtle change took place in Pa Lempi.

He drove with Ma Lempi to the city,

miles away, losing willingly a precious day during hay time. He produced a roll of bills and pointed to a shoe shop. Not much was said. It wasn't their way, but she understood and shop after shop they entered together.

Graduation Day arrived at last. Sulo was already seated in the row of honor students on the platform, when he spied his father and mother enter the hall. She was resplendent in a summer silk, and hat with flowers; he, in a fine new suit. Timidly, they found seats near the front.

Unaccustomed to the gayly dressed audience; awed by the beautiful laurel and rose decorations, stirred by the orchestra, their one outstanding joy was a consciousness of Sulo, seated self-possessed on the platform.

When Sulo advanced to the front of the platform and stood under the rose arch and began to read his essay: "Some Finnish Customs," Pa and Ma Lempi were unmindful of their surroundings, transplanted to the land of their birth. They nodded understandingly to Sulo who seemed to be talking directly to them. Could it be their son, who stood in such honor before them!

Then came the conclusion: "Though the customs of the old country are deeply cherished; still, here in America are others of equal value, and great opportunities await those who have the desire and determination to grasp them. Success awaits those having the right spirit, and nothing really stands in their way.....I wish especially to thank my teachers and schoolmates, who have been such a wonderful help to me."

Amid the genuine applause that followed, none was more enthusiastic than Pa or Ma Lempi's. They nodded to each other. They smiled openly at their son, who sat modestly in his place.

Sulo's heart stopped going like a trip hammer, and glowed thankfully. Suddenly, he realized how young and happy his mother looked and that his father's vigorous clapping meant approval and consent.





# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, as suddenly as the thought struck him, when he and a friend of his, who long ago described it to me, were hunting for a lost poem together: "I should like to have an anthology of the one-poem poets!"—in sympathy with which fugitive wish the poems to be published under this heading from month to month

have been selected, though it is not presumed their authors have not, in some cases, written other poems which to some tastes are of equal or perhaps even greater merit. It is probable that some at least of the poems here published will be collected later in book form. Suggestions will be welcome.

A. J.

## BEDOUIN SONG

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

From the Desert I come to thee  
 On a stallion shod with fire;  
 And all the winds are left behind  
 In the speed of my desire.  
 Under thy window I stand,  
 And the midnight hears my cry:  
 I love thee, I love but thee,  
 With a love that shall not die  
     *Till the sun grows cold,*  
     *And the stars are old,*  
     *And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!*

Look from thy window and see  
 My passion and my pain;  
 I lie on the sands below,  
 And I faint in thy disdain.  
 Let the night-winds touch thy brow  
 With the heat of my burning sigh,  
 And melt thee to hear the vow  
 Of a love that shall not die  
     *Till the sun grows cold,*  
     *And the stars are old,*  
     *And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!*

My steps are nightly driven,  
 By the fever in my breast,  
 To hear from thy lattice breathed  
 The word that shall give me rest.  
 Open the door of thy heart,  
 And open thy chamber door,  
 And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
 The love that shall fade no more  
     *Till the sun grows cold,*  
     *And the stars are old,*  
     *And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!*





## LOVE AND TIME

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

The frost may form apace,  
The roses pine away:  
If Lyce's lover see her face  
Then is the summer's day.

A word of hers, a breath,  
And lo! his heart shall seem  
To peer far down where life and death  
Stir like a forded stream.

O Time beyond avail  
That hast with Love to bear  
Till thy last eve dance down the gale  
With no star in her hair:

Spirit of outgrown fear,  
Dethroned but undestroyed,  
How bitter yet for thee to hear  
(Cast under in the void)—

Love wake the solar chime!  
Love turn the wheel of Night!  
Thou art so little, ashen Time,  
In Love's eternal might.

## IN THE BOOK THAT YOU HAVE READ

BY SOPHIE JEWETT

I need no pencilled margin line;  
By subtler emphasis,  
Page after page, I can divine  
Your thought of that and this.

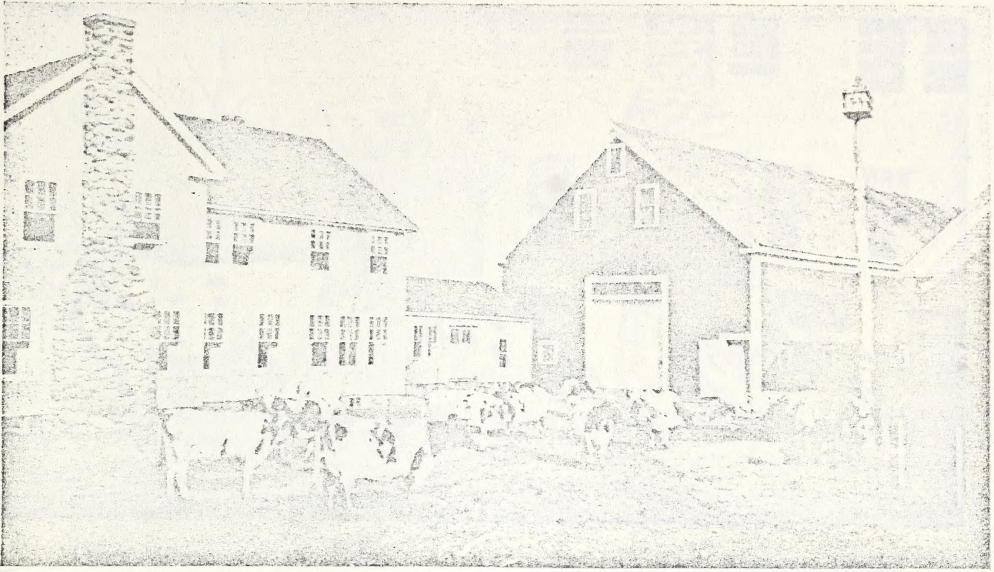
I know that here your grave lips smiled  
The smile that Beauty brings;  
And here you listened where some wild  
Age-smitten forest sings.

Here your brow wore the world-old pain  
No poet may forget;  
And here you stayed to read again;  
Here, read through lashes wet.

So, leaf by leaf, until, I deem,  
Your darkened eyes forsook  
One shining page, because your dream  
Was lovelier than the book.







The Sawyer Herd and Farm Buildings

## OVER THE TOP WITH AYRSHIRES

A Farm Where Father and Sons Are Working Together

BY H. STYLES BRIDGES

**A**YRSHIRES are making good in New Hampshire. Striking evidence of this fact can be found in the many successful herds throughout the state. They are rugged and hardy, and thrive in our vigorous climate, and on our rocky hillside pastures. Ayrshires are natives of Scotland and as a rule, where they are found in this country today, they seem to bring the Scotch thrift with them. One of the outstanding herds in New Hampshire is owned by N. H. Sawyer and Sons of Atkinson. The Sawyer herd is composed of forty purebred animals of a very uniform type. They run largely to white in color, and the mature cows average better than one thousand pounds each in weight. They have large systematic udders with well placed teats. The herd as a whole is a sight any dairyman would like to see.

The Sawyer farm is known as Willow Cottage Farm, and is a typical New England farm of two hundred

and thirteen acres. The farm is divided into about eighty acres tillage, and the remainder pasture. The buildings are modern with all up-to-date improvements. Located on the farm are three homes occupied by Mr. Sawyer and his two sons, respectively; a fine example of what ownership of more New England farms should involve. The sons, Arthur and Clifford, each have a joint interest in the farm and are both graduates of the New Hampshire Agricultural College. They are striking examples of graduates that are putting their training to a successful test in practical agriculture. Both sons take an active part in the community life, Arthur serving as selectman of the town of Atkinson.

Herbert N. Sawyer, the father, is one of the best known men of New Hampshire and one of the State's leading citizens. He holds the offices of Master of the State Grange, Vice-President of the State Farm Bureau







Three Winners of the Sawyer Herd; All on Advanced Registry Work.

Federation, and Vice-President of the Rockingham County Farmers' Exchange.

The actual management of the herd, farm, and marketing is divided among the three. The herd is composed of many outstanding animals of worth and promise. Thirteen cows are now on test in Advanced Register work, and from the records to date, it looks as if they would finish 100% strong, for all are running far ahead of the requirements and give evidence of finishing with safe and wide margins to spare.

One of the interesting animals is Beautiful Vira, 9 years of age, who has three daughters in the herd who are in A. R. work. She has in the months of March and April milked nearly 3000 lbs. of 4.4% milk. Her daughters are typical of their dam in type and beauty and are real producers; Vira Bell milking 4578 lbs. in 129 days to date, and Lone Oak Queen 6753 lbs. in 211 days. Another promising young cow is Peggs of Lone Oak, a three year old, whose test has run to date, 133 days, and who has produced in this time, 5440 lbs. milk.

The herd is an exceptionally high testing one for the breed; the average

for the past year running around 4.3% fat.

The herd's senior sire is White Nell's Good Gift, a bull of excellent type, weighing 1800 lbs. He is an active, vigorous animal, showing fine quality and style. He was sired by Lessenessnock Gem's Good Gift, an A. R. sire who is the sire of Agawan Hargrave with an Advanced Registry record of 14,937 lbs. milk and also Lotus Jean Amour, an A. R. cow with a record of 10,625 lbs. milk and 407.74 lbs. fat. The record priced Ayrshire cow of the breed, selling for \$1800 at the National Ayrshire sale, grandsire is also grandsire of this bull. Lessenessnock's Good Gift has 9 A. R. daughters with 20 composite records which average 10,500 lbs. milk and 450.54 lbs. fat. The dam of the herd sire is White Nell of Beverly, who is backed by A. R. records equally as good as the sire. The Sawyers plan to make an A. R. sire of this bull. The cows are milked three times a day and now the milking is by hand, as the milking machine has been discarded since going into A. R. work.

The roughage for feeding purposes is raised on the farm and is in the







Lone Oak Queen: Record 6,753 lbs. milk in 211 days.

form of good clover hay and corn silage. Last year a start was made in alfalfa and the crop was so successful and the effect of its feeding value so noticeable that this year it is planned to put in ten acres. The trial plot of alfalfa was grown as a demonstration under the direction of the Rockingham County Farm Bureau and the Extension Service of the New Hampshire State College. Various cash crops are raised to supplement the income from dairying and to work into the crop rotation. Potatoes, tomatoes, squash and fruit make up these cash crops, all are grown under up-to-date methods and good results are obtained.

The farm has a wonderful market for its dairy products in the nearby city of Haverhill, Massachusetts, where a big reputation has been won for quality products. A large retail milk route is conducted and the milk sold at

fancy prices. All milk put out is sold as from tuberculine tested stock and under cap and seal. Special attention is given the supplying of baby milk for which there is a steady growing demand.

The young stock of the farm show signs of exceptional thrift and excellent care. Mr. Sawyer states that the hardiness of the calves and the extreme

ease with which they can be raised is in his opinion one of the big assets of the breed. They are rarely bothered by the disorders that so frequently bother the young of other breeds. Plans are being made to raise all the heifers for the time being, until the farm reaches its capacity of registered stock. The surplus bulls are sold at reasonable prices to farmers both for heading purebred herds, and for building up grade herds. The herd is under state and federal test for tuberculosis.



Senior Herd Sire: White Nell's Good Gift.





At Willow Cottage Farm they seem to have solved one of the big problems of profitable dairying, that is, in making a start with registered animals from the right foundation stock. There is little question but what the success or failure of every farm with purebred stock depends somewhat upon the quality of the foundation stock and in this respect the Sawyers have made an excellent start. Their herd is one that would command attention anywhere and one that gives evidence of great promise

in the future. The farm is in every respect an ideal example of what more New England farms should be. The progressive practices used, the business-like method with which everything is conducted, the fine purebred herd, the successful growing of cash crops, and best of all the fine co-operation and joint ownership of father and sons, all go to make this farm an excellent paying proposition, an ideal home, and an asset of which the State of New Hampshire may well be proud.

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## IN THE SPRINGTIME

BY ANDREW L. FELKER

*Commissioner of Agriculture*

**T**HIS the natural tendency of the human mind to desire to see something growing out of doors as the Springtime season of the year approaches, and most folks want to have a part in helping to make things grow. Ambitions expand like swelling buds and bursting corollas, and he who becomes inspired will be found digging in the garden, raking up the lawn, planting the seed, not because he delights in or loves the work especially, but because he joys in seeing things grow. It is Mother Nature's call to her children to cuddle close to her warm breast again.

Life out of doors in the Springtime is vibrant with those necessary elements that revitalize and make new the de-

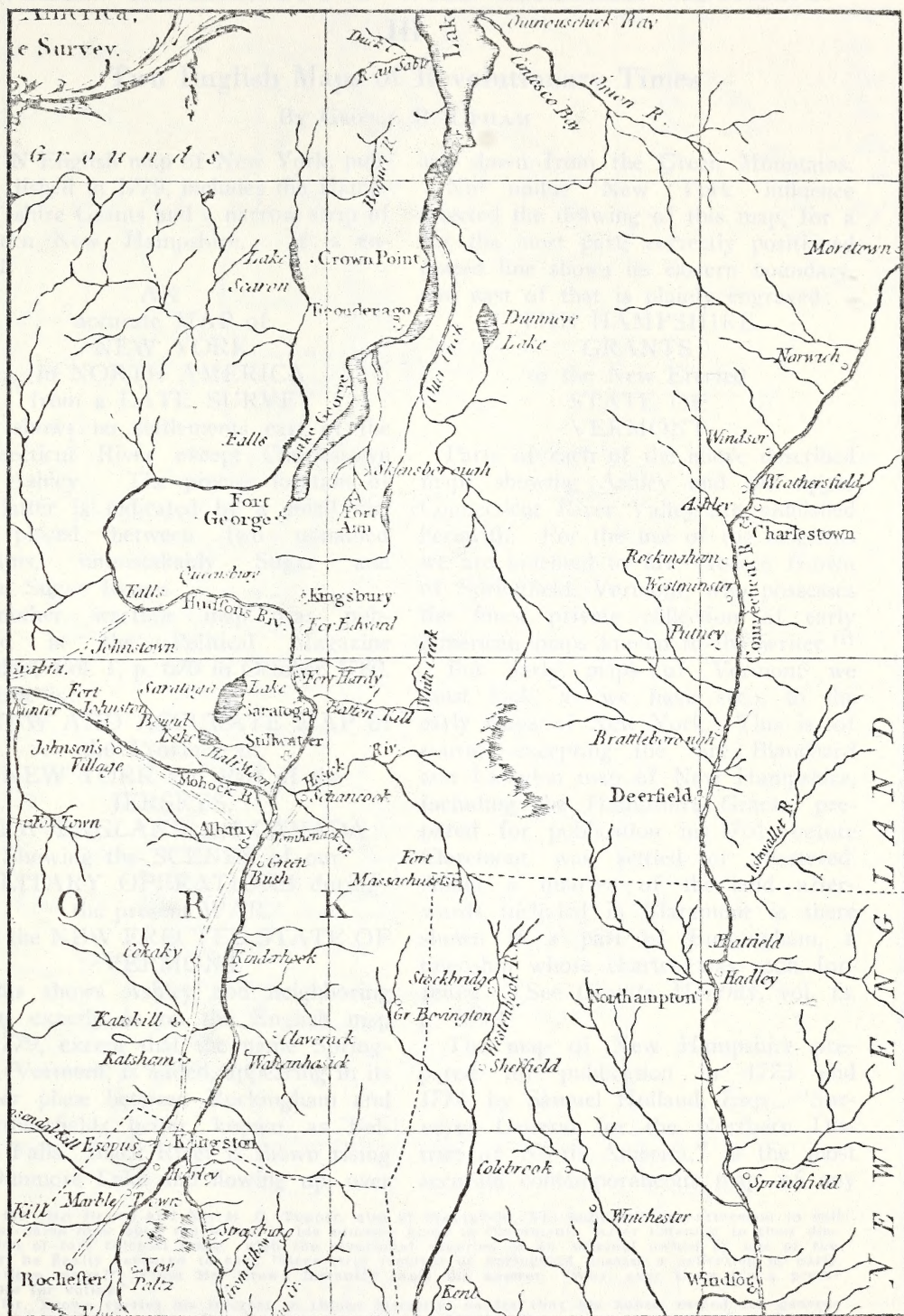
pressed and wearied nerves, strengthen and make active the brain, harden the flesh and build up athletic muscles; in fact it is the true growing season of the mind and the body, and the Easter time for development and growth of the Soul.

There is no one who toils for pleasure or profit under a more enlightening and life inspiring environment, than does the farmer. His lot is cast in the midst of living, growing things, and he, in fuller measure than any of his fellows, has a larger share in the training and developing of those God-given essential elements which with his aid and care, respond to a renewed and larger usefulness in the economy of life.

Hail, all hail the Springtime!







Part of the Map of New York, including part of New England.—London, 1779.





# WHEN CLAREMONT WAS CALLED ASHLEY

## III

### Two English Maps of Revolutionary Times

By GEORGE B. UPHAM

**A**N English map of New York, published in 1779, includes the Hampshire Grants and a narrow strip of western New Hampshire. It is entitled

AN  
accurate MAP of  
NEW YORK  
in NORTH AMERICA  
from a LATE SURVEY

It shows no settlements east of the Connecticut River except Charlestown and Ashley. The precise location of the latter is indicated by a small circle placed between two unnamed streams, unmistakably Sugar and Little Sugar Rivers.

Another wartime map was published in the Political Magazine London, Vol. I, p. 670 in October 1780. Its title is:

A NEW AND ACCURATE MAP of  
the Province of  
NEW YORK and Part of the  
JERSEYS,  
NEW ENGLAND and CANADA  
Showing the SCENES of our  
MILITARY OPERATIONS during  
the present WAR.  
Also the NEW ERECTED STATE OF  
VERMONT

This shows Ashley and neighboring towns exactly as on the English map of 1779, except that the name Springfield, Vermont, is added, appearing in its proper place between Rockingham and Weathersfield; better known as Belows Falls. Black River is shown rising in Dunmore Lake and flowing up, over

and down from the Green Mountains.

No undue New York influence affected the drawing of this map, for a for the most part, correctly positioned dotted line shows its eastern boundary, and east of that is plainly engraved:

THE HAMPSHIRE  
GRANTS  
or the New Erected  
STATE OF  
VERMONT

Parts of each of the above described maps showing Ashley and the upper Connecticut River Valley are published herewith. For the use of the originals we are indebted to Mr. Horace Brown of Springfield, Vermont, who possesses the finest private collection of early American maps known to the writer.<sup>(1)</sup>

For early maps of Vermont we must look, as we have seen, to the early maps of New York. This is, of course, excepting the rare Blanchard and Langdon map of New Hampshire, including the Hampshire Grants, prepared for publication in 1761 before Claremont was settled or chartered. About a quarter of the land afterwards included in Claremont is there shown as a part of Buckingham, a township whose charter was soon forfeited. (See *Granite Monthly*, vol. II, p. 500.)

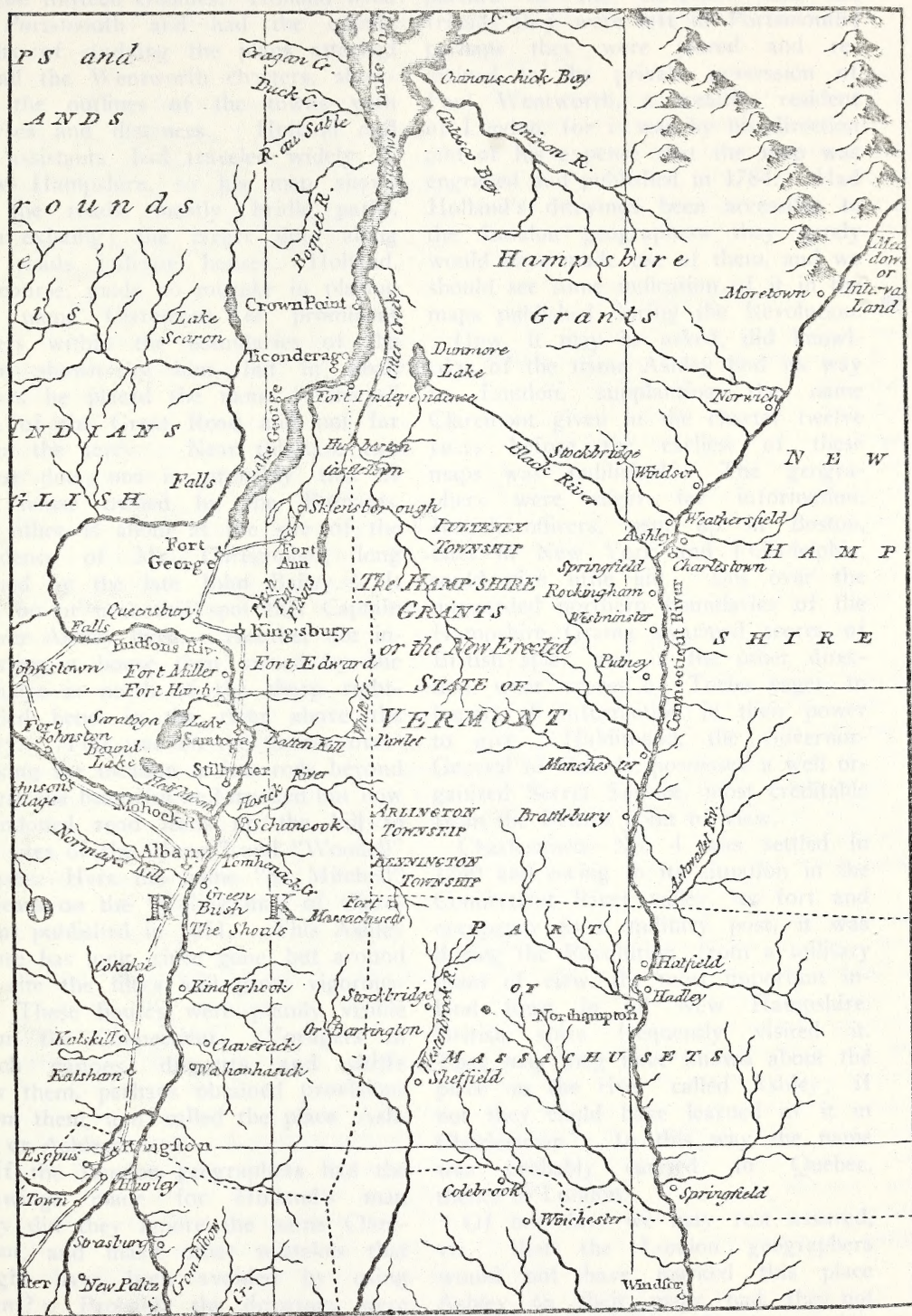
The map of New Hampshire prepared for publication in 1773 and 1774, by Samuel Holland, Esqr., "Surveyor General for the Northern District of North America," is the most accurate contemporaneous map of any

(1) Mr. Brown and Mr. H. G. Tupper, also of Springfield, Vt., happened one afternoon to call at the same hour upon the writer at his summer home in Claremont. After listening to their discussion of rare colonial maps, with the occasional mention of an original owned by one or the other, he finally ventured to ask: "Does *every* resident of Springfield possess a collection of early American maps?" From Mr. Brown instantly came the answer, "Why, over there it's a prerequisite for voting."

Mr. Brown carries his interest in things historical so far that his house, owned for generations in the family, is a most carefully preserved, and only where necessary restored, early New England farmhouse. Everything about it, every piece of furniture, furnishing and almost every utensil in it is such as was to be found in the best New England farmhouses of a century or more ago.







Part of Map Published in the Political Magazine for October, 1780.





of the thirteen colonies. Holland lived in Portsmouth and had the opportunity of studying the plans attached to all the Wentworth charters, showing the outlines of the towns with courses and distances. Holland and his assistants had traveled widely in New Hampshire, so his map shows all the roads, mostly bridle paths, then existing; the larger dots along the roads indicate houses. Holland, of course, made no mistake in placing the name Claremont in prominent letters within the boundaries of the town shown by him, but in small letters he placed the name "Ashleys" east of the Great Road and not far from the ferry. Near this are two house dots, one is probably that of the house owned by the Putnams, the other is about at the site of the residence of Mr. Christopher, long owned by the late John Bailey. It was on or near this spot that Captain Oliver Ashley lived. Another dot indicating a house then owned by the Ashleys is north of the sharp right-angled bend in the river above the ferry. This was on the terrace overlooking the meadow a few rods beyond where the beautiful well-marked but now abandoned road leads up the hill to the sites of the "Jones" and "Woodell" houses. Here the name "S. Mitchell" appears on the Walling map of Claremont published in 1851. This Ashley house has long since gone but around its site the lilacs still grow vigorously. These houses were plainly visible from the Connecticut. Voyagers in birch canoes, dugouts and skiffs saw them, perhaps obtained provisions from them, and called the place Ashley or Ashleys.

If the London geographers had the drawings made for Holland's map why did they ignore the name Claremont, and make other mistakes that might have been avoided by using them? Probably the drawings were not available until after the Treaty of Peace. Perhaps in the hurried de-

parture of the Governor and his friends they were left in Portsmouth; perhaps they were placed and remained in the private possession of Paul Wentworth, a wealthy resident of London, for it was by his direction and at his expense that the map was engraved and published in 1784. Had Holland's drawings been accessible to the London geographers they surely would have made use of them, and we should see some indication of it in the maps published during the Revolution.

How, it may be asked, did knowledge of the name Ashley find its way to London, supplanting the name Claremont given in the charter twelve years before the earliest of these maps was published? The geographers were eager for information. British officers, pent up in Boston, later in New York and Philadelphia, could give little aid. But over the unguarded northern boundaries of the Hampshire Grants swarmed scores of British spies, and in the other direction went scores of Tories eager to impart all information in their power to give. Haldimand, the Governor-General of Canada, possessed a well organized Secret Service, most creditable from the British point of view.

Charlestown—No. 4 was settled in 1740 and owing to its situation in the Connecticut River valley, its fort and occupancy as a military post, it was during the Revolution, from a military point of view, the most important inland town in all New Hampshire. British spies frequently visited it. They may long have known about the place on the river called Ashley; if not they could have learned of it in Charlestown. In this way the name was probably carried to Quebec, thence to London.

Of one fact we may rest assured, viz.: that the London geographers would not have marked this place Ashley on their maps had they not been reliably informed that it was thus called by people living in or near it.





# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## A Page of Clippings

### The American Legion

In the American Legion this country has a most powerful influence against the spread of communistic and radical doctrines. Here's more power to the Legion's strong right arm.—*Free Press, Somersworth.*

### It's Worth Five Dollars

We believe that ex-Governor Bass's suggestion, that, instead of abolishing the poll tax for women, the tax for both men and women be reduced to \$2.00 and the women be relieved of the temporary additional tax for the soldiers' bonus, is an excellent one. Personally, we think that a \$5.00 poll tax is none too large anyway. There is not a single resident of either sex who does not derive that much benefit from our well lighted, well paved, well policed streets and all the other municipal improvements which have cost so much money. Each resident ought to be expected to bear some small share in the expense of this great municipal plant. But anyway, if that is too much, it should be reduced for men, as well as women, rather than letting the men pay and relieving the women of it altogether.—*Rochester Courier.*

### Some Guesses About Governors

Chester B. Jordan of Keene or Arthur P. Morrill of Concord were picked as likely Republican candidates for governor of New Hampshire in 1924, by Former Governor Bartlett while in Concord a few days ago, and he said the candidate should be a young man. Mr. Jordan is a son of a former governor of New Hampshire, and Mr. Morrill was a candidate for the nomination in 1920 and was badly defeated by Mr. Goodnow of Keene. The latter was defeated by Gov. Brown at the last election, but there really doesn't seem to be any good reason why he

should not run again if he cares to, as he made a good campaign and would probably have been triumphantly elected except for the fact that it was a Democratic year and he happened to be running on the wrong ticket.—*Laconia Democrat.*

### Playing Politics

The people of New Hampshire want partisanship at Concord stopped. It is time to consult the good of the state. He serves his party best who does that. Time spent in passing bills it is known the other house will reject is wasted. Partisanship should end with filling the offices. That was properly done. Good men retired; as good men fill their places. Nobody can complain. But stop there.—*Granite State Free Press.*

### The Water Power Bill

Support of a bill for development of water power resources in our state is meeting with much favor in our legislature and may be enacted at this session. The movement looks to be of vital importance in affording some relief from the present unendurable situation in regard to the coal supply as relates to our industries.

Ex-Governor Bass is sponsor for the bill which contemplates a new state policy in respect to the development of storage reservoirs. Under the terms of this bill, the state is to extend its credit for such storage development on the condition that the users of the additional water so provided voluntarily make contracts to purchase such additional water at reasonable rates. Such contracts would cover all interest and amortization charges on the investment, as well as cost of operation and maintenance.

The amount of the appropriation is small (\$205,000), but enough to test and work out the practical details of procedure.—*The News & Critic.*





# OLD HOME WEEK AND THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TERCENTENARY

BY HENRY H. METCALF

IT has well been said that the three sweetest words in the English language are "Mother, Home and Heaven." Certain it is that the most cherished memories of early life are those that cluster around the homes of our childhood and youth; while the recollections of the neighborhood and community life of the time, and the scenes amid which that life was experienced, are among the most unfading and highly cherished that come to the ordinary mind.

The love of home is, indeed, one of the strongest and most characteristic sentiments of civilized people, and it was because of this fact, unquestionably, that Governor Frank West Rollins, during the first year of his incumbency, in 1899, conceived and carried out the idea of the establishment of Old Home Week in mid-summer, when the various towns and communities throughout the state, should call back their absent sons and daughters who had gone out into other states and communities to make their way in life, to enjoy a season of rest, recreation and social reunion among the scenes and friends of early life, in the old home towns. He well knew that through such agencies, the love of, and loyalty to, their native towns and state would be strengthened and intensified in the minds of these absent children, and that the resultant benefit to town and state alike would be of no small advantage.

It was on the sixth day of June, 1899, that a meeting was held in Representatives' Hall, in the State House, for the purpose of organizing an Old Home Week Association, the invitation having been sent out by the State Board of Agriculture, at the suggestion of Governor Rollins. Several hundred people, from all sec-

tions of the state, were in attendance at the meeting, which was called to order by Governor Rollins, who spoke at some length outlining the purpose for which the meeting had been called, and was followed by many other prominent citizens, all favoring the organization of a permanent Old Home Week Association.

A committee of five, of which Nahum J. Bachelder of Andover, then Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, was chairman, was appointed to submit a plan of organization. The plan presented and adopted, in the form of a constitution and by-laws, provided that the organization should be known as the "New Hampshire Old Home Week Association," to membership in which any resident of the state, or any person born therein, should be eligible. The object of the association was "to promote the welfare of New Hampshire, by increasing the interest among her citizens, and among natives of the state located in various parts of the world." It was provided that local Old Home Week Associations might be formed and managed under such rules and regulations as the State Association might prescribe.

Officers of the State Association were chosen as follows:

President—Governor Frank W. Rollins of Concord; vice presidents—Joseph B. Walker, Concord; Joseph D. Roberts, Rollinsford; John W. Sanborn, Sanbornville; Charles McDaniel, Springfield; Bertram S. Ellis, Keene; George T. Cruft, Bethlehem; Gordon Woodbury, Manchester; True L. Norris, Portsmouth; Charles E. Tilton, Tilton; Chester B. Jordan, Lancaster; treasurer—H. H. Dudley, Concord; secretary—Nahum J. Bachelder, Andover; executive committee—Edward N. Pearson, Concord;





William H. Stinson, Dunbarton; Henry H. Metcalf, Concord.

The matter of fixing the date of Old Home Week for that year—1899—was referred to the Executive Board, consisting of all the officers named, by whom it was subsequently fixed for August 26 to September 1, inclusive.

Local Old Home Week Associations were promptly organized in various towns throughout the state—sixty-seven in all, in most of which some one day in the week was set apart as "Old Home Day," on which occasion the people of the town and natives thereof from abroad, were called together in some appropriate place, for social reunion, and enjoyment of exercises pertinent to the occasion.

The selection of Saturday as the opening day of Old Home Week was made with the idea that on the evening of that day bonfires should be kindled on the mountain and hill tops, or highest points of land in the various towns, signaling the welcome to returning pilgrims, and carrying the greeting of one town to another throughout the state. There were many hundred of these beacon lights kindled in the state, on that first Old Home Week in New Hampshire, and although the custom has, unfortunately, been abandoned quite generally, there are some towns in which it is still observed.

The local celebrations during the first Old Home Week, included some of a most elaborate order, involving parades, music, fireworks, etc., aside from interesting speaking exercises, at which addresses were given by distinguished speakers residing in the state, and others, equally distinguished, returning from abroad to the homes of their nativity. Among the most notable of these observances were those in Concord, Newport, Walpole and Dunbarton.

The Concord observance opened

with a meeting of residents and visitors in Phenix Hall, on Wednesday evening, August 30, a concert by the Third Regiment Band and the Schubert Quartette being the first feature. Hon. Joseph B. Walker, President of Concord Old Home Week Association, presided, and brief addresses were made by Hon. John Kimball, Very Rev. John E. Barry of the St. John's Catholic church, Hon. Sylvester Dana of the Municipal Court, Hon. L. D. Stevens, and Hon. Moses Humphrey. On the following day, Thursday, was witnessed one of the greatest and most imposing parades in the history of the Capital City. G. Scott Locke was Chief Marshal, and the Third Regiment Band led the procession, followed by a platoon of police, Governor Rollins and staff on horseback, Gen. J. H. Tolles and Cols. Scott, Upham and Tetley of the First Brigade, N. H. N. G., several companies of the Guard, G. A. R., and a great number of marching organizations, including the Fire Department, the various fraternal societies, etc. Most conspicuous was the representation of the B. & M. railroad shops by a marching delegation of 650 men in uniform. Following these were decorated carriages, floats, and all sorts of unique turnouts, from pony teams to a magnificent 24-horse team entered by George L. Theobald.

The general exercises were held in Phenix Hall at 2 p. m., the meeting being called to order by President Waker, who introduced Hon. Charles R. Corning as chairman for the occasion. Addresses of welcome were given by Mayor N. E. Martin in behalf of the city, and Governor Rollins for the state. The orator of the day was Hon. James O. Lyford, Naval Officer of Boston, who was followed by Senator William E. Chandler, President William J. Tucker of Dartmouth College, Prof. Charles F. Bradley of Evanston, Ill., Hon. Napoleon B. Bryant, and others. An





original poem, "The Hills are Home," written for the occasion by Edna Dean Proctor, was read by the author. The exercises closed with singing of "Home, Sweet Home" by the audience.

Following the exercises a reception was held in Doric Hall at the State House, under the direction of Albert B. Woodworth, Chairman of the Reception Committee, at which the Governor was assisted by the members of his staff, several thousand people paying their respects to the chief executive, while a concert was given outside by the consolidated bands of the day.

It was estimated that twenty thousand people lined the streets during the time of the parade, while ten thousand witnessed the grand display of fireworks, set off on the Stickney field in the evening, which closed the day's programme.

At Newport, where there was a great gathering, and a most impressive demonstration, the entire Main Street being elaborately decorated, and a great parade carried out, Judge Jesse M. Barton presided, and the orator of the day was Rear Admiral George E. Belknap, the town's most distinguished son. The Walpole observance, which was scarcely less imposing, was under the direction of T. Nelson Hastings, then president of the State Senate, as president of the day, and addresses were made by a number of eminent natives, among whom were Rev. John Barstow of Medford, Mass., Prof. Franklin W. Hooper of Brooklyn and Judge Henry E. Howland of New York City. At Dunbarton, Col. William H. Stimson of the State Executive Committee and president of the local association directed the exercises, which included addresses by a number of distinguished visitors, including Governor Rollins and Senator Chandler, and numerous eminent natives, a large and enthus-

iastic crowd being in attendance

At all these town observances there were present many natives from abroad, some of whom had not visited the homes of their childhood for years, and in many cases there was a revival of interest on their part which operated to the material advantage of the old home town, evidenced by subsequent gifts in the shape of libraries, school buildings, parks, fountains, etc.

In many of these towns the local associations have been continued, and annual Old Home Day observances have been held. In others there have been celebrations once in two or three years, and in some occasionally, "as the spirit moved;" while, unfortunately, in others, for want of public spirit and local pride, the idea has been abandoned. A number of other towns, however, that did not originally adopt the plan, have fallen into line. In Concord the local Association soon went into "disuetude;" but, under the auspices of the State Association there has been a largely attended Old Home Sunday service in Rollins Park, each year for the last fifteen years or more, with able speakers and excellent music, the various churches co-operating.

The expense incident to the work of the State Association was met, during the incumbency of Governor Rollins as President and N. J. Bachelder as Secretary, from the state appropriation for the work of the Commissioner of Immigration, which office was held by Mr. Bachelder in connection with that of Secretary of Agriculture, it being recognized that nothing could more effectually advertise the State than the maintenance of the Old Home Week institution, which although not permanently adopted in other states, has been taken up in many localities throughout the country, and is to be copied in Nova Scotia the present year.





In 1913, when there was a political overturn in the State and the Immigration Bureau was abandoned, the Legislature voted a standing appropriation of \$300 toward carrying on the work of the Association, and permanently fixed the date of Old Home Week for the week following the third Saturday in August, which comes this year on the 18th day of the month. At the annual meeting in 1914, Governor Rollins and Secretary Bachelder retired from their respective offices and Henry H. Metcalf and Andrew L. Felker, Commissioner of Agriculture, were respectively chosen President and Secretary of the Association, and have since continued.

As the first white settlements in the state were made at Portsmouth and Dover in 1623, and the Ter-Centenary, or 300th anniversary of the same would occur in 1923, the Association, deeming it desirable that some fitting and proper observance of the same should be held, was instrumental in securing the passage by the General Court, in 1921, of a Joint Resolution providing for the appointment of a Commission, headed by Governor Albert O. Brown, to take the matter in hand and make the preliminary arrangements for an appropriate celebration during Old Home Week of the present year. The Commission, as named, in addition to Governor Brown, included Aaron G. Whittemore of Dover, Charles S. Emerson of Milford, Henry H. Metcalf of Concord, Harry T. Lord of Manchester and J. Winslow Peirce of Dover. Henry H. Metcalf was elected Secretary.

Taking up the work in hand, the Commission, after careful consideration, and due consultation with the authorities in Portsmouth and Dover, formulated a plan which involved appropriate observances in those two cities, where the first settlements were made, on Monday and Tuesday of Old Home Week, following Old

Home Sunday services in the churches throughout the state, with a final celebration at the Capital, with observances mid-week in all towns throughout the State where sufficient public spirit should be aroused to insure the same.

It was voted to extend an invitation to President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth College to deliver the Anniversary Address, which invitation was accepted by Dr. Hopkins, and it was decided that the address should be given in Concord. Unfortunately, through lack of interest on the part of the business men of the city, as represented by the Chamber of Commerce, the Concord observance has been abandoned, although the City Government had voted an appropriation to meet the necessary expenses, and it has been arranged that the address shall be given at Portsmouth or Dover at the opening of the week.

A number of towns that have not before observed Old Home Week made liberal appropriations for the present year with a view to the Ter-Centenary Celebration, among them being Charlestown, Whitefield, Milford and Stratford, the latter two voting \$1000 each. Stratford, it should be said, will at the same time celebrate its own 150th anniversary, and dedicate a memorial to its soldiers in the various wars of the nation. Northwood will also celebrate its 150th anniversary, in connection with the State celebration, on Wednesday of Old Home Week.

The State of New Hampshire has never before celebrated an anniversary of its settlement. It is devoutly to be hoped that at this time there will be awakened such a spirit of patriotic pride, as will insure a royal welcome to a great host of returning sons and daughters in all parts of the State, and demonstrate to the world the fact that the "Home Fires" are still aglow among the old Granite Hills.





# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOOLO

## Tiger River

BY ARTHUR O. FRIEL

Harper Bros.

THE adventures on Tiger River produce much the same effect on grown-ups that fairy stories do on children. At first they all seem unreal and impossible, but the fascination grows, and soon we begin to thrill with the weirdness of it all and to find it so natural that we expect to see a head-hunting Indian or a tiger loom in the corner. These dangers and many others more uncanny confront the five men, Knowlton, Rand, McKay, Tim, and Jose, the outlaw, when they decide to follow the Tigre yacu through all the dangers of the jungle into which hundreds have disappeared and from which only one crazed man has returned. Undaunted by dire warnings, they are determined to explore the River of Missing Men to find gold, of course, but most of all to satisfy the love of adventure which burns hotly in the heart of each, and it is to all kindred spirits, longing for romance, that this book will most appeal. White Indians, tigers, and jiveros they baffle in the most unique encounters and are equally steadfast in maintaining their own against the maddening mysteries of Dead Man's Land.

Although inferior in style and dif-

ferent in setting, we can not help but feel the same fever of impatience and excitement over the treasure hunt that is experienced in reading "Treasure Island," and also the same satisfaction over the result of all the intrigue and desperate adventure. Each incident stimulates our fancy to greater capacity for enjoyment of the unreal, until, by the time the explorers meet the "Things," green spectres with spears, the imagination is undaunted and swallows these too, gloatingly waiting for new feasts of improbability.

It is a long jump from New Hampshire to the Andean regions of the upper Amazon, but Arthur Friel, once attending Manchester High School and later a teacher there, has bridged the gap and given to us in this book his reaction to the luxurious beauty, the lurking dangers of Nature and of savages, and the romantic spirit of the jungle. All of this is very pleasant to peruse during an evening of recreation, but I doubt if even the lure of gold could induce many of us to follow the trail of the Tigre yacu through its sinister shadows and ominous darkness as described in Mr. Friel's book.

## Vacation Days

BY WILLIS G. BUXTON

WE would all wish for just such vacation days as Mr. Buxton and his wife have enjoyed, but, since such pleasures are impossible to many, accounts of the travels of others are always of interest as entertainment and preparation for the day when we too, may go to see the wonders of the world.

All would-be travelers will find anticipatory delight in "Vacation Days," Mr. Buxton's book, and those who are satisfied to do all their traveling while reading comfortably at home will also enjoy these letters, giving, as they do, a detailed description not only of the beauty of California and Europe by a





most enthusiastic and appreciative voyager, but of any such systems of education, religion, or civic government which might be helpful suggestions to the people of New Hampshire.

The author describes the scenes he sees, the pictures and statues he views, and even those lectures of especial interest which he hears, so that we gain

unusual and varied information with the added attraction of Mr. Buxton's own reaction to his experiences.

To any who may not know Mr. Buxton we wish to say that, as a resident of Penacook, New Hampshire, the letters in this book were written to his townspeople and will have especial interest for all living in New Hampshire.

## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

### About Spring and Soldiers

ON very rare occasions our mind runs smoothly along a single track, gliding with well-oiled ease from idea to idea. But that is not at all the case when the first breath of spring comes in at our windows. The April sun melts our mentality along with the snowdrifts, and leaves our thoughts as diffuse as May breezes. To settle down to editorial conversation seems next door to impossible.

We might write about the Legislature, which to-day seems to be out for the non-stop dancing record for the United States. But by the time the magazine is in print police interference or the more cogent urge of spring planting will undoubtedly have put a stop to the sport.

We might follow the time-honored custom of other editors and write of spring in the country, the bounding brooks, the burgeoning buds, the blurring birds. But we are never quite sure of our ground in these matters. For instance, what kind of bird is an alfalfa? We never can tell. Like Christopher Morley, the best we can do, when some one suddenly asks us the name of some upstart songster on a high branch of the old apple tree, is to murmur something about a "forsythia bursting into song" and change the subject as soon as possible. We understand our limitations. We leave the hymns of spring to the farmer as he

leisurely hitches his Ford to his plow and in the freshness of the early morning mingles the hum of his engine with the myriad voices of awakening year.

Or we might write of the American Legion, which has been our chief concern of late. It has impressed us for two reasons: first, because of its unbounded energy, which even spring seems powerless to abate, and second, because of its contagious atmosphere of public service—a man who has served his Legion post or Department is, more than other men, willing to listen to the call of duty whether it lead him to the Governor's mansion, the national Senate, or even the White House in Washington. It is splendid to see such devotion.

We feel more at home writing along these lines, for of course we have had military experience as a member of an unofficial S. A. T. C. Auxiliary Unit during the War (We were in college at the time). And moreover in those spring days of 1917 some one had the brilliant idea of turning our college out for military drill, just to develop *esprit de corps* and *joie de vivre* and a lot of things like that. When men speak of the terrors of war, we think of that incipient Battalion of Death as it straggled and struggled to and fro across the greensward in the spring sunshine, the high feminine voice of the commanding





officer mingling with the anguished cries of some lost soul, possibly, a staid faculty member, who, in the general confusion of right foot and left, had found herself suddenly deserted by the battalion and left to execute military maneuvers alone.

But even here we are not so sure-footed as we ought to be. Our knowledge of military terminology failed us completely when we started out after material for our article. Last week we entirely corrupted a Board meeting of the Legion Auxiliary by insistently referring to the Auxiliary Units as "posts." Before the afternoon was over all the officers present were struggling with an irresistible desire to call them "posts," too. We don't want to run the risk of corrupting the entire Legion organization by our inaccuracies. So perhaps we'd better dismiss that subject also, and abandon the idea of writing Editorial Remarks for this month.

But, if you will notice, the page is already full. And if you desire a precedent for this manner of writing, we would refer you to your Cicero. It's an old trick of the trade!

—H. F. M.

## Announcements

The Exeter War Memorial, a picture of which appears on the cover this month, is the work of Daniel Chester French, a distinguished son of Exeter, who counts it as one of the best pieces of work which he has done. It was dedicated on July 4, 1922. Its inscription puts into words very beautifully the spirit in which the monument is erected:

With

Veneration for Those Who Died

Gratitude to Those Who Live

Trust in the Patriotism of Those Who  
Come After

The Town of Exeter Dedicates this Memorial  
To Her Sons and Daughters of the World  
War.

It is with much this same spirit that the GRANITE MONTHLY offers this issue as a tribute to New Hampshire veterans in this month which brings Memorial Day.

The essay contest for high school boys and girls brought some very interesting results. The contest closed May 1, and the judges, Mr. Harlan Pearson, Mrs. Harriman and Mr. Walter May will probably be able to make the award very shortly now.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

MR. H. STYLES BRIDGES, Secretary of the Farm Bureau, turns his attention to Ayrshires this month in the second article on Dairy herds.

The man who is working hardest to make New Hampshire Tercentenary year a memorable one is H. H. METCALF. His article in this magazine gives not only plans for the celebration but also the history of the movement.

MR. GEORGE B. UPHAM'S third and last article on "When Claremont Was Called Ashley" answers the question which readers have asked themselves: "How did the name Ashley come to the knowledge of the foreign map makers?"

MRS. BERTHA COMINS ELY, author of "Their Son" in this issue lives in Greenville, N. H. She shows a sympathetic understanding of one of our state problems.





# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## GEORGE H. KENDALL

With the death of George H. Kendall on April 14 at Nashua, the state has lost the last of the stage-coach drivers who used to drive a six horse team between Crawford Notch and Fabyans before the railroad came. Mr. Kendall was about 76 when he died. In the early days he was employed by Baron and Merrill, hotel proprietors of the White Mountains; of late years he has worked for the Boston and Maine as a stationary engineer. A native of Franconia, he lived in Nashua about 25 years. He served in the Civil War, although he was only nineteen at the time, and ranked as a sharpshooter in Company I 18th N. H. Volunteers. He is survived by his widow, one son, Walter M. Kendall of Boston, and one adopted son, George Angell Kendall of Nashua.

## FRED A. PRAY

Word has recently come to Somersworth of the death in Vladivostok of Fred A. Pray, formerly of Somersworth, and in recent years First Vice Consul in the United States Consul's office at Vladivostok. His death was due to blood poisoning. Mr. Pray was born in Somersworth in 1867, educated in the public schools there and in the Boston business college. He went to Vladivostok in 1893 and was for some years in business there before he was appointed vice consul in 1916. He is survived by a daughter, Dorothy, two sisters, Mrs. Sarah Smith of Vladivostok, and Mrs. J. H. Austin of Berwick, Me., and one brother, Moses H. of Somersworth.

## MRS. MATILDA L. COLE

On April 3, Mrs. Matilda L. Cole, for thirty-five years a resident of Concord, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. Edward Silva. Mrs. Cole was a member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. She leaves, besides a daughter, two sons, George of Boston and Benjamin of Concord, and two sisters and two brothers.

## MRS. EDWIN L. HALEY

After a brief illness with pneumonia, Mrs. Edwin L. Haley died in East Rochester on April 6. Mrs. Haley was prominent in social and fraternal circles of the city to which she came some years ago from W. Buxton, Maine. She is survived by her husband, one son, ex-Representative Lawrence E. Haley, two daughters, Fredona Myrtle and Georgia; a brother, Charles E. Rounds of Bristol, and two sisters, Mrs. Georgia Hunton and Mrs. Fred A. Cummins of Saco, Maine.

## MRS. MARY J. N. BEAN

At Concord on April 3, Mrs. Mary J. N. Bean, widow of Frank E. Bean, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. W. Rowe, after a long illness. Mrs. Bean was a large property owner in Penacook and in former years was associated with her husband in business there. She is survived by her daughter, and son, Harold of Penacook; also a brother Mr. George A. Noyes of Concord.

## MRS. ANNE KENNEDY

Mrs. Anne Kennedy, one of Dover's oldest residents died on April 10 at the age of 96 years. Mrs. Kennedy was born in Richmond, Va., but had lived in Dover for 75 years. She is survived by one brother.

## BYRON K. WOODWARD

On April 16, Byron K. Woodward, resident of Concord for 42 years, died in that city after a long illness. He was a member of the Nathaniel White Council O. U. A. M. He leaves a widow, two sons, John K. and Earl A. of Concord; a daughter, Mrs. Robert J. Provencal of Concord; two brothers, Frank of Laconia and Walter of Michigan; and a sister, Mrs. Grace Mallard of Concord.

## DR. ALBERT LACAILLADE

Dr. Albert Lacaille, one of the leading dentists of Laconia, died in that city on April 6. Dr. Lacaille was a native of Lawrence, Mass., and a graduate of Baltimore Dental College. Before coming to Laconia, he practised dentistry in Lawrence and Montreal. He leaves a widow and three children, Paul, Marguerite and Jacqueline.

## GEORGE M. GATES

On March 30, George M. Gates, veteran of the Civil War and prominent citizen of Plaistow, N. H., died after a short illness with grip. He leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter.

## JOHN J. SHAPLEIGH

On April 16, after a brief illness with pneumonia, John J. Shapleigh, a retired merchant of East Rochester, died at his home in that town. Mr. Shapleigh had lived in East Rochester for 25 years and was about 66 years old when he died. He was a member of the Cocheco Lodge I. O. O. F. and a member of the Bathany Methodist Church. His widow; one daughter, Miss Doris Shapleigh, an instructor at LaSalle Seminary; one brother, Nicholas of East Rochester; and three sisters.





## DON C. CHAPPLE

Don C. Chapple, resident of Concord for 20 years, died in that city on April 3 at the age of 69 years. He was a native of Crown Point, N. Y. He is survived by a widow, two daughters, Mrs. Frank Beauregard of Hartford, Vt., and Mrs. George Fox of Strafford, Vt., and a son, Clinton, of Great Barrington, Mass.

## OSCAR H. BISHOP

Oscar H. Bishop, builder, aged 41 years, died at his home in Nashua on March 28. His health had been failing for a number of years, but he had until very recently been able to attend his business. He leaves a widow and eight children, as well as four brothers and two sisters.

## GEORGE H. TARLTON

George H. Tarlton, aged 69, of Newfields, died in that town on April 16. Mr. Tarlton was born in Newington, but had lived since boyhood in Newfields where he was prominent in musical circles, and where he held the office of selectman in 1915-1919. He was a member of the Universalist Church and of the Fraternity Lodge, I. O. O. F. His widow survives him.

## MRS. MARY E. NELSON

Mrs. Mary E. Nelson, widow of Freeman J. Nelson, died April 16 at the Centennial Home for the Aged, Concord, N. H., at the age of 86 years.

## The Concord S. P. C. A.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE  
needs the help of every person in the state to stop the cruelties that are inflicted on our dumb animals. With this help, the sufferings and torture of the animals in New Hampshire can be overcome. The cattle shipments on the trains can be made humane. The traders in old horses can be driven out of business. Cattle will not be left in pastures until Christmas.

The S. P. C. A. of Concord have this work well started and with the support of the people will carry it through.

In Making Your Will Remember the S. P. C. A.

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# BLANCHE M. GERRISH

## PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER

59 NORTH MAIN STREET

CONCORD, N. H.





950-1

# HISTORY

## of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire

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The exhaustive work entitled, "History of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire," two volumes of over eight hundred pages each, from the settlement of the town in 1777 to 1917, by the Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, D. D.; and nearly completed at the time of his death, has been published by his estate and is now on sale, price \$16.00 for two volumes, post paid.

The work has been in preparation for more than thirty years. It gives comprehensive genealogies and family histories of all who have lived in Sullivan and descendants since the settlement of the town; vital statistics, educational, cemetery, church and town records, transfers of real estate and a map delineating ranges and old roads, with residents carefully numbered, taken from actual surveys made for this work, its accuracy being unusual in a history.

At the time of the author's death in 1917, there were 1388 pages already in print and much of the manuscript for its completion already carefully prepared. The finishing and indexing has been done by Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury, a lady of much experience in genealogical work; the printing by the Sentinel Publishing Company of Keene, the binding by Robert Burlen & Son, Boston, Mass., and the work copyrighted (Sept. 22, 1921) by the estate of Dr. Seward by J. Fred Whitcomb, executor of his will.

The History is bound in dark green, full record buckram, No. 42, stamped title, in gold, on shelf back and cover with blind line on front cover. The size of the volumes are 6 by 9 inches, 2 inches thick, and they contain 6 illustrations and 40 plates.

Volume I is historical and devoted to family histories, telling in an entertaining manner from whence each settler came to Sullivan and their abodes and other facts concerning them and valuable records in minute detail.

Volume II is entirely devoted to family histories, carefully prepared and containing a vast amount of useful information for the historian, genealogist and Sullivan's sons and daughters and their descendants, now living in all parts of the country, the genealogies, in many instances, tracing the family back to the emigrant ancestor.

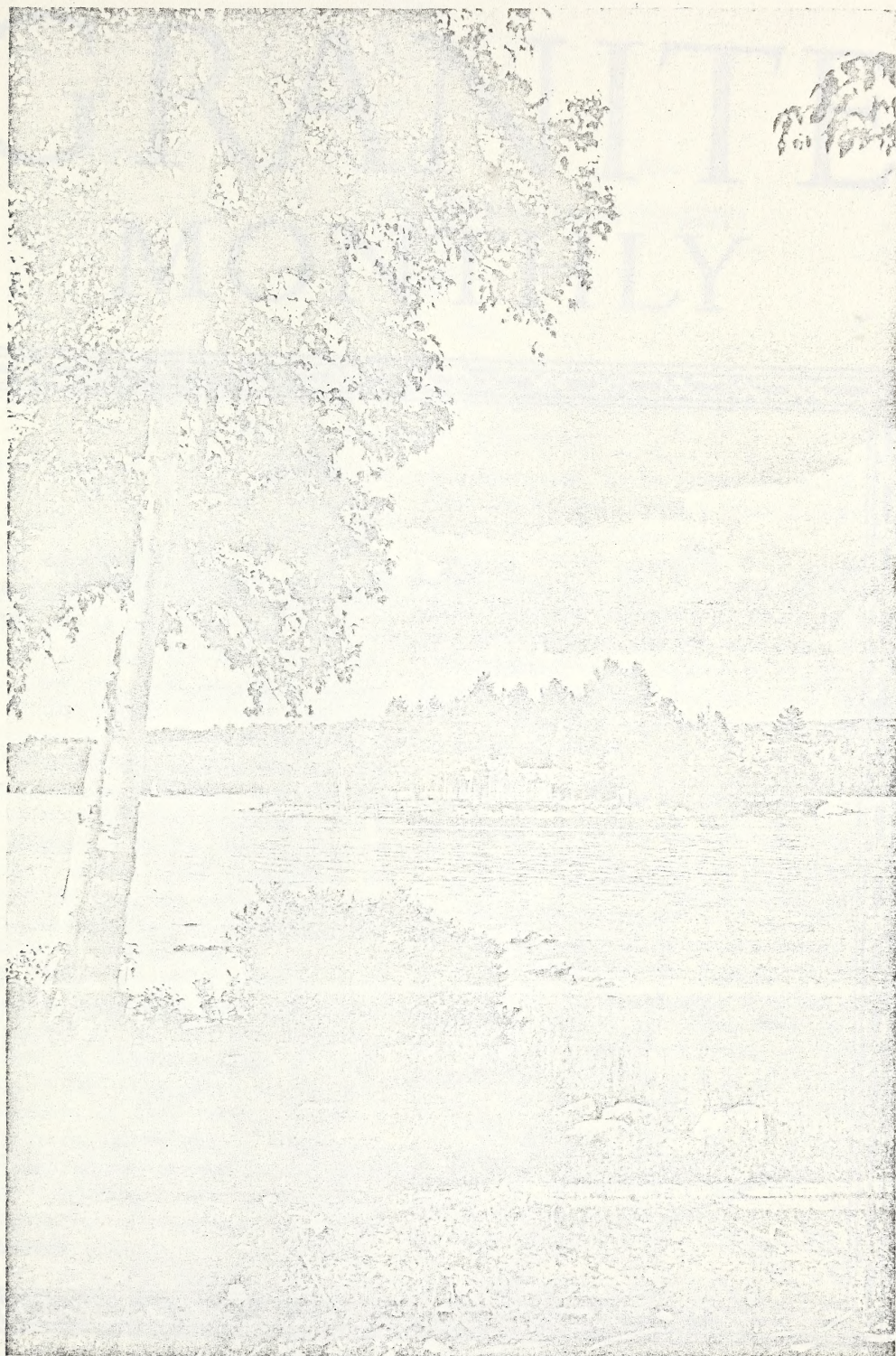
The index to the second volume alone comprises 110 pages of three columns each, containing over twenty thousand names. Reviewed by the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record and the Boston Transcript.

Sales to State Libraries, Genealogical Societies and individuals have brought to Mr. Whitcomb, the executor, unsolicited letters of appreciation of this great work. Send orders to

J. FRED WHITCOMB, Ex'r.  
45 Central Square, Keene, N H.







A GLIMPSE OF LAKE SUNAPEE

Boston & Maine

As summer comes the thoughts of many busy people the country over turn toward this spot, one the most beautiful of New Hampshire's many summer colonies.

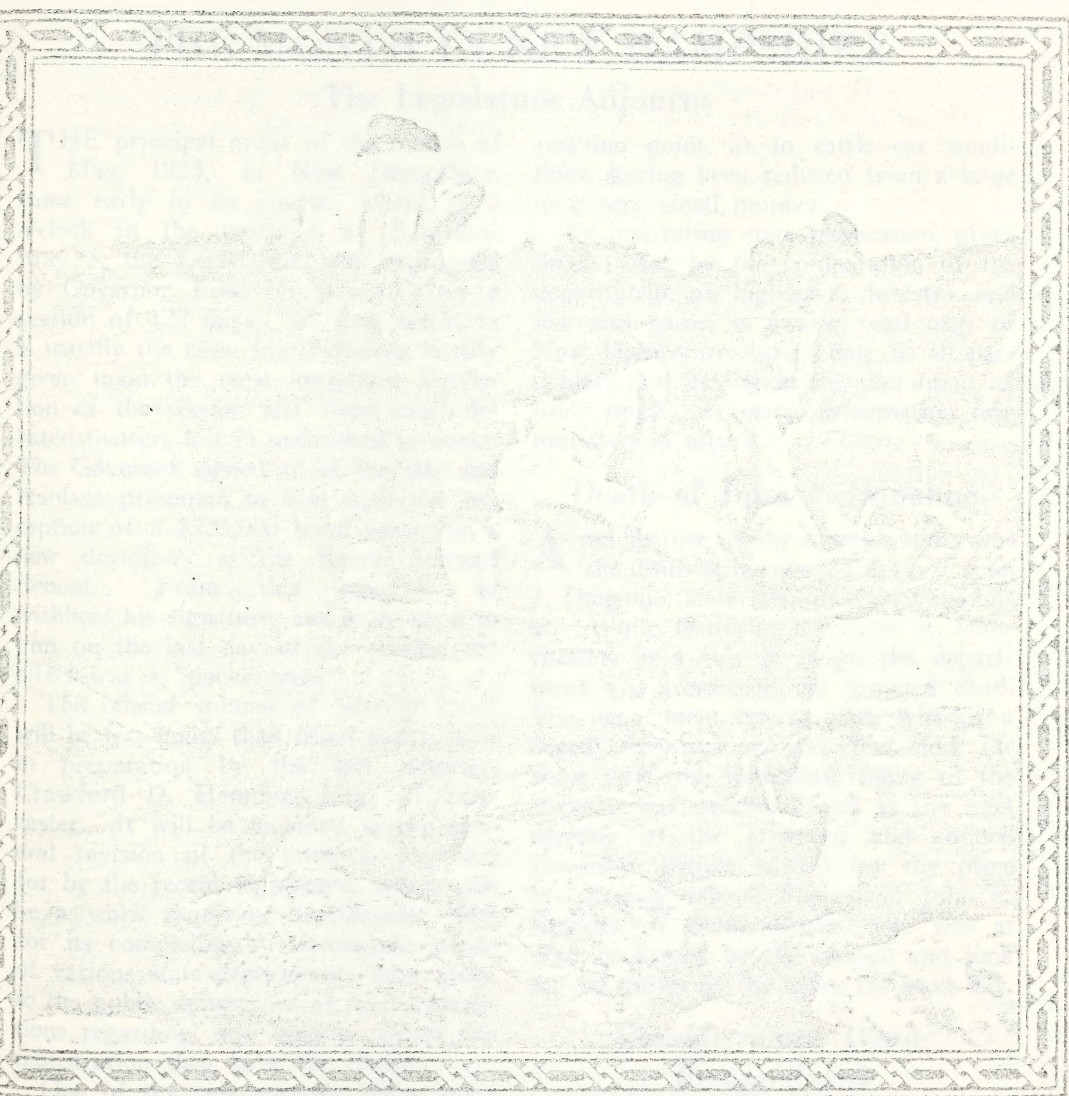




# GRANITE

Newberry Library Jan 24

# MONTHLY



ON THE HEAD WALL OF TUCKERMAN RAVINE

In This Issue--THE HIGHEST PATH IN NEW ENGLAND

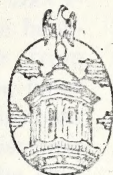




# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 55

No. 6



JUNE 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### The Legislature Adjourns

THE principal event of the month of May, 1923, in New Hampshire, came early in its course, when, at 3 o'clock in the morning of Saturday, May 5, the Legislature was prorogued by Governor Fred H. Brown after a session of 122 days. Its final week, as is usually the case, saw decisions hastily given upon the most important legislation of the session and some much-debated matters left in unfinished business. The Governor signed all of the acts and resolves presented to him with the exception of a \$225,000 bond issue for a new dormitory at the Keene Normal School. From this measure he withheld his signature, and as it came to him on the last day of the session the effect was a "pocket veto."

The official volume of Session Laws will be less bulky than usual and is now in preparation by the law reporter, Crawford D. Henning, Esq., of Lancaster. It will be included in the general revision of the statutes, provided for by the recent legislature, which will be a work requiring considerable time for its completion. Meanwhile, heads of various state departments have given to the public summaries of, and instructions regarding, new laws of whose administration they have the charge.

One of the new statutes whose good effects already are apparent is that regulating the shipment of cattle; complaints to the S. P. C. A. at Concord, a

junction point, as to cattle car conditions, having been reduced from a large to a very small number.

An interesting state publication, given timely issue by the co-operation of the departments of highways, forestry and fish and game, is a new road map of New Hampshire, up to date in all particulars and having in the text upon its back much necessary information for tourists and others.

### Death of John J. Donahue

A sad feature of the month's news was the death at his post of duty of John J. Donahue, state insurance commissioner. While testifying in court at Manchester, in a suit in which the department was concerned, he dropped dead. The department having been without a deputy commissioner and chief clerk for some time, the immediate filling of the vacancy was necessary and at the next meeting of the governor and council Governor Brown named for the place his personal friend, Postmaster John E. Sullivan of Somersworth, who was at once confirmed by the council and took up the duties of the office the next day.

### Commissioner Davie Re-appointed

AT the same meeting, Labor Commissioner John S. B. Davie, first appointed to that office in 1911 by Gov-





ernor Robert P. Bass, was re-appointed and confirmed for another three year term. Those who read the appreciative article upon his work in the May GRANITE MONTHLY will understand the benefit which will come to the state from his continuance at the head of the labor bureau. The fact that Commissioner Davie is a Republican and Commissioner Sullivan, a Democrat, indicates the continuance of the peaceful compromise conditions which have prevailed in the council chamber under this administration.

The board of trustees of the state sanatorium at Glencliffe submitted to the governor and council at this same meeting their nomination for superintendent of Dr. Robert M. Deming, for the past two years a member of the staff at the state hospital in this city, and it was approved. Doctor Deming saw over-seas service in the World War.

### Spanish War Veterans Celebrate

ONE of the few fine days in May, 1923, was assigned by the weather man to the 25th anniversary celebration, on the 17th, of the departure from Concord for Chickamauga of the First New Hampshire Regiment of Volunteers for the War with Spain. A surprisingly large number of survivors of the regiment came to the capital on that day, for a parade, banquet, business meeting of the department of New Hampshire, U. S. W. V., public exercises in Representatives' Hall at the state house and other features. From a stand erected on the state house plaza the parade was reviewed by Governor Brown, attended by his staff and council, and Mayor Chamberlin, accompanied by the board of aldermen. The most impressive moment of the day came when the veterans massed behind their standards before the stand and renewed the oath of allegiance which they took a quarter of a century ago.

The speakers at the public meeting in the evening were the governor and the mayor and Congressmen Rogers and Wason. During his visit to the capital Congressman Wason took occasion to deny reports of his ill health which have come from Washington and to say that he expects to be a candidate for renomination in 1924.

OTHER stimulants of political interest during the month were the address at Manchester by Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, upon invitation of the New Hampshire Civic Association, and the return to his home state from Europe of Senator George H. Moses, overflowing with opposition to President Harding's proposal that the United States shall participate in the World Court of Justice.

On the heels of Senator Borah's address came a spirited meeting by the friends of the League of Nations at which Mr. John G. Winant was elected chairman of the work for the League in New Hampshire. There is evidently enough difference of opinion on this matter to make it an interesting issue during the coming months.

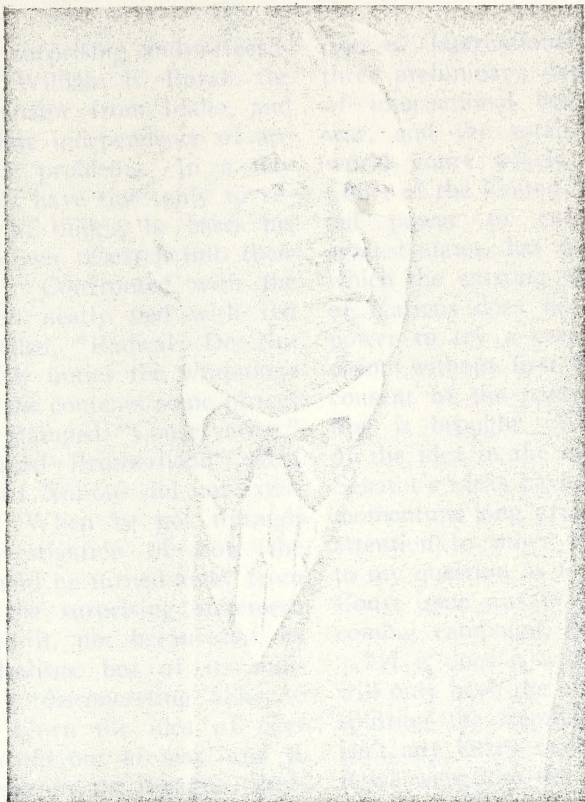
AT the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association, President Henry H. Metcalf was re-elected and Governor Brown was named as first vice-president. Mr. Metcalf has secured as chief orator of the tercentenary celebration, in August, of the settlement of the state, Judge Leslie P. Snow of the supreme court, who takes the place which President Hopkins of Dartmouth expected to fill, but finds himself unable to do so.

THE purchase by Henry Ford of a garnet mine in the town of Danbury presages, it is hoped, the industrial development, hitherto retarded, of that immediate section of the state.

H. C. P.







SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH

Who spoke before distinguished audience in Manchester May 24, under the auspices of the N. H. Civic Association.

## SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH

### An Interview

"SENATOR Borah," I said, "I'm going to tell New Hampshire people about you. What do you think I'd better emphasize?"

The Senator smiled that characteristic crooked smile of his and pushed his hair back from his broad forehead.

"My conservatism," he said. "I think that would most please a New Hampshire audience, wouldn't it?"

"They don't consider you conservative."

"But I am you know. Though I suppose——" he smiled again—"I suppose they don't regard any one who wants to recognize Russia as a conservative."

"We're inclined to think anything

that touches Russia at all is radical."

"Russia itself is radical enough, to be sure; but for the United States to recognize the government of Russia is a conservative act, backed by such precedents as Washington's recognition of the Committee of Public Safety of the French Revolution. The present government in Russia, imperfect as it is, is the form of government under which 140,000,000 people have been living for six years, and from all indications they are going on living under it for some years to come. Whatever we may think about the government it's the part of conservative good sense to accept the situation as it is and make the best of it."





There is one surprising and refreshing thing about William E. Borah, the Irreconcilable Senator from Idaho, and that is his absolute independence of approach to public problems. In a day when most of us have time only to regard the labels of things, he bases his opinions on his own research into their inner contents. Confronted with the Russian situation neatly tied with red ribbon and labelled, "Radical: Do Not Touch," he deftly unties the wrappings and sorts from the contents some phases which may be stamped "Conservative." The "International Brotherhood" label on the League of Nations did not satisfy him either. When he got through his careful investigation of how the wheels went round he turned away from the idea with the surprising statement that he opposed it, not because of its unattainable idealism, but of its militarism. This is disconcerting alike to materials who scorn the idea of ever bringing the world out of war, and to idealists who see in the League, ineffectual as it is at present, a glimmer of hope in a dark world. If our pet sheep are only wolves in sheep's clothing it still seems indecent to undeclothe them. It is even more disconcerting to have him suddenly challenge the peacemakers of the world by demanding that they show their sincerity by daring to pronounce War a crime. Brought up on stories of splendid warfare, is it any wonder that we hesitate to put the ban upon the institution?

"We shall never have world peace" said the Senator earnestly, "until we are willing to pursue it with the same audacity and boldness with which we are wont to pursue war. You cannot overcome nitric acid with cologne water.

"What the world needs now is a Cromwell or a Peter the Great who will lead for peace as the great generals of the past led for war."

But pending the arrival of that leader, the Senator from Idaho is not being idle. He has launched upon the waves of public opinion his idea that the solu-

tion of international relations involves three preliminary steps—the codification of international law, the outlawry of war, and the establishment of a real world court which, like the Supreme Court of the United States, though without power to enforce its decisions against states, has nevertheless a power which the existing court of the League of Nations does not have, namely, the power to try a case and render a decision without first having obtained the consent of the party against whom action is brought. We shall hear more of the idea in the coming months. The Senator's ideas have a way of gathering momentum long after he has turned his attention to other things. In response to my question as to whether the World Court issue was to figure largely in the coming campaign, he said:

"If it does it will be unfortunate. It will only have the effect of unnecessarily splitting the Republican party. There isn't any hurry really, you know. Even if we went into the League Court which now exists, we couldn't do anything until the next election of judges in 1930. And there are a lot of matters which are of immediate importance here at home. We've got to put our own house in order if we are to be of any use internationally. That's what I'm studying on now, and I am expecting to work on these problems with even more concentration during the next few months."

When the Senator talks of study and concentration he means what he says. However much one may disagree with his conclusions, one cannot but admire the breadth of the foundations on which they are builded, one cannot but respect the scholarly character of his research, the painstaking accumulation of all the facts bearing on the situation, and the assimilation of those facts in the great brain that works within the square shaggy head. When he spoke to the N. H. Civic Association on May 24, he remarked whimsically, "No one believes the statements of an Irreconcilable





unless he can produce proofs so, although they are cumbersome, I brought along the papers to support my case."

"I hope these domestic problems," continued Senator Borah, "are going to be the main concern of the coming campaign. Transportation, economy in the expenditure of public money, and perhaps most of all a satisfactory solution of the control of public utilities and the protection of the public against extortion—unless we solve these matters we are going to be in a more serious situation than we are in at present. Bolshevism is not a religion, nor a creed, nor a form of government. It is a disease which is engendered wherever oppression and injustice long prevail. If the people who are concerned about the influx of propaganda from Bolshevik Russia would only help in the solving of some of these problems of ours they would not need to worry."

The interview came to an end all too soon, but as we drove along the streets of Manchester toward the hall where the Senator was to deliver his address to the Civic Association, I ventured one more question,

"What brought you into politics, Sen-

ator Borah?"

"The fact that Boise, Idaho, wasn't big enough to allow me to reach the point in the legal profession there which I wanted to reach. If I had been born in a large city things might have been different, for my first love and my greatest interest even now is the law. Perhaps I should simply have gone ahead in that field. As it was, I wanted greater scope and I decided to take a course in politics. And here I am."

We were driving through Manchester's residence section with beautiful tree-shaded homes on either side of the road. The Senator pointed one out.

"It's good to see a house with lots of space around it. In Washington we just crawl into the big apartment houses from the sidewalks. A man who is used to the spaces of the West never gets used to it. It somehow seems to cramp one's thinking."

And these two remarks gave me the finishing touch to my impression of Senator William E. Borah—a man used to the open spaces, for whom the whole world is not too broad a professional field, and to whom the loneliness of independent thought has no terrors.

—H. F. M.

## The Amoskeag Plan

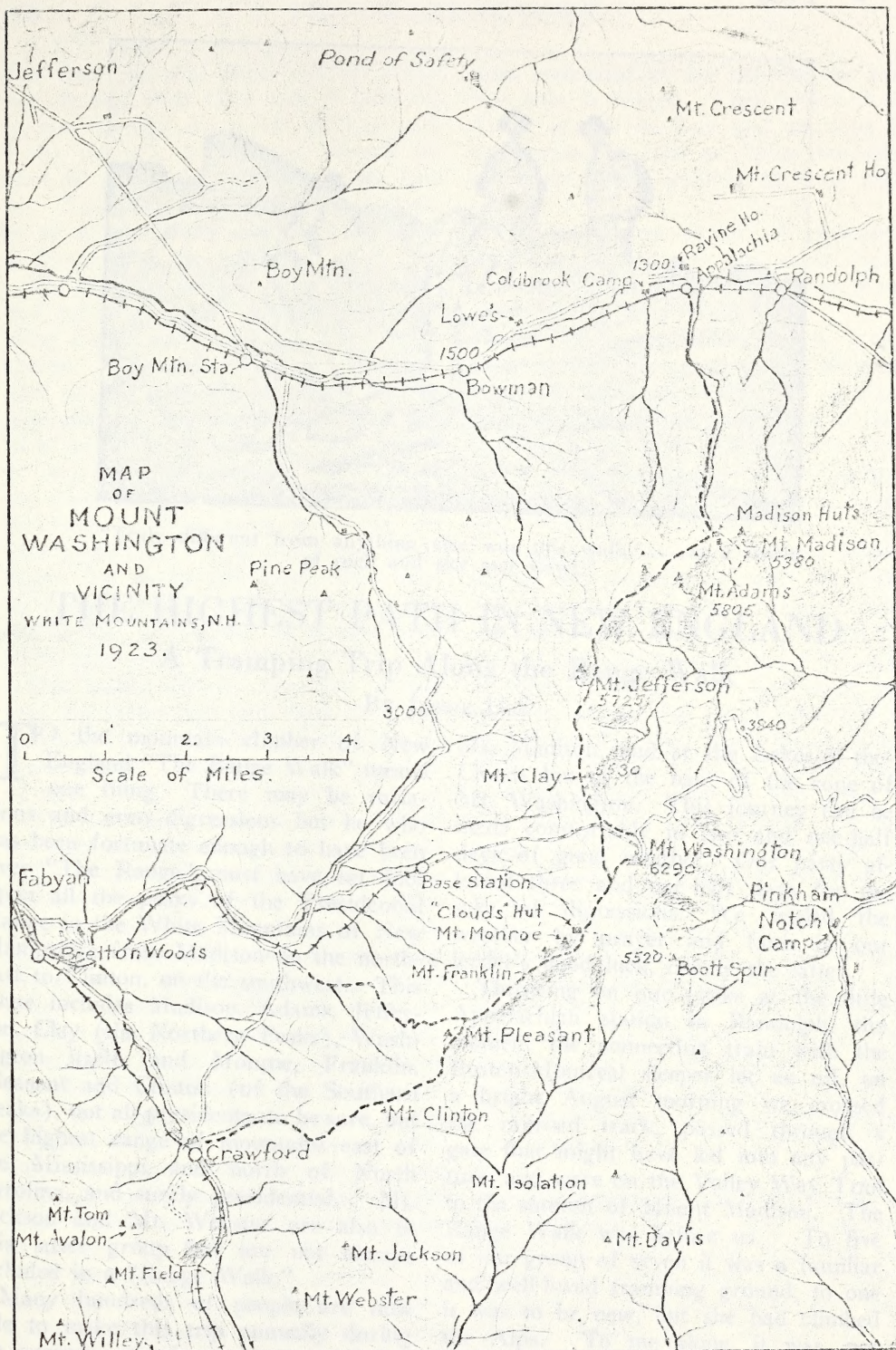
The announcement that the great Amoskeag Manufacturing Company with some 14,000 employees has proposed a plan of employee representation whereby employees and management can jointly and democratically work out their common problems through the orderly process of conference, is both good and significant news. Only a year ago the Amoskeag was troubled with one of those

long-drawn-out and wasteful strikes which have unfortunately characterized the textile industry for many years. If the proposed plan goes into effect, and if it works as successfully as similar plans have worked in industrial establishments of both great and medium size, it means that Manchester will behold a new era of increased efficiency and harmony.

—*Boston Herald*





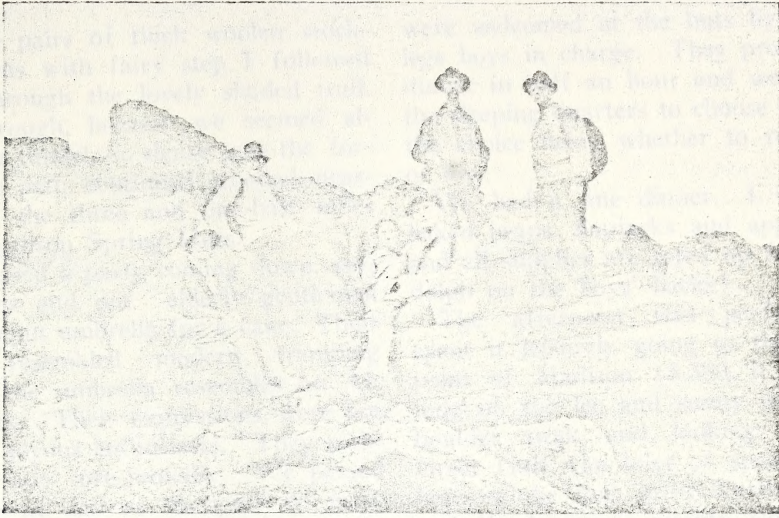


Drawn by Louis F. Cutter

The Range Walk. Starting at Randolph the party followed the route marked with a dotted line over the Presidential Peaks to Crawford.







"Truly different from anything else was this walk.....in a world of rock and sky and views."

## THE HIGHEST PATH IN NEW ENGLAND

### A Tramping Trip Along the Range Walk

BY JESSIE DOE

TO the mountain climber of New England "The Range Walk" means one thing. There may be variations and even digressions but he who has been fortunate enough to have been over "The Range" must have set foot upon all the peaks of the Presidential Range in the White Mountains of New Hampshire from Madison on the northeast to Clinton, on the southwest. This route includes Madison, Adams, Jefferson, Clay (the Northern Peaks), Washington itself, and Monroe, Franklin, Pleasant and Clinton (of the Southern Peaks), not all presidents, to be sure, but the highest range of mountains east of the Mississippi and north of North Carolina, and surely presidential. Mt. Jackson and Mt. Webster are also in this latter group but are not always included in a "Range Walk."

Many hundreds of people are now able to make this trip annually during the summer months owing to the fine facilities for overnight stops offered to all at the Appalachian Club huts, at Madison Springs, near the summit of

Mt. Madison, and at the Lakes-of-the-Clouds hut at the base of the cone of Mt. Washington. This journey can be made comfortably in two and one-half days of good weather. Our party allowed three and one-half days for the sake of digressions. We settled the weather by prayer and faith in our leader's good luck, chiefly the latter.

Throwing on our packs at the little Appalachian station in Randolph, the moment the connecting train with the Boston-Montreal sleeper let us off, on a bright August morning we crossed the railroad track, passed through a gate that might have led into any pasture, and were on the Valley Way Trail to the summit of Mount Madison. The Range Walk was before us. To five of our group of seven it was a familiar and well-loved tramping ground, to one it was to be new, but she had climbed the Alps. To me alone, it was, not only new, and the highest thing yet in the name of a walk, but a glowing dream about to be realized.

So in spite of heavy hob-nailed boots





and three pairs of thick woolen stockings it was with fairy step I followed in line through the lovely shaded trail. I say through, because we seemed almost in a tunnel, so dense was the forest. The path continued wooded nearly all of the three and one-half miles to the Madison Spring Huts.

We passed a party coming down, several ladies and one elderly gentleman using a stout umbrella for a cane. Their clothes resembled modern tramping garb as the umbrella resembles an Alpine stock. Their expressions were not those of joyous enthusiasts. They picked their way sore-footedly. We passed the time of day as trampers do upon the trail. "You going up?" the old man grumbled. "You won't like it up there. Its damp and cold. We went up yesterday, got caught in a cloud and had to stay overnight. It is damp and cold; you won't like it."

Our leader cheerily answered he had been up before and had liked it. The old man growled and hobbled on to lower climes. Undaunted, we proceeded up.

The trail grew steeper. We slabbled up high on the side of our valley and looking across saw the long sloping shoulder of Madison. Things were growing decidedly interesting. The path grew steeper yet; we pegged along expectantly. The trees had shrunk to scrub. Then just when we were not looking for it, we were out of scrub. Standing in the open I gasped, not from the climb but at what lay before us. Not fifty yards ahead on a rough plateau, sheltered by a pair of dark mountain cones, nestled two small stone buildings and from the chimney of one came smoke, as cheery as the purring of a cat. The Madison Spring Huts. That pointed peak rising directly behind the huts was the top of Mount Madison, the rough round knob to the right was an Adams crown. We were in another world.

We passed by the springs that are the headwaters of Snyder Brook and

were welcomed at the huts by the college boys in charge. They promised us dinner in half an hour and we went to the sleeping quarters to choose our beds, the choice being whether to roost high or low.

We had a fine dinner. I remember baked beans, flapjacks and apple sauce, and all supplies are toted up from Randolph on the boys' backs!

The afternoon was perfect. We spent it leisurely going to the topmost point of Madison (5,380 ft.) basking long on the lee and sunny side of her boulder peak and looking into The Great Gulf (an inlet of space, wedged between the four great Northern Peaks and Washington's mighty side).

From this point on Madison, Washington was magnificent, with the bulking slope of Chandler's Ridge, riding out into the foreground over which the line of the carriage road could be plainly seen. Very smooth, very easily undulating is the big king mountain as seen from this spot. The Osgood Ridge Path led directly from our perch down over the bumpy ridge of that name to the Glen House from whence the carriage road starts on its winding way up Washington. We scanned well in all directions. Near by John Quincy Adams, the broad expanse of the Androscoggin Valley with Maine beyond on the east, the Randolph county to the north and in the far away north-west what might be Vermont. But *the* view from the tip top of Madison is southwest, Washington and the Great Gulf. That picture we took away "for keeps." The immensity of it! The beauty of it!

After supper we stretched out under our ponchos before our stone-built home and watched the westering sun concoct a sunset over in Vermont; watched the crescent moon over John Quincy Adams grow brighter as the heavy mountain grew blacker, felt the darkness and the coldness envelop us. It was a good thing we had selected our beds early, for trampers had come







Boston &amp; Maine

The Presidential Range and the Great Gulf: "an inlet of space wedged between the four great northern peaks and Washington's mighty side."

in on all the trails during the afternoon and some thirty weary bodies sought rest that night in the two-room sleeping hut, with an overflow in dining room and kitchen. I doubt if Morpheus handed out enough sleep to give each his real quota and the thermometer ran to freezing too, but no one complained and the morning found us up bright and early hungry and ready for the Gulfside Trail over Adams, Jefferson and Clay to Washington and the Lakes-of-the-Clouds Huts, a distance of about six miles and considered the most scenic walk in the White Mountains.

The day promised well, the mist filled valleys clearing as the sun got under way. Skirting John Quincy Adams, we peered down into the great King's Ravine from the head-wall on the northerly side of the range, and thought another time we would come

up that way. The "Air Line" over the seriated ridge of the Knife Edge on Durand Ridge which divides the ravine from our own Synder Brook valley also lured us. What fun to walk over the prickly edge of things there! A little farther on, we stopped to look back at the pyramidal cone of Madison, with the huts, grown so tiny, in the foreground. Another turn in the trail and our hostelry disappeared but the pointed peak showed for some time longer over the rock-bound shoulder of Adams. We did not go over the summit of John Quincy or of his taller relative, plain Adams (5,805 ft.), second highest of the White Mountains. The former, together with Sam and the more or less facetiously called Maude, are part and parcel of the main mountain, in short have never set up household gods of their own. But to us they were gods in themselves, each and





every one of these lofty individuals, we communed with, this day and the next and the next. Truly different from anything else was this walk we were taking shoulder high among the giants of the race, always well above the tree-line, in a world of rock and sky and views.

As we approached Edmand's col, the connecting link between Adams and Jefferson, the weather grew threatening and almost wild. Big black man-of-war clouds scudded eerily about close upon us and a streak of rain could be seen here and there. The wind seemed marshalling up its forces and the sun, so lately our comrade, sent forth strange rays from behind dark cruisers, whose meaning I scarcely understood. I remembered tales of sudden storms upon the range and the dire results sometimes to trampers, and I looked to our leader's face for symptoms of concern, but found them not; so, fearless, I too walked among the boulder kings and storm clouds upon the world's high crest.

Passing the col, the trail swung to the south side of the range, and ascended, at a steep pitch the shoulder of Jefferson (5,725 ft.), the third highest mountain, of the Presidential Range. We looked down into the Great Gulf, The Montecello Lawn, on a shelf of the mountain is a bit disillusioning to one who really believes in lawnmowers; but some enthusiast or fanatic has actually toted a croquet set to this spot and set it up in the midst of the lank grass and rocks.

The weather was now quiet but no longer clear, and as we walked over Clay, the trail swinging to the westerly side of the range, we looked across the Ammonoosuc Ravine to the Southern Peaks shrouded in mist.

We lunched on the head-wall of the Great Gulf, the col between Clay and Washington, and gloried in the beautiful view. There was the long range of the Northern Peaks over which we had been walking all the morning with, at

the end, the distinctive point of Madison, from whose summit yesterday we had looked to this head-wall and no farther. On our right-hand stood the wall of Washington, its summit dissolved in cloud. Some thousand feet below in the wooded depths was Spaulding Lake, a small but flat surface in this tumbled world of ups and downs. But this is merely a synopsis of the view. To feel it one must go and look.

We had intended to go to the summit of Washington (6,293 ft.), the highest of them all, but owing to the mass of density that supplanted the cone, when we reached the point where the West-side Trail branches off from the Gulf-side, on a short cut along the base of the cone to join the Crawford Bridle Path or the still shorter MacGregor cut-off to the Lakes-of-the-Clouds Hut, we decided to take the latter and avoid the murkiness.

Our line of march was altogether out of cloud but we almost brushed the curtain. A few steps to the left would have plunged us into fog so thick that cairn-following would have been no joke.

We passed under the railroad trestle and soon came to the friendly lodging of our desire. This camp has much to rejoice in by reason of its location. The horn-like peak of Monroe (5,390 ft.), less grand but more intimate than any of the Northern Peaks, stands close at hand. The views west and east are open (the skies willing) and one thousand feet above, on the north, towers the cone of Washington, with Clay and Jefferson standing shoulder to shoulder sloping off into the valley below. The two lakes, of no mean proportion for five thousand feet elevation, add character and beauty to the place in their setting of boulder granite in the rough.

We made ourselves at home, partook of afternoon tea of our own brewing and awaited the events of nature. They were not long in coming, for on the range the weather, if there is any, does not stand still. Long before sunset







"We watched the process of cloud-making in the broad Ammonoosuc ravine."

there was a glow as the sunlight worked in under the horizon line, and then we realized the cloud on Washington was drifting and slowly the mighty silhouette stood out before us, edged with the soft sun-gold mist behind. It was a striking figure and all our upper world was weirdsome in the unusual light.

We watched the atmospheric developments until supper time when fair weather seemed assured. After supper we went out again, into the twilight.

We stayed out until after the moon came over the Carter Range and even then the sunset lingered on the western boundary of the world. It was only the cold that induced us to take shelter.

As we sat about the stone hut, dressed not only in our thickest camping clothes and heaviest winter undergarments but with a hut blanket or two thrown over our shoulders, in blew a bare-kneed brigade from some girls' camp. The head one bore a ukelele and, on seeing an audience, struck up a tune and with her instrument as partner danced across the cement floor. The others paired off and the quiet hut was turned into a ball room. Their similarity of uniforms suggested a

stage chorus. We learned later that in this one day they had covered what we had taken two days for on the range, yet they danced, sang and laughed, while we sat still and possibly yawned. It was not that they were not tired, but they did not know it. Excitement will carry youth far and I suppose pride will keep the knees warm. How surprised they would have been had they known that we took a unanimous vote, the next day, to the effect that the knee is an ugly joint and its display does not add to the charm of youth!

At last they settled down, listened to some mountain tales from us and sang in return their camp songs. We refrained from telling them they were not fitly dressed for mountain climbing and they did not tell us we were old fogies. The evening wound up with an unexpected thunder shower adding the last dramatic touch to the day.

Some hours later peering from our folding steel-shelf pallets through the large observation windows of the hut we saw the Ammonoosuc Valley filled with the rosy mist of morning.

The youthful band with their two youthful counselors were off ahead of us with a full program included the







One of the Lakes-of-the-Clouds: "A small but flat surface in this world of ups and downs."

summit of Washington, and Tuckerman Ravine. We wondered if their buoyancy would keep them from bruising their knees on some of the rocky trails they proposed to take. How we longed to counsel the counselors!

Not long after breakfast we were off. As we were to return to the same hut for the night we left our packs and traveled "light." Our plan was to spend the day on Washington and our first objective was the summit, one mile and seven-eighths away, according to the guide book.

The mist of the valleys, now tossed into bales of light fluff, floated beneath and above us, near at hand and far away. We watched the process of cloud-making in the broad Anmonoosuc ravine, where some fog still lay, although no longer rose-tinted; saw the bulky fledglings, sometimes like huge dirigibles, rise, poise uncertainly in mid-air as if to find their bearings and adjust themselves to flight, then sail away with flocks of others upon their great adventure. It was a morning of light and loveliness; the sky so blue; the clouds so soft; the air so clear! Ahead and up-

ward the jumbled rocky cone, with its deep set trail over which the ponies used to scramble, in the days when folks rode horseback to the summit; behind and now below us, Monroe with the hut and two lakes so small in the distance; and everywhere, the ranges and the peaks, the valleys, the ravines and the notches.

As we reached the summit a wayward cloud, rambling over the mountain, made an unexpected turn and wrapped us in its damp folds. We could only laugh, it was such a mischievous caprice, button our sweaters more closely and walk on, seeing only the stones beneath our feet. It stayed but a minute, then romped lazily away, to play, perhaps, with other mountain climbers over on the Carter range.

From the summit we studied the panorama in all directions, and also indulged in coffee at the hotel. Here we found our girls' camp hikers, who had shot ahead of us early in the morning. They were huddled around the big open fireplace and looked frazzled. Their enthusiasm of the night before was gone. I heard only a few feeble thrums from





the ukelele. Their young eyes looked worn and weary. They had changed their plans and were not going down through Tuckerman but back to their camp by the nearest trail. They stared with a kind of dull astonishment at us old fogies, still "going strong." As we went out to face the gale upon the summit, they drew closer to the fire.

We followed the winding carriage road a short distance down the easterly side; looked across the massive Great Gulf to the Northern Peaks, noted the points we had traversed the day before, and remembered how the line of this carriage road had looked from the summit of Madison.

The clouds were growing very frolicsome. Now Jefferson would be lost to view; then Madison was capped; then in a twinkling all the world became clear as crystal, with the big downy things riding off to sport in the far high heavens. Across our own path, a careless gray play-fellow wandered in haphazard fashion. And we, anxious to avoid two over-talkative females from the Summit House, who had attached themselves to our party, all too evidently for the day, and were enriching our lives with tales of their journeyings in China, Mexico, and far and near everywhere, in that endless uninteresting fashion, that habitual travelers sometimes have; we, I say, took advantage of friend cloud. With no little difficulty we got a few paces ahead of our new companions. Talking so rapidly, they could not walk quite as fast as we could on a pinch. Besides they were unsuspecting and entirely absorbed in describing a million dollar hotel in Alexandria. The cloud was there. We stepped within. Then moving off the carriage road a few feet to the right, still covered, we waited, completely hidden.

We heard their voices, their foot-falls even, as they passed by. "Every bed in the hotel was of brass." Groping about we found a huge boulder to

crouch behind when the cloud lifted. They returned, searching. We heard discussion. At last they decided we were around the bend in the road ahead, turned again and hurried on in hopes of overtaking us. And we have never known whether every room in that Egyptian hotel had a bath as well as a brass bed.

Huntington Ravine is worth looking down into and across at the huge mountainous sloping rock steep of Nelson's crag. Beneath us, so sharply beneath that some of us did not care to be too near the edge, lay the wild and seldom trod chasm of the ravine.

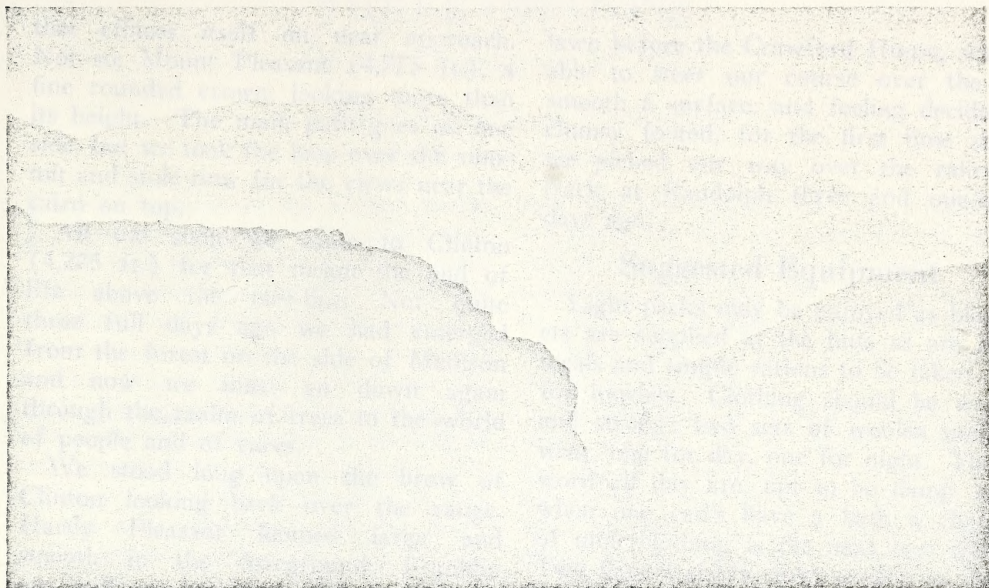
We were now at the foot and on the easterly side of the cone of Washington. A plateau, called the Alpine Garden runs along this side of the mountain and we passed over it on our way to the head-wall of Tuckerman Ravine. Rare arctic plants known no where else in New England are found here and very beautiful are some of the diminutive flowers; but to the casual eye the place does not give the impression of a garden. It certainly is not cultivated or even culled of rocks.

Tuckerman is the most heralded of the ravines, and the tramper's favorite. We lunched on the head-wall and conned the scenery well while the water for our tea prepared itself to boil. We strolled out to the heights of Boott Spur, over the flats of the Davis Path, known as Bigelow Lawn, breathed long and deeply of the views and went on, to the Hanging Cliff, where, lying flat, we peered over the edge down fifteen hundred feet to little Hermit Lake, the jewel of Tuckerman Ravine. And everywhere down there was the thick green forest of stunted fir, so different from our open heights. The most interesting thing about Mount Washington are the clouds but next are the ravines.

Returning to the Spur we took the Camel Trail back over a short mile to the Lakes-of-the-Clouds, thus having made in our day a circuit of the south-







Madison, Adams, and Jefferson's Knee

easterly half of the cone of Washington; a day that had made us near of kin to the grand old settler.

Another lovely sunset and soft blue evening, and in the night, exhibition extraordinary of the wonderful phenomenon of the Northern Lights. We had gone to bed, but rest and sleep were inconsequential, when the gods were playing with the rays of heaven. Last night they had experimented with the lightning; tonight the mysteries of the *Aurora Borealis* were their whim. Can you imagine not being satisfied with the stars and the moon?

Out we stumbled into the open night and watched the long rays of variegated lights streaming from zenith to horizon. Pillars of gold and lavender they seemed. At first sharply defined and radiant, they gradually grew fainter and less luminous. An awe inspiring scene it was, to marvel at. We watched until the show was over, then remembered we were sleepy and turned in.

The next morning we had before us the Southern Peaks and homeward journey, for that evening was to see us back in Boston. Seven miles over the

Crawford Bridle Path would bring us to the Crawford House at the head of Crawford Notch and we planned to reach there in time to try their table service before taking the early afternoon train.

Bidding farewell to our youthful hosts at the hut we followed the path around the southerly shoulder of Monroe. Deep down on our left was Oakes Gulf, and across that, forming the separating wall from the Gulf of Slides beyond, lay the Montalban Ridge, a long mountain line running from Boott Spur to Bemis, over which the Davis Trail runs.

The day was fair. We were at one with the mountains! and also with the world! Three days we had lived on the heights. What was time? But yes there was the afternoon train and our various lines of work on the morrow. We must not look over our shoulders too much at Washington's dome but onward march.

Franklin (5,028 ft.) is a big bleak shoulder that one hardly realizes is a separate peak, from the trail. I class it with Clay as one of the mountains





that effaces itself on near approach. Not so, Mount Pleasant (4,775 ft.), a fine rounded crown, looking more than its height. The main path goes on one side, but we took the loop over the summit and stole time for the views near the cairn on top.

All too soon we came to Clinton (4,275 ft.) for that meant the end of life above the tree-line. Not quite three full days ago we had emerged from the forest on the side of Madison and now we must go down again through the realm of trees to the world of people and of cares.

We stood long upon the brow of Clinton looking back over the range. Hardy Pleasant loomed large and smooth in the foreground. Franklin was still unpresuming. The two prongs of Monroe looked diminutive now in the distance, and Washington far away was vague in haze. But oh! the beauty, the softness and the pure loveliness of this open mountain world with its valleys and its heights, blue sky and drifting clouds!

With one master effort we turned our backs on it and the scrub fir covered us. Three miles down, down, through the woodlands, a rather quiet party but full to the brim of what the God of the Open Air has to give. Once we saw a deer, sorrel red, with white tail-plume uplifted, dashing through the underbrush, close at hand, startled by our approach. Anon we heard the waters of Gibb's Brook coursing down the mountain to the rendezvous at Crawford's where the Saco River is formed, and we left the path before quite reaching the foot of the mountain, to play and wash in the streams; a last idling with nature, and an attempt to "spruce up" for civilization. The men put on their neckties, the women donned their skirts. Thus arrayed and fit neither for trail nor piazza, we marched out upon the green

lawn before the Crawford House, scarce able to steer our course over the so smooth a surface, and feeling decidedly clumsy footed, for the first time since we picked our way over the railroad track at Randolph three and one-half days ago.

### Suggested Equipment

Light packs may be enjoyed as blankets are supplied at the huts as are also meals and simple rations to be taken out for lunches. Clothing should be warm and strong; two sets of woolen underwear, one for day, one for night. Those worn all day are apt to be damp and when one can't have a bath a change of underclothing is the next best thing. Two flannel shirts; firm woolen or duck-back knickers; thick woolen stockings; two or three pair on and an extra pair or two in your pack; thick soled comfortable shoes well studded with hob-nails and a pair of sneakers or moccasins for a change to wear about camp. Heavy sweater, and a poncho or some rain-proof garment that can be worn over pack and also used as a wind proof; small felt cap, tam, or cap, anything as long as you don't care what happens to it. Some people take an old pair of gloves to protect the hands when climbing among the rocks. Of course, one's own toilet articles including soap and towels. Some member of the party should carry an emergency kit, containing iodine, bandages, adhesive plaster, etc. Iver Johnson, Washington St., Boston, supply good ones at \$1.00 each. Also one candle-lantern, one A. M. C. guide book, one hatchet among the party in case of emergency, and a compass for each person. The general rule is to carry as little extra as possible, so have what you do carry as serviceable as possible. Remember it can be very cold above the tree-line and don't scorn woollens.





# THREE OPINIONS

## On the Legislature of 1923

### I. The Democratic Viewpoint

BY ROBERT JACKSON

THE President of the United States has lately expressed his grave concern over the drift toward a pure democracy now manifest in our political institutions and warns us that no pure democracy has ever survived. It would be interesting to speculate upon how far higher educational standards, which are daily widening their scope to include in their benefits a greater and greater proportion of our youth, might tend to correct the evils responsible for the decay of the ancient democracies Mr. Harding doubtless had in mind. Here in New England we still maintain in all its original purity and vigor the best example of a pure democracy, the town meeting; and it has proved so successful and satisfactory that no substantial change has been made in the institution since the earliest colonial days.

Of course, President Harding was thinking of the nation and not of the community. The latter naturally adapts itself to a purely democratic form of government which in the former would spell chaos. But the very success of the town meeting is perhaps responsible for our reluctance to reform an obvious defect in our governmental system, namely the huge and unwieldy bulk of our New Hampshire House of Representatives. Oligarchies are usually efficient but as a people our experience leads us to shun them. We hesitate to delegate our powers of governing ourselves to the few. So it happens biennially that we send some 420 representatives to Concord and then at the conclusion of the session abuse them because they have not been as brisk and efficient in the performance of their tasks as would be possible for a smaller, more compact and less cumbersome body.

This year presents no exception to the rule. The cry is raised the legisla-

ture was too long on the job, it talked too much, it was too expensive, it accomplished little. And yet, upon examination, it appears that the legislature of 1923 was in many respects certainly no worse and, in some respects, superior to its predecessors.

For instance, in a world where all, save perhaps one's secret thoughts are regulated by statute, it is no great evil to have cut down the number of laws enacted. To have created no new offices, to have raised no salaries (save one which was increased very slightly), to have fought off successfully the hordes who clamored for appropriations of public money as if it were inexhaustible manna from the skies and not collected painfully from every citizen, are distinctions of which any legislative body may well be proud. Especially is this true at a time like the present when taxes have been increased by leaps and bounds to a point where more than one-sixth of the income of the average family goes to meet the expenses of government.

It is difficult to realize what pressure is brought to bear upon an Appropriations committee and particularly upon its chairman unless one has had opportunity of observation at close range. It seems to be an inexorable rule of human nature that those directly interested in the activities of government departments become obsessed with the idea that their particular field is the one which must be provided for at all costs. Economy as a general principle is a splendid idea until they feel its contracting rigors upon themselves. Then all sense of proportion is lost and almost any method which will secure the desired appropriation is resorted to. The ideal member of an Appropriations Committee must combine the finesse of a diplo-





mat with the stubbornness of a mule. With no intention of reflecting upon the personal characteristics of the present committee, it may be said that they did an excellent and exceptional job. Through their courage and determination, it was possible to reduce the state tax for the biennial period a total of \$1,350,000 below the figures of two years ago and every family in New Hampshire will benefit thereby.

In this connection it may not be amiss to reveal an incident which shows how courage and judgment will solve perplexing legislative tangles. The budget bill appropriates the funds necessary to run all the state institutions and departments. Under our constitution, the governor is not permitted as in some states to veto individual items but must accept or reject the bill as a whole. Consequently, when some appropriation has been beaten in the house or senate or it is known that the governor is opposed and will veto it, the appropriation can be attached as a rider to the budget bill and if the budget bill is then vetoed, no funds are available for the ordinary running expenses of government. In the expressive language of the corridors, the rider "puts the governor in a hole." This procedure was followed by the senate and an appropriation of a large amount to which it was known the governor was opposed was attached to the budget bill sent up from the house. The house refused to concur. A committee of conference was named. One of the house conferees

was a Republican with a distinguished record of legislative service, and, as his many friends have occasion to know, all the courage necessary to deal with most exigencies.

The conferees met. The session was brief, very brief. The distinguished Republican spoke for his colleagues of the house. "You gentlemen" he said to the senate conferees, "will take off that rider or we will let the state departments and institutions go without a dollar and we will let the people know who is responsible." The rider was removed.

Another exhibition of courage was afforded when the speaker declined to recognize a member who was on his feet demanding a roll call when a roll call would have adjourned the house and postponed action on many important measures not in dispute. The speaker's action was arbitrary but it was justified, as even the victim of the ruling good-naturedly admitted.

As for affirmative accomplishment, the legislature put upon the statute books several tax measures which represent all that probably can be accomplished under the limitations of our constitution. It provided liberal aid for agriculture, increasing the appropriation over that of two years ago, and it appropriated more money for new building construction than has been provided in many years. In spite of these increases, it was able, by cutting expenditures in other directions, to effect a very substantial reduction in the state tax.

## II. The Republican Viewpoint

BY OLIN CHASE

A conspiracy of political circumstances in 1922, which could not be fully foreseen and consequently was not effectively combatted by the Republicans, inflicted upon the people of New Hampshire a legislature, the control of which was divided between the two political parties, the Republicans dominating the senate and the Demo-

crats having a substantial majority of the house, along with a Democratic governor.

It is often remarked that it is better for one party or the other to have a free hand in legislation than it is for the responsibility to be split. As a general proposition this may be true, but not so in New Hampshire in the





legislature of 1923, whose banner achievement—its adjournment—was far too long delayed, but happily is now accomplished.

It is scant wonder that when the people looked upon the house of representatives, with its wild proposals and radical majority leadership, and especially when they took a view of that cosmopolitan group from the Queen City, in which was practically vested the control of the house, that they thanked God for the senate.

Had the senate by some almost unimaginable misfortune been Democratic, and as radical in its tendency, as amenable to partisanship, and as blind to public welfare as was the house, the damage which would have accrued to the state as a result of this legislative session could not have been repaired in a generation.

While there were other matters of more importance to the state at large in which party consideration predominated, perhaps the Democratic gauge was as well measured by the handling of the contested election cases as in any subject which commanded popular attention. Here the motive could not be concealed by a smoke screen of alleged merit. In Ward 5 Laconia and in the town of Freedom the returns showed no election for representative by reason of a tie vote. However, the Democratic majority in the house wasted no time in examining the votes, in taking testimony, or in making any motions looking to a determination of what was fair in the premises. Time, which on other occasions was not highly valued, in this instance suddenly took on a price which made its use in determining the rights of a Republican aspirant for legislative honors impracticable. Brute strength prevailed and the Democrats were seated.

These events were only preliminary to the main performance. In the town of Thornton the Republican was elected by one vote, both by the finding of

the secretary of state on examining the ballots and by the examination of the ballots by the committee on elections. The committee on elections, composed of nine Democrats and six Republicans, voted nine to four to seat the Republican. After a ridiculous delay, the party whip was cracked, the committee report was set aside, and the Republican nominee was allowed to remain at his home in Thornton.

But the climax of partisan unfairness has not yet been reached in this story. In Ward 7 Concord an examination of the ballots by the secretary of state showed a Republican candidate for representative to have been elected by a majority of seven. Not a scintilla of evidence was produced which could arouse even a suspicion of fraud, yet the crack of the same whip which had functioned in the foregoing cases again resounded throughout the state house corridors with the result that the Democrat retained his seat.

No attempt at justification of the attitude of the Democratic majority toward these contested election cases has been publicly uttered or printed.

The Democratic claim that the election of their candidate for governor and a majority of the house of representatives registered a demand from the people for the passage of a forty-eight hour law will not stand analysis. Many considerations entered into the results of the gubernatorial campaign, the most important of which was the costly indifference of Republican voters to the real import of the situation. Stay-at-homes caused Republican defeat, as an examination of the returns clearly shows.

In many cases Democrats were elected to the house from small towns, normally Republican, not one per cent. of the citizenship of which favor the enactment of a forty-eight hour law.

But whatever the sentiment of the state may have been in November, 1922, with reference to legislation affecting the





hours of labor, the Republican members of the legislature stood ready at all times to fulfil the promise of their platform to the people of New Hampshire, which was as follows:

"\*\*\*\*We, therefore, favor the creation by the state of a Fact Finding Commission which will impartially and exhaustively investigate all of the essential and comparative conditions bearing on the controversy over the length of the working week for women employed in industry in this state, to report to the incoming legislature before its adjournment."

Two resolutions for a fact-finding commission, each of which gave to the Democrats a majority of such a commission, were introduced early in the session, but both went down to defeat by reason of Democratic opposition.

The position taken and consistently maintained by the Republicans on the various phases of the problem of taxation was equally tenable.

On the questions involving a modification of the poll tax for women and the restoration of a usury law the action of the Democratic house majority was obviously theatrical and manifestly barren of sincerity. The principle that legislation is in the main a matter of compromise was entirely ignored.

Education was made to bear the brunt of the only expense curtailment which came out of the much advertised Democratic policy of economy. In lieu of

money badly needed for building purposes the state college was given a change of name, and a bill providing for a dormitory at the Keene Normal School was allowed to suffocate in the pocket of His Excellency the Governor.

In the consideration of subjects on which the two parties differed in policy the Republicans rightfully stood by the party's promises to the people of the state. In the attempts at legislation on matters which did not involve party difference the Republicans adhered to the traditional Republican policy of construction. Early in the session co-operation was adopted as the Republican watchword and no Democratic leader will deny that the knowledge of experienced Republican legislators was at the disposal of the majority at all times. That the legislature accomplished but little cannot be charged to partisan opposition on the part of the minority.

The majority opinion of the state of New Hampshire is anti-Democratic. That that opinion was not allowed to assert itself in the legislature of 1923 was due to unfortunate circumstances, not likely to soon recur. The Republican record in that legislature is such that the party can go to the electorate in 1924 with pride and confidence and ask to be restored to its rightful place in the politics of New Hampshire.

### III. An Independent Viewpoint

"WHY" asks the editor of the Granite Monthly, "did the 1923 New Hampshire Legislature accomplish so little?"

I attended faithfully, the long unproductive sessions of this Legislature. I suffocated in the gallery, amidst sneezes, stale air and unending oratory. I haunted the lobbies, I dined with Legislators, I questioned them, I studied them. I quarrelled and agreed with them. I was not a member. I am not in politics, I am an outsider. In fact, I must confess to being one of those hybrids, those

much scorned individuals who, at times, splits a party ticket.

Mr. Chase, I understand, is to tell you what many Republicans think of this much discussed Legislature. Mr. Jackson is to speak for the Democrats and I have been asked to present the point of view of an Independent.

It was an unusual session. More specific laws were earnestly sought by large groups of citizens than at any time within the last 10 years, and yet comparatively little was accomplished.

In previous sessions with which I





have been familiar, the House has rarely been divided on party lines. This year division on party lines were the rule rather than the exception. Formerly when the Senate and House disagreed in regard to important bills, efforts were made to arrive at a compromise. This winter neither body seemed anxious to find a common ground.

Now, what were the reasons for the rather unprecedented and extremely destructive partisanship that was characteristic of this legislature? It was certainly not due to any important differences of opinion between the two party platforms. For these two platforms were in remarkable accord. Even on the 48-hour question there was little difference of opinion. The Democrats demanded a state 48-hour law while the Republicans, expressing a desire to co-operate in all efforts to shorten the hours of women and children in industry, endorsed a national 48-hour law and called for an investigation to be made at once to determine what State action should be taken.

Why then, should such an irreconcilable divergence of views have developed between the Democratic House and Republican Senate? Why were measures in both branches considered on the basis of party expediency rather than on their intrinsic merit? Why did the House occupy itself chiefly in passing bills in the form most likely to arouse opposition in the Senate? Why did the Senate prefer to kill these bills rather than to modify them so as to bring them into accord with Republican principles and policies?

There were roughly speaking two large groups of citizens represented in the Legislature: the farmers and the industrial workers. The farmers wanted equalization of taxation, a new dormitory at the State College, protection of fruit growers from injury by game birds, etc. The industrial centers wanted a 48-hour law for women and

children working in factories, home rule, city government and the abolition of the women's poll tax. The farmers were mostly represented by Republicans and industrial workers by Democrats. These groups were not to my mind necessarily antagonistic to each other.

But to turn them against each other and in the confusion and heat of controversy of a legislative session persuade them that their interests were entirely hostile was not a hard thing to accomplish. It offered an ideal opportunity to those interests who wanted nothing accomplished. It offered an ideal opportunity to political leaders desiring to draw strict party lines and to save issues for coming campaigns. That many of these individuals took full advantage of this situation and did all in their power to turn these two elements into opposing camps showed either an ignorance or callousness not only to the welfare of their party but to the state that was more than disillusioning.

There was, I think, at the beginning of the session a decided tendency on the part of members of both parties to work together toward constructive legislation in a spirit of compromise. Even on the 48-hour law there was considerable expectation that a large portion of the Democrats would support the fact-finding commission.

"Let us look as practical men at our situation," declared Raymond Stevens, one of the Democratic leaders, and who, though a staunch supporter of the 48-hour law, made a hard fight to swing Democratic members to the fact-finding resolution introduced by Ex-Gov. Bass. "The House is Democratic but the Senate is two to one Republican..... Does it do us, does it do the party, does it do the people who work in the textile mills.....any good to put it through the House and have it killed in the Senate?.....I have enough confidence in the merit of the 48-hour question so that I am sure that a careful im-





partial investigation will convince fair minded men that it ought to pass... If you vote down this resolution for a special investigation you may lose some open minded men who really want information. And you give every unfair man who is really opposed to the forty-eight hour law a chance to dodge and to justify his vote."

But the tide suddenly turned over night, or to be accurate, over a week end, and when the resolution actually came to the vote all spirit of compromise had gone. Save for a handful, not only were the Democrats against it, but to my astonishment it was not at all vigorously supported by Republicans as a whole, for more than one-third took that occasion to be absent.

Why? According to some of the members, many of the Democratic leaders fought the passage of the fact finding resolution fearing it might result in the passage of a 48 or a 50 hour week and so deprive them of their chief issue for the next campaign. As for the 73 Republicans who refused to vote for this platform pledge, one can only conclude that either they were indifferent to this, the most important issue of the session, or else they too feared the results that such an investigation would bring.

After the defeat of the fact-finding commission in the House, came the defeat of the 48-hour bill in the Senate and this determined everything that afterwards occurred. Industrial workers who were incidentally Democrats came to look upon the representatives of the rural district who were incidentally Republicans as hostile to all their interests. It created an altogether false situation. The Democrats became the champions of industrial labor, the Republicans champions of the farmers. The corporation lobby and the more intense political leaders fanned the flames and encouraged his class alignment to serve their

personal aims to the end that little of importance was accomplished.

But, you will ask, were there none out of the 417 members who made any attempt to work for measures on their own merits, who were more interested in carrying out their party platforms than in playing the game of politics?

Yes. There was a small group of men and women of both parties who amidst bitter criticism worked untiringly, and had throughout the session, a clean and consistent record of support for constructive and needed legislation. The fact that a good bill was advocated by an opposing party did not prevent members of this group from supporting it. This group was too small to accomplish much. But that party and class lines were not more strongly drawn and that a few bills of value to both the farmer and the wage earner were passed was due in my mind largely to their efforts.

The feeling amongst these members was very strongly against intense partisanship in Legislative work and especially against class alignment. "New Hampshire," declared one, "is not exclusively an agricultural or an industrial State, it is both and the interests of both should be equally considered. Political power is closely divided between the two, and if they work at cross purposes, all progress will be checked."

As an independent, I confess to a hearty approval of this statement. I do not believe that we shall ever again have quite such a partisan session of our Legislature. Doubtless, many of the members another time will better understand the forces they have to cope with. May our political parties realize the need of aggressive constructive programs, giving fair consideration to all classes and sections and may they put up for candidates men who will fearlessly and honestly carry out these party platforms.







DAISY DEANE WILLIAMSON

*Head of the Home Demonstration Work at  
New Hampshire University*

"The one who teaches us how to dress properly, how to feed our babies, and how to make our housework easier"—this in the words of Mrs. B. in the article which follows is a description which may be applied to Miss Williamson and the valuable work she is doing for the state.





## ALONG CAME MARY ANN

### How Home Demonstration Work Helps A Community

BY DAISY DEANE WILLIAMSON

PREPARATIONS for some sort of big time were in progress at the Grange Hall in the village. Mary Ann, who had just moved in the day before, paused long enough in her labors of straightening up the house to watch a few women who were walking past on their way to the Hall. She knew there were going to be "big doings" because every one was hustling and excited. She had also seen various packages and parcels being carried in. Of course Mary Ann was not extremely curious, but she really was interested in seeing the people she must eventually meet and work with. And she was just a bit blue—furniture was piled about her in disorder, dinner dishes were unwashed, and worst of all, she was among strangers who might or might not welcome her into their midst.

She turned from the window only when she was sure the women had gone to the Hall, and encountered a boy who put his head in the doorway and asked if he might have a pail of water to give his "tin Lizzie" a drink.

"Going up to the Grange Hall tonight?" he asked.

"Why, no. What's going on?"

"Oh a big community meeting, and a big feed at 6.30. Haven't you seen the posters stuck up at every cross-road? It's the same meeting the preacher announced Sunday at church."

"What will they have besides eats?" said Mary Ann.

"Oh, some folks of the Extension Service of the New Hampshire State College will be there. That's where I am going in three years. The County Club Leader, County Agricultural Agent, and the Home Demon. will help us make out our program for the year. Better come up."

He jumped into his Ford and soon

disappeared over the hill. Mary Ann looked wistfully toward the Hall. The Extension Service, County Agricultural Agent, "Home Demon." What in the world was a "Home Demon?"

The clock on the table struck the hour of three. Mary Ann began to place rugs on the floor, move about pieces of furniture, and hang pictures. But during the whole process the words "Home Demon." kept running through her mind.

The Grange Hall was lighted from the kitchen to the auditorium. The community had gathered, and judging from the laughter which burst forth at intervals, the people were having a good time. The tables were loaded with an abundance of baked beans just from the ovens, brown bread, pickles, pies and cakes.

"Guess the whole community has turned out tonight," said Mr. B. "Seems good to see everybody together again."

Just then Bobby ran up to him and said, "Dad, I asked Mary Ann to come up tonight, but I suppose she's too tired. She just moved in the Smith house yesterday."

"Land sakes alive," said Mrs. B. "How did you know her name was Mary Ann? Isn't it too bad nobody thought to ask her to come to supper?"

"But I did," said Bobby.

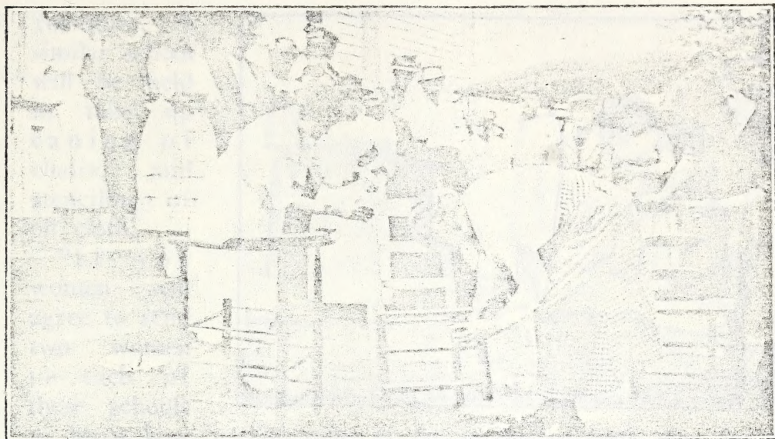
Mrs. B. untied her apron strings and laid the apron aside, brushed back her stray locks, and started toward the door.

"Fine community spirit we've shown I must say. Here we are all ready to sit down to this nice hot supper without giving one thought to Mary Ann and her husband. I'm going after them."

Mrs. B. disappeared quickly down







At Mary Ann's a row of old chairs received a rejuvenating potash bath and a new coat of paint.

the road. In a few minutes she came back bringing Mary Ann and her husband who, though shy at first among strangers, soon succumbed to the general friendliness and genial atmosphere and felt at home. Mary Ann whispered to John that she knew they were going to like living in this town for the people were so friendly.

The horn of a Ford sounded just outside the door.

"It's our agent," said Mrs. A. who rushed out to greet her. "Too bad she had a meeting this afternoon and couldn't get here for supper."

In came a bright-eyed, smiling girl with a pressure cooker in one hand, a bundle of bulletins in the other hand, and a roll of Sanitas oil cloth under her arm. Mary Ann saw that every one liked this newcomer, for they all hurried forward to greet her. Mrs. B. took her straight to Mary Ann, saying, "I want you to meet our new neighbor. She has just moved into this town." To Mary Ann she said, "This is our Home Demonstration Agent, the one who teaches us how to dress properly, how to feed our babies, and how to make our housework easier. She knows how to do everything."

"Home Demon," was beginning to mean something to Mary Ann. She hoped she would have the opportunity

economic lines by women and girls. The problems confronting the community were discussed and plans of work to be carried out were made. Finally, a program, a goal to be reached, was laid out for the women to be carried on under the guidance of the home demonstration agent.

Mrs. A., for instance, undertook charge of supervising the making of 10 dress forms, 12 spring and 12 fall hats, and 14 foundation patterns; Mrs. B. undertook to be local leader of the food and health department which included plans for dental clinics with a program of changing the food habits of 15 different families, and in Mrs. C's home improvement department 12 refinished pieces of furniture, 9 chairs caned, 20 articles made in basketry was the goal laid out.

"Ladies," said the agent, "you have adopted a fine program of work. You have set goals and appointed leaders to take care of the details of the meetings, arouse interest, and report accomplishments. You remember that I told you that, since this county has thirty-two communities all clamoring for work, I cannot *promise* to be with you more than five times during the year. I am planning to hold a training school for Home Improvement leaders at some town where the women will be taught how to refinish

to learn some of these things. The chairman called the meeting to order, a resumé of last year's work was given—wonderful accomplishments along agricultural lines with men and boys and along home





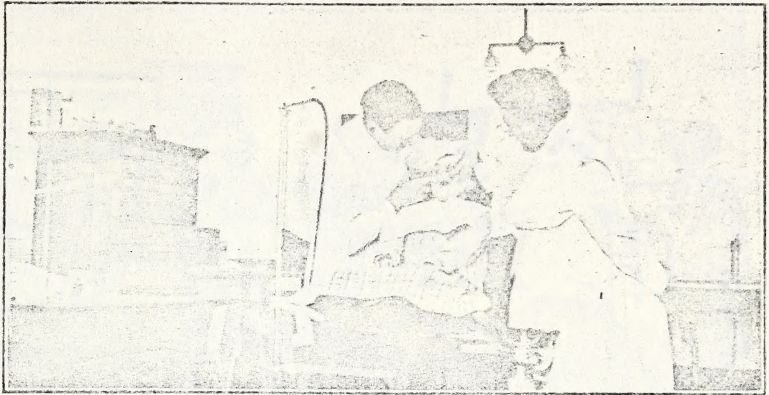
furniture. A similar school will be held to take up caning of chairs, and stenciling of oil cloth.

"If you women will agree to send two women to each of these schools to learn how to do this

work and be willing to accept this information from these trained workers at such meetings as you can plan for, the Home Improvement work will be cared for quite nicely."

To Mary Ann it seemed little short of thrilling that here in this village she could have, at her disposal, the advice of experts on all the problems of home making. As the agent talked, Mary Ann's mind translated her words into practical saving of dollars and cents. She and John had reluctantly decided that the furniture that they had brought with them was so shabby and battered that it must soon be replaced. How could they afford it? Here was the Home Demonstration agent describing a training school soon to be held at which she could learn how to refinish those chairs. Dress making had always been a problem to her but when the home demonstration agent talked about it, Mary Ann could see her summer wardrobe taking shape almost by magic it sounded so easy. The agent spoke of cooking and food planning and Mary Ann had a guilty feeling that she had not always managed wisely. She made a mental resolution to take full advantage of the information of the college extension service.

The longer the agent talked, the more enthusiastic Mary Ann became, but when the speaker touched on



The value of the preventive work done by the extension service cannot be estimated.

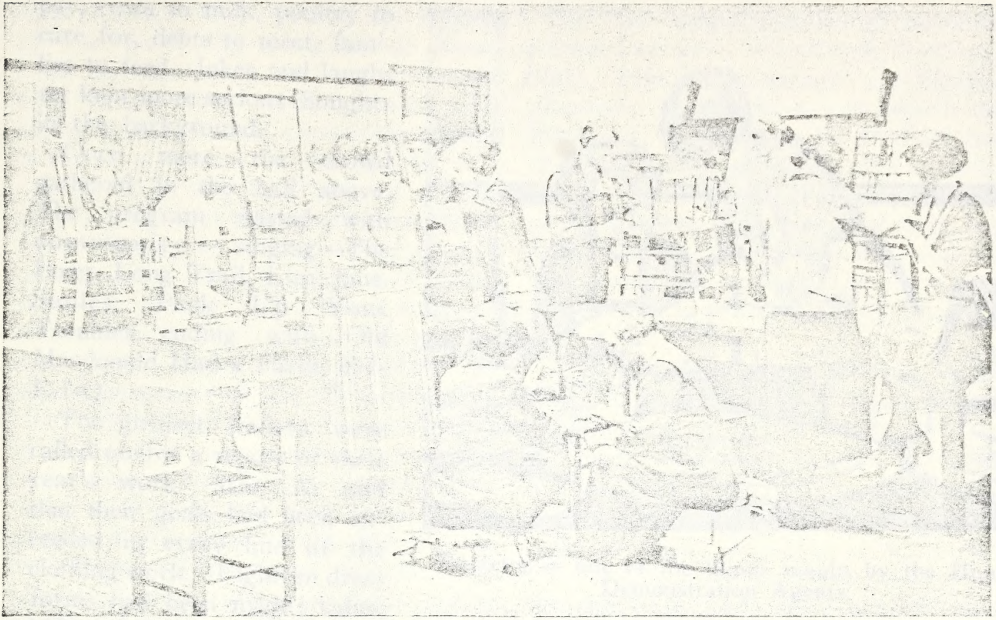
millinery, she almost jumped out of her seat. That was something she knew about. She whispered to Mrs. B. "I used to be a milliner." And before she knew it, she found herself appointed to take charge of that branch of the work herself. And so by the time the meeting came to a close and the County Agricultural Agent, the County Club Leader and the Home Demonstration Agent had climbed into their Fords, not only had the two women volunteered to attend the training school for Home Improvement but each different phase of the home demonstration work to be carried on in this particular village had been placed under the supervision of local leaders, each of whom had a definite plan of work to be accomplished.

The winter became for Mary Ann the busiest time she had ever known. A trip to Pembroke for the training school was followed by a session in the back shed at Mary Ann's where a row of old chairs received a rejuvenating potash bath and a fresh coat of paint. Mrs. D., who had learned in another county how to make dress forms, included Mary Ann in her class and she saw her dressmaking problems vanish into thin air.

Somehow, Mary Ann's enthusiasm was contagious. The whole town was working harder and accomplishing







"Mrs. C. reported that six chairs had been caned."

more this year than ever before and Mary Ann's millinery classes were the most popular social functions in the town that winter.

Finally, the time of the *real* millinery meeting arrived. Mary Ann was at the hall before any one else came. She had the hat shapes, braids, and trimmings all laid out on the tables, every one marked with the name of the owner. Pins, needles, and thread were ready for those who might not bring such supplies. She had placed a poster announcing the meeting in the post office. She and Mrs. A. had reached every woman in the community by telephone, whether or not she was a Farm Bureau member, and urged her to be present. When the H. D. A. arrived she found twenty-five women ready for business. She and Mary Ann worked as fast and as steadily as possible all day, giving a suggestion here, a little help there, and by night twenty-five women went home each with a hat that would have done credit, as far as workmanship and good taste are concerned, to any milliner. So every few weeks the women

of the community met, and did their part toward carrying out, to a successful finish, the program of work as planned.

Finally came the last meeting of the year. Once more the Grange Hall was lighted from top to bottom. Once more the community gathered with great baskets of food. Baked beans, pies, cakes? No, the menu this time consisted of boiled ham, whole wheat bread, scalloped potatoes, cabbage salad, ice cream and cake. Beans are a fine food, but the H. D. A. said that they should *not* be eaten every day,—that cabbage was an excellent food,—that scalloped potatoes were good to serve because they gave an opportunity to use milk,—that whole grain bread should be served occasionally,—that ice cream and cake made a better dessert than so much pie,—that boiled ham was easily prepared, and was very good served with scalloped potatoes and cabbage salad. Then there was coffee for the adults, but *none* for the children. They were served milk.

Everyone forgot he had taxes to





pay, cows to milk, poultry to care for, debts to meet, families to feed. Jokes and laughter kept more serious thoughts in the background.

Once more the crowd gathered in the hall above. The program started with community singing—The Long, Long Trail, Liza Jane, Smiles, Pack Up Your Troubles, ending with Old Macdonald Had a Farm, E-I-E-I-O.

The project leaders were called on for a report of their year's work. Mrs. A. said that their goals had been exceeded in every line of the clothing work. Eighteen dress forms had been made; value, \$270. Twenty-five spring hats and twelve fall hats were completed at the meetings, and Mary Ann had later assisted the women in making ten more; value, \$220. Eighteen foundation patterns had been made. With these, ten dresses, nine waists and five skirts had been made; value, \$80. Total value of clothing work done, \$570.

Mrs. B. reported that twenty families had changed their food habits with the result that fewer headaches, fewer colds, less irritability, less indi-



Basketry is one of the things taught by the Home Demonstration Agents.

gestion, and better all-round physical conditions were noted.

The people of the community were in favor of the County Dental Clinic and up to date \$150 had been subscribed by this town toward buying the equipment. Mrs. B. also stated that at their next town meeting a request for funds to carry on this work would be put in the town warrant.

Mrs. C. said twelve chairs, one bureau, and six tables had been refinished, six chairs caned, and thirteen trays and ten flower baskets had been completed. Mary Ann volunteered the information that although the goal for caning chairs had not yet been reached, she was working on three more and would have them



"Mrs. A. undertook the supervising of making dress forms."





done in a few days. It was also reported that under the leadership of Mary Ann, the community had set out shade trees in the school yard, and had succeeded in establishing a traveling library in the rural schools of that district.

With this wonderful record of the people, the state home demonstration leader from the State College was called upon to tell what had been accomplished in the Home Demonstration work of the state during the last year. Under the guidance of this department of the extension service, she stated that \$5,561.84 had been saved in new hats made and old ones remodeled; dress forms, patterns and garments had been made with a net saving of \$13,920.47. In the home improvement division, 56 pieces of furniture had been refinished, 531 pieces of basketry had been made, 625 yards of oil cloth had been made into table cloths, runners, etc., and stenciled; 20 kitchens had been rearranged, 70 expense account books had been placed, and it had been estimated that 38,238 hours of labor had been saved by the new methods of equipment, applied in the homes through the advice and help of the Home Demonstration Department.

In the house planning division, rooms had been remodeled, decorated and some landscape gardening planned. In the food and health department, as many as 97 families had changed their food habits and adopted improved health habits. Septic tanks, modern plumbing and sinks had been installed in 16 different houses, 12 community nurses had been employed and two dental clinics had been started.

The meeting came to a close all too soon, it seemed. As Mary Ann and John walked down the hill to their little home she said, "I was glad we made such a good record. Next year, we can do more to help things along."

As Mrs. A., Mrs. B., Mrs. C., and on down to Mrs. Z., went home they, too, talked of what fine work had been done. "We can do more next year," they said.

The Home Demonstration Agent riding along home in her little coupe said to herself, "This town was once rather a dead place—little community spirit, little interest, little effort toward real development. Along came Mary Ann. Well, here's hoping this county will be full of Mary Ann's before another year."

## THE NORTHEASTERN FOREST EXPERIMENT STATION

BY K. W. WOODWARD

**A**T last the Northeast is to have its own forest experiment station with a competent staff working on our most pressing problems. Congress has said so. Where it will be placed has not yet been definitely decided but New Hampshire's central location, and wide variety of forest types give it distinct advantages over its competitors for the honor.

What will such a station do? What do the agricultural experiment stations,

the Forest Service Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, the forest experiment stations in the western states, do? Why does every other progressive nation in the world maintain such stations? Why do such commercial concerns as the Kodak Company have their own research establishments? In brief the answer to these questions is that even businesses out for profit alone consider it a sound investment to set aside a certain portion of their income to work out new





processes and improvements on old processes.

That is, exactly the situation with reference to our business of growing timber. We know that we must either grow it or go without and to go without would curtail and hamper every enterprise from cooking the meals at home to making shoes with wooden heels and over wooden lasts. Obviously if you have a job to do and it is a new one you want the best of information. Unfortunately the only places where the business of growing trees has been conducted long enough to permit much experience to be accumulated have different conditions than these under which we must work. In other words in learning from the French and Scandinavians we must not take over their methods intact. They must be adapted to our conditions. Their species are different, their markets are unlike ours, and their history has not been ours. Our problems must be worked out in our own environment.

To take the principles of forestry and work out methods applicable to our conditions is no small task. In the first place the crop takes from fifty to one hundred years to mature. Mistakes in judgment cannot be corrected next year as they can be with an annual crop. Decisions must be reached which will stand the test of time and right judgments can only be made after prayerful consideration of all the facts seen in their proper perspective. This is no job for even a wealthy corporation. It involves experiments that will take years to yield results. What is needed is some publicly endowed institution which can take up the fundamental long-time problems of forestry and work them through to a conclusion just as the agricultural experiment stations have done for the tillage land problems, the dairy man's troubles, and the potato growers' insect and fungus enemies.

How this will be done can best be answered by telling how it has been

done in some concrete cases. The planting of trees in the semi-arid portion of the United States has long been one of our national aspirations. Free land was offered to settlers who would plant woodlots of as specified size. But the results were meager until the problem was attacked painstakingly. The species best able to withstand the dry conditions were determined, the exact size to use, and the best time to plant were worked out with the result that trees now grow where they never were able to get a foothold before.

The question of the exact effect of forest cover on runoff had long been a moot point. Arguments were urged on both sides with equal vehemence but the question is settled once for all now. Two watersheds, one forested and one not, were watched for a term of years and the run-off carefully measured month by month.

For a long time the conditions under which Douglas fir reproduced were unknown. The evidence collected from the cutover areas was contradictory. Experiment and checked observations showed that no seed trees were necessary after cutting. There was enough seed stored in the duff to cover the area completely. This single fact means the saving of thousands of dollars.

But granted that a forest experiment station is desirable, can we afford even desirable expenditures in these times of stringency? Certainly nothing in the nature of extravagance should be tolerated. But all that is to be attempted is a modest beginning which will cost much less than a half cent an acre of forest land. Such an economical and prudent people as the Swiss spend nearly double that. Certainly here in New Hampshire with over half our area better adapted to tree growth than any other purpose and wood using industries one of our principal sources of income, a forest experiment station is merely a cheap form of insurance to a vital industry.





# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, have been selected, though it is not as suddenly as the thought struck presumed their authors have not, in him, when he and a friend of his, some cases, written other poems who long ago described it to me, which to some tastes are of equal were hunting for a lost poem together: "I should like to have an anthology of the one-poem poets!"—probable that some at least of the in sympathy with which fugitive poems here published will be collected wish the poems to be published later in book form. Suggestions will under this heading from month to month be welcome.

A. J.

## DEDICATION

(Of Lord Vyet and other poems)

BY ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

Friend, of my infinite dreams,  
Little enough endures;  
Little howe'er it seems,  
It is yours, all yours.

Fame hath a fleeting breath,  
Hopes may be frail or fond;  
But Love shall be Love till death,  
And perhaps beyond.

## LORD VYET

What, must my lord be gone?  
Command his horse, and call  
The servants, one and all.  
"Nay, nay, I go alone."

My Lord, I shall unfold  
Thy cloak of sables rare  
To shield thee from the air:  
"Nay, nay, I must be cold."

At least thy leech I'll tell  
Some drowsy draught to make,  
Less thou should toss awake.  
"Nay, nay, I shall sleep well."

My lady keeps her bower:—  
I hear the lute delight





The dark and frozen night,  
High up within the tower.

Wilt thou that she descend?  
Thy son is in the hall,  
Tossing his golden ball,  
Shall he my lord attend?

"Nay, sirs, unbar the door,  
The broken lute shall fall;  
My son will leave his ball  
To tarnish on the floor."

Yon bell to triumph rings!  
To greet thee, monarchs wait.  
Beside their palace gate.  
"Yes, I shall sleep with kings."

My lord will soon alight  
With some rich prince, his friend,  
Who shall his ease attend.  
"I shall lodge low tonight."

My lord hath lodging nigh?  
"Yes, yes, I go not far,—  
And yet the furthest star  
Is not so far as I."

## A PALAESTRAL STUDY

BY EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY

The curves of beauty are not softly wrought;  
These quivering limbs by strong hid muscles held  
In attitudes of wonder, and compelled  
Through shaped more sinous than a sculptor's thought,  
Tell of dull matter splendidly distraught,  
Whisper of mutinies divinely quelled,—  
Weak indolence of flesh, that long rebelled,  
The spirit's domination bravely taught.

And all man's loveliest works are cut with pain.  
Beneath the perfect art we know the strain,  
Intense, defined, how deep so e'er it lies.  
From each high master-piece our souls refrain,  
Not tired of gazing, but with stretched eyes  
Made hot by radiant flames of sacrifice.







The old "Peg Mill" at East Landaff where the memorable Town Meeting was held.

## THE BUNGA ROAD

### An Exciting Controversy at Landaff

BY G. G. WILLIAMS

THE old fashioned Town Meeting with the excitement of its political and factional controversies, has, in most towns, become ancient history—some of which makes interesting listening in these days.

In many of these struggles the manoeuvring was worthy of a better cause on account of the selfishness underlying the action of both sides. Many and bitter, and more or less prolonged, have some of these struggles been and perhaps none have answered to all the above conditions to a greater extent than the "Bunga Road," which was a "bone of contention" in the town of Landaff, N. H., during the decade, 1850—1860.

The cost to the town, before it was finally settled, was some twenty thousand dollars beside all that was spent out of the private funds of individuals; and the expense of its

building had to be added to the above amounts.

This highway began at Bowen Hill in the east part of the town (now Easton) and practically followed the valley of the Wild Ammonoosuc river to the village of Swiftwater in Bath, a distance of some seven miles.

The residents of the eastern and southern parts of Landaff, together with the citizens of the adjoining town of Benton, were anxious for the road, because it made a quick and easy outlet for wood and lumber.

The residents of West Landaff (now Landaff,) opposed it on the ground that they would derive no benefit from it and so did not propose to pay toward the cost of its construction.

So bitter was the feeling relative to it that family ties, for the time, were severely strained, as in the case





of James C. and Rufus C. Noyes, brothers, who for years were pitted against each other for the office of Moderator.

Party politics was forgotten and the candidates for the various offices were voted for, because of their attitude toward the "Bunga Road."

Thus the contention went on from year to year.

Voters from other towns were imported by both factions and kept long enough to give a color of voting residence, only ninety days' residence then being necessary.

Young men were given their board and allowed to attend school during the winter so as to have them vote on this road question at the annual March election.

It has been handed down by tradition that one voter living a few rods over the line in Franconia next to East Landaff, and known to be in favor of the road, went to bed one night in Franconia and the next morning waked in Landaff, his house having been taken across the line while he was apparently asleep.

He voted for the road and soon after that the house moving experience was reversed and he awoke again in Franconia where his house had formerly been.

Perhaps it would be incorrect to openly make accusation of bribery in the matter, but in those strenuous days, candidates and their associates were inclined to be friendly to those who stood in need of friendship.

Although no portion of the road was in the town of Benton, yet the excitement ran as high and practically the same conditions obtained, as in Landaff and its influence entered into the political, social, educational and religious life of that town—the rival candidates for Representative to the Legislature, being brothers-in-law.

As an illustration of local conditions, this incident may be mentioned. Sarah Glasier, a comely young woman of Benton, promised Henry Sisco that she would marry him if he would vote for George W. Mann for representative to the Legislature.

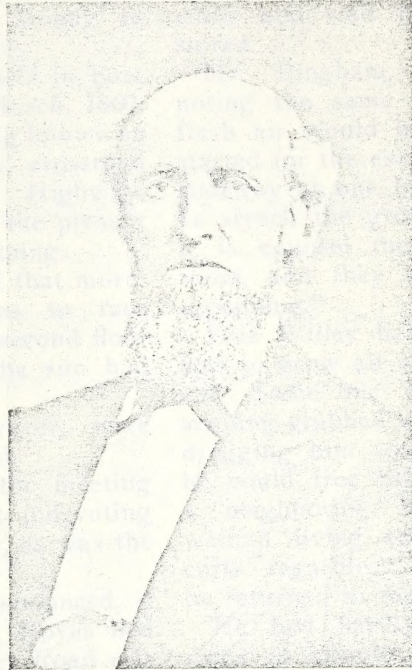
Henry would preferably have voted for Daniel Witcher, but the promise and prospect of the attractive Sarah was too much for him

and he faithfully performed his part of the contract, but when he came to claim Sarah's hand, she told him that she "could never think of marrying a man base enough to sell his vote."

On March 10th, 1857 the voters in Landaff favoring the road came into the ascendancy and the next year the annual Town Meeting was held in Moses Howland's Hall, which was in the old "Mansion House."

This house stood a short distance north of School-house No. 2, in what is now Easton and was built by Nathan Kinsman, who came to Landaff in 1783 and for whom Mt. Kinsman was named.

This house was burned in the year 1858.



Probably no one spent more time and money in the fight than did Daniel Witcher





The "Union Meeting-house" in Easton was built the same year, although the pews were not installed and in March, 1859, the Annual Town Meeting was held in this building.

Here the Bunga Road advocates were again victorious in the election of officers, with Sargent Moody as first Selectman.

The last town-meeting held in East Landaff as such, was in March, 1860, and was held in the building known as the "Peg Mill" on the crossroad leading from the Main Highway, near Easton Postoffice, to the present residence of Charles A. Young.

Little did anyone realize that morning what a tornado was to race through the room on the second floor of this building, before the sun had reached meridian.

Rumblings of it, however, were heard as the voters arrived.

Sargent Moody called the meeting to order, read the warrant and voting proceeded for a Moderator, as was the custom.

When the result was announced, it was found that James C. Noyes had been elected and the Bunga Road was now assured, for that faction had control of the election.

Some of the West Landaff voters raised the cry "Seize the check-list" and a rush was made for it to destroy it and so make the meeting illegal, but as they came toward the rail which enclosed the officers, Sargent Moody drew from the desk a revolver and pointing it at the leaders of the movement, he thundered, "The first man who dares come inside this rail will have a funeral tomorrow."

William Shattuck seized an old-fashioned chair and pulling it apart, handed the several pieces to his friends to use for defence, if occasion seemed to demand it.

The East side voters had secured as counsel relative to the matter of the check-list, the late Judge Harry Bingham, a lawyer of Littleton,

while Rand and Cummings of Lisbon represented the west side voters.

Charles O. Whitcher, now of Tilton, N. H., and George C. Judd of Easton, then small boys, relate that their fathers, seeing that affairs were getting serious, told them to go down stairs and wait until quiet was restored.

Mr. Bingham, the lawyer, also noting the same thing, thought the fresh air would be beneficial and so started for the exit clearing the whole stairway at one bound, remarking as he struck the ground, "I don't think it is counsel they want, but more room, and they can have all I am occupying."

Otis Willey had allowed his curly hair to grow all winter without being cut. Some one with whom he was arguing grabbed him by it and started dragging him about, but as soon as he could free himself, he rushed to a neighboring house and got the woman living there to cut off his curls regardless of style and then he returned to the room again.

He had hardly entered when he came in contact with John (Buck) Chandler in an argument. To a statement he made, Chandler retorted, "That's a——lie." The words were hardly uttered when Willey swung his right hand to Chandler's mouth, which left "Old Buck" minus four front teeth.

The more conservative of the voters from the West side, seeing that they were defeated, went home and those in power voted to build the road.

Probably no one person expended so much money and energy in this controversy as did Daniel Whitcher, whose portrait we present herewith.

He was the leader in the litigation in favor of the road and when it was built he supervised its construction.

After the road was built, those who opposed it recognized its value, old enmities ceased, and those who had before been so bitter against each other became reconciled.







Langwater Holliston: The greatest sire of the Guernsey breed.

## GUERNSEYS THAT PAY

### Some Champions at the Rockingham Farm

BY H. STYLES BRIDGES

**T**HE finest herd of Guernsey cattle in New Hampshire, and one of the outstanding herds of the country is found at Rockingham Farm in Salem, New Hampshire. The farm is located about one and one-half miles from Salem Depot and is on the main road to Manchester, on what was formerly known as the Boston-Concord Turnpike. The farm is approximately half way between Boston and Concord. It is owned by D. G. Tenney and has been in the Tenney family for three generations.

The farm itself is a typical New England farm, comprising about 360 acres of which one hundred are under cultivation. The farm is managed by C. E. Tisdale, a very able man, who formerly had charge of the dairy herd at the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

The herd was founded by the present owner's father, Mr. C. H. Tenney, in 1913. The foundation herd was comprised of five imported females purchased from the late F. S. Peer. In 1915 Mr. Tenney purchased from the Langwater Farms the bull Langwater Holliston 28055, the present senior herd sire of Rockingham Farm and probably

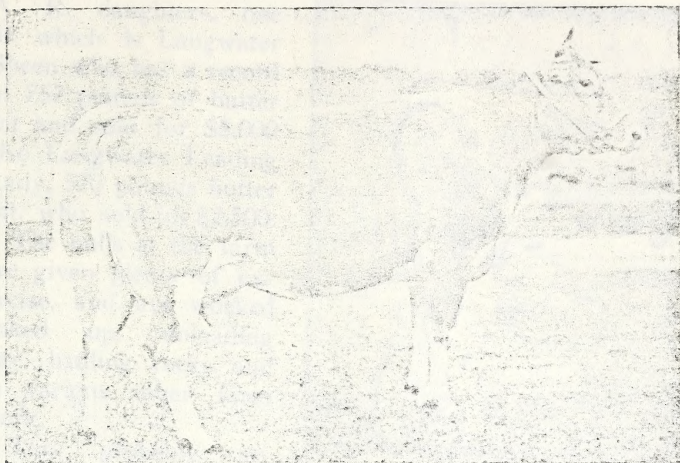
the greatest living bull of the Guernsey breed. Langwater Holliston up to 1919 had very little opportunity to show his worth as the former Mr. Tenney, during his life, did no advanced registry testing and many of the get of this bull were disposed of at an early age, the bulls to the butcher and many of the heifers the same way.

To-day, Langwater Holliston has ten Advanced Registry daughters and five Advanced Registry sons, and is the sire of two daughters that were world's champions in their classes and the grand-sire of three granddaughters that are world's champions. Once in a long time you find a bull that will sire good females and occasionally one which will make a reputation through his sons. But it is only once in a generation that you find these two attributes combined in the one animal. Langwater Holliston is just as famous for his sons as for his daughters. The above record shows the value of this famous bull and goes to prove him what he is, the premier living sire of the Guernsey Breed.

With a sire like Langwater Holliston, heading the herd, one could expect to find some wonderful animals at this







Brilliant Lassie: World's Champion in Class EE. She can open and shut the gate of her stall and turn on the electric light when she needs it.

farm, and in this one is not disappointed.

Rockingham Farm has produced two world champions of the E. E. class and at present holds six state championships in New Hampshire. The first world's championship was won by Early Dawn 83549, a daughter of Langwater Holliston. Her record was 10882.6 pounds milk and 686.7 pounds butter fat in class E. E. Early Dawn has since been sold to J. C. Penney of Emmadine Farm, Hopewell Junction, New York, for \$5,000.

The second world's champion produced at the farm was Brilliant Lassie 86425, a granddaughter of Langwater Holliston, and a daughter of Lord Methuen 39442. Her record was 749.21 pounds butter fat in E. E. class. She made a wonderful record and dropped a calf in less than a week after she had finished. Not only is Brilliant Lassie a world's champion, as a producer, but she can lay claim to it in intelligence. She is kept

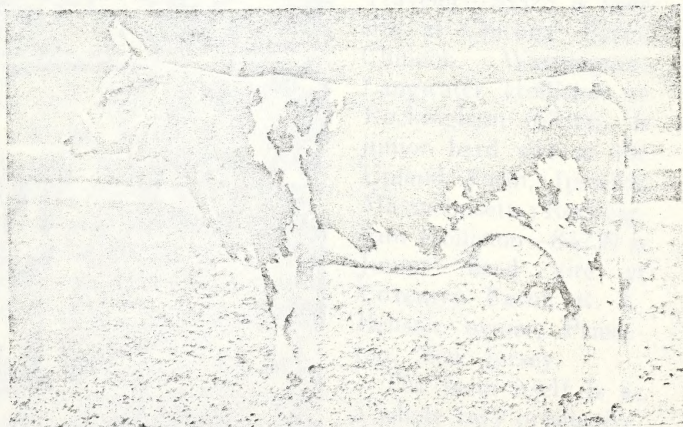
in a box stall and can open and close the gate, turn on the electric light when she is feeding, or needs it, and turns it off when she is through.

She has many other achievements along this line and Mr. Tisdale, Manager, states her equal has yet to be had, either in production in her class or in intelligence.

The cows holding New Hampshire records are Branford May Bessie, Class G. G., with 504.91 pounds butter

fat; Violet of the Barras Class F, with 646.38 pounds butter fat; Hillswold Floss, Class F. F., with 509.26 pounds butter fat; Brilliant Lassie, World's Champion in E. E. class, of course holds the New Hampshire record for this class as well as in Class E.

The Junior herd sire is Langwater Model, a bull of excellent dairy type by Langwater Advocate, and out of Langwater Pauline. This bull has a very enviable record for a bull that has had no chance, for he has just recently been purchased by Mr. Tenney. He has two



Early Dawn: First world champion produced at Rockingham. Now in possession of J. C. Penney, Hopewell Junction, New York.





A. R. daughters, one of which is Langwater Sheen who has a record of 757 pounds of butter fat and sold for \$5,000 also Langwater Leading Lady, 570 pounds butter fat, who sold for \$2,500.

The bulls at the farm are given plenty of exercise, and are worked yoked up, unloading hay, hauling rocks and in various other farm work.

This probably accounts for the fact that both of the herd sires at this farm are such sure breeders at an advanced age.

The whole Rockingham herd would appeal to any lover of good stock, and particularly to a Guernsey enthusiast. In looking over the herd, one very noticeable thing stands out: whenever a descendant of Langwater Holliston is viewed, the animal is almost sure to have very striking dairy conformation and to show great capacity.

Guernsey breeders from all parts of the country eagerly seek his sons and daughters and grandsons and grand-

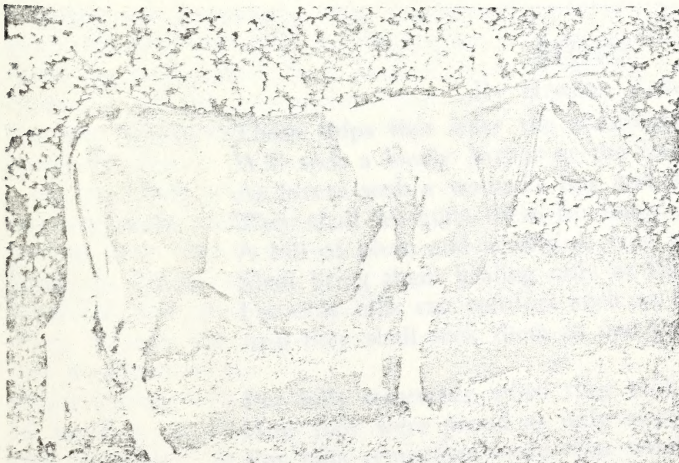


Imp. Starlight of the Fontaines: An imported cow with a record of 583.22 lbs. butter fat. Class F.

daughters as well for the purpose of building up herds of similar blood line and the Guernsey breed in general.

Langwater Holliston sons head some of the most famous Guernsey herds in the country. Lord Methuen—39442, is herd sire at the Sorosis Farm, Marblehead, Massachusetts; Langwater Senior—39431 is herd sire at Abbeyleix Farm, Penllyn, Pennsylvania; Langwater Ultimas—38637 is herd sire at Westview Farm, Pauling, New York; Langwater Eldorado—39136 is herd sire at A. W. Lawrence Farm, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin; and Langwater Traveler—38325 is herd sire at Chicon Farm, Chinook, Washington; Langwater Holliston of Rockingham—67366 is junior herd sire at the Upland Farm, Ipswich, Massachusetts; Rockingham Holliston—84230 is Junior herd sire at Coventry Farm, R. L. Benson, owner, Princeton, New Jersey.

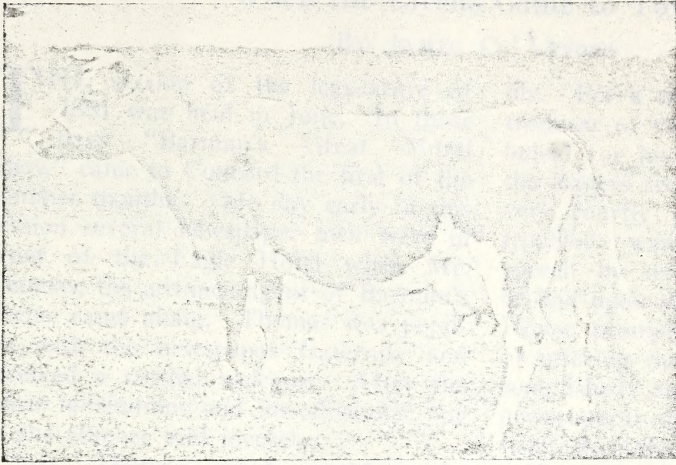
The farm itself is as a whole very productive, having medium loam soil that is well drained, and very fine crops



Godolphin Phylis: A. R. record 420.97 lbs. butter fat. Class F. F.







Imp. Belle of Rockingham has an A. R. record of 622.23 lbs. butter fat. Class A. A.

are produced. All the roughage consumed is raised on the home farm. Clover hay, mangels, and corn silage constitute the main roughages. Plans are being made, however, for the growing of alfalfa in the near future. The buildings are, as a whole, simply ordinary farm buildings, the main barn having good light and ventilation.

The herd is expanding to such an extent that plans are being made to erect a new dairy barn.

Mr. D. G. Tenney, the owner of Rockingham Farm, although having

business headquarters in New York, spends considerable time at the farm, and at his summer home in Methuen, Massachusetts, which is only a few miles from there. Mr. Tenney takes a great interest in the breeding of pure-bred Guernseys. He has just imported several fine animals, and the animals imported and with his already fine herd go to make up one of the country's leading dairy herds, it is needless to say that

Rockingham Farm Guernseys will continue to rank exceptionally high in the dairy world.

This farm with its fine herd of Guernseys is one that New Hampshire is proud to have within her borders. It is not a show place, as many would suppose, but a real New England farm where the best producing cattle of the breed are raised under ordinary farm conditions, cattle that are bringing renown to the State, and making Rockingham Farm a paying proposition for its owner.

## SHIPS

BY HAROLD VINAL

These ships that wear the moonlight at their prows  
Will seek a lonely harbor at the last,  
As lovers seek a woman's lips and brows,  
They shall see quiet there for many a mast.  
A hill of plum and beautiful, frail trees,  
Shall bring them healing only at the end,  
For only hills can comfort such as these,  
And they shall seek them as one seeks a friend.

For hills remember when they took to sea,  
How they were proud as only women are,  
For hills remember more than wind and tree,  
Something of ships is on them like a star.  
Hushed at the last they ease their aching hulls  
In a dim harbor where the water lulls.





# HOW THE HOUSE WAS ADJOURNED

When the Circus Came to Town

BY JAMES O. LYFORD

THE session of the legislature of 1881 was held in June. In those days "Barnum's Great Moral Show" came to Concord the first of the summer months. One day early in this session several newspaper men were in front of the Eagle Hotel when Mr. Thomas, the advance agent of Barnum's circus, came along. Thomas was popular with the newspaper fraternity and received a cordial welcome. After the usual felicitations and introductions, one of the number said jocosely:

"Mr. Thomas, what would it be worth to you if a resolution were introduced in the House adjourning the legislature to attend 'Barnum's Great Moral Show.'" The resolution will not pass, but the fact itself can be telegraphed to all the metropolitan newspapers."

"Boys," Thomas replied, "you may have all the tickets you want for yourselves and friends."

A member was readily secured who was willing to introduce the resolution, and the Speaker to oblige the newspaper men agreed to present it to the House. In those days during the first hour of the morning session when only routine business was transacted, the members generally were perusing the newspapers taken for their benefit by a vote of the House. At the appropriate time the Barnum resolution was sent to the Speaker's desk.

As the Clerk proceeded with the various whereases, members one by one began to drop their newspapers so that when the Clerk reached the end of the preamble and read the resolution the whole House was alert and attentive. For a second or two there was a profound silence. Then the House aroused itself to its sense of dignity. Several members in succession secured recognition and vehemently denounced the resolution as an insult to the assem-

bly. For a time it looked as if the introducer of the resolution would be rebuked for his temerity. Then one of the leaders secured recognition and in a very courtly way poured oil upon the troubled waters and concluded his speech by moving that the resolution be laid upon the table, which motion the House promptly voted. The purpose of offering the resolution had been accomplished and all the metropolitan newspapers carried the story on their front page the next morning.

The day of the circus arrived. All the newspaper men doing legislative work, and quite a number of the members were in the secret. Every effort was made to finish the day's work before one o'clock. Through a motion made and carried, the afternoon business was advanced to the morning session. When the third readings of bills had been disposed of, it looked as if adjournment was at hand, but one member not in the secret proposed to call up some unfinished business of the day before. This was likely to produce debate and prolong the session. The clock was rapidly moving towards one after the meridian and the circus began at two o'clock. At this point before any actual motion was made to take up the unfinished business of the day before, a member from the north country secured recognition and announced the death of a fellow member from a neighboring town, and moved that the House adjourn out of respect to his memory. The House at once responded in sympathy. The Speaker put the question and the House adjourned. The announcement was greeted with a loud guffaw at the reporters' desk.

The legislature at that time was elected in November but did not meet until the June following. The member whose death was commemorated died in December following his election.





# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOOLO

## Granite and Alabaster

BY RAYMOND HOLDEN

The Macmillan Co.

SINCE the words granite and New Hampshire are synonymous, the title of this book of poems, Granite and Alabaster, will intrigue many New Hampshire readers especially as the second word also cannot help but suggest the white expanses we have all had confronting us in the long winter just passed. When we open the book, we find words no less descriptive of New England characteristics and activities: "Sugaring," "The Plow," "Firewood," "Fishing," and "The Woodman" are suggestive of rural life, but here transformed and glorified by a writer responsive and thrilling to the beauty he sees and feels everywhere.

There are seventy poems in this collection, two of which "Rock Fowler" and "The Durhams" are dramatic narratives with delicate nature allusions and such striking depictions of men as the following:

"Rock Fowler is as free as wild things  
are  
Of all but the fear of reaching for a star,  
But there come moments to men so made  
free  
When man seems an impossible thing to  
be."  
and

"Old Durham, with some ice in heart and  
beard  
Stood in the doorway brushing off his  
boots."

The other poems are expressions of the author's reaction to life, and are therefore introspective, but are so simply written as to be entirely charming. He is always searching for a solution to the mystery of life and turns to nature as a possible source for revelation. He is absorbed by her every phase, feeling her passion, her yearning, and her calm. He even transfers to nature his doubt, his uncertainty about "the beauty of that power I almost know" as when,

in the poem "Lost Water," he ends with the line,

"A doubtful noon, a doubtful world and I" .....

Mr. Holden's ability in detailed descriptions of nature is unusual. At times the distinctness with which the individual object is presented almost obscures the whole picture but in the end the minute detail aids in giving the desired effect. When he talks about snow rain as "fingering the sinking snow," he is as vivid as Frost who uses "silver lizards" to describe the tiny rivulets upon the hillside in the spring thaw. There is as keen a response to effects of light in his line, "Through spruces lightened by a flash of birch," as E. A. Robinson gives us in "Isaac and Archibald" when he describes "the wayside flash of leaves." Other rare glints are the "dark dusks" of berries, the line in "Fishing," "Where wise trout flash their darkness," "black-breasted night" and many others, some of the most beautiful of which may be found in "Rock Fowler." It makes no difference of what season he writes or whether it be winter or in summer that you read his poems, so true is his response to the outdoors that you sympathize with all his expressions of its changes as fully as when he says of spring,

"The murmurings of Spring are such  
One almost understands."

Here again we see his wistfulness to find that which always eludes him. He is constantly comparing the ways of men with those of nature only to be baffled by the inexplicable differences he tells of in "Paradox."

All the poems seem to throw a white light on the soul and mind of their creator, not a cold light, however, when





warmed by his concrete simplicity of expression, his intense interest in people and when colored with "ineffable hues" by his imagination. There is not the hardness of granite in his poetry but rather the patience of his granite mountain which "rises, grave, and great, and high" "in devout dissent from too much human triumph, too much stir of the absurd infinitesimal."

It is wisest to say no more. The following, exquisite poem will speak more

eloquently than I can of the delights in store and will be the only invitation needed for all to read "Granite and Alabaster."

#### THE SEASON'S END

This is the end of Summer,  
This is the end of all,  
The sap is running back into earth  
And the red leaves shudder and fall.

If I could shake myself down  
From the stem that has ceased to flow  
Would there be a cool dark earth to close  
Round the things I have come to know?

## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

### About Transitory Things

**J**UNE. The Commencement month. Across the rose garden floats the faint thunder of oratory and the air is electric with a surcharge of idealism and the reform spirit. As the almanac might put it: high pressure areas existing in the vicinity of our institutions of learning will disintegrate as the month goes on and dissipate without producing great atmospheric disturbances; meanwhile look for local showers. The rumble of far thunder affects us strangely, and that is why we have written at the head of this page a title which might well form the theme of a baccalaureate sermon or a valedictory oration.

But we don't mean much by it: it is inspired chiefly by the thought that things are not always what they seem,—just when the Legislature appeared to be settled down to a life job, it suddenly flitted.

The Republican Senate, that brave little Thermopylae band, have wrapped their togas around them and clasping to their bosoms those inkwells and ashtrays which they fought with such fervor to retain, and which, they say, are inscribed with the motto of the session, "On ne passe pas," have gone home for a peaceful rest.

The Democratic House likewise has retired, after an exhibition of heroic devotion to duty which has no parallel in history but the devotion of the boy who stood on the burning deck. Like him, the House smilingly watched its platform burned plank by plank under its feet and sill stood firm upon it.

And the state, saved by a Republican Senate from a Democratic House and from a Republican Senate by a Democratic House, has weathered another session.

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." And while we do not quite agree with the editor of an up-state weekly who remarks that, with the departure of the Legislators, the Capital City is in fitting mood and condition to receive the convention of undertakers so soon to take place here, still something has gone out of life. Even the Jewellers and the Spanish War Veterans and the Shriners combined haven't been able to reconcile us to the change.

We should have known, of course, that all Legislatures end some time, but one learns of the transitoriness of things only by experience.

A man high in the seats of the mighty





told us the other day, with just the faintest suggestion of a swagger, that he "knew New Hampshire as a man knows his own room in the dark." It has always been our experience that just when we get that confidence about a room it gets rearranged and a large obstacle creeps just athwart our pathway

the next time we enter without a light. We certainly hope that the distinguished gentleman is not going to stub his toe one of these days, and discover that, even in New Hampshire, the world do move.

—H. F. M.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

MISS JESSIE DOE is an active member of the Appalachian Mountain Club which has done so much toward furthering interest and enthusiasm in mountain-climbing in our New Hampshire hills. She is also a familiar figure in New Hampshire public affairs, and in the session of 1921 served in the Legislature as representative from Rollinsford.

MISS DAISY WILLIAMSON, as head of the Home Demonstration Service at New Hampshire University, is doing interesting and valuable work for New Hampshire. Some phases of this work she describes in this magazine.

Another New Hampshire University person who writes for us this month is PROFESSOR K. W. WOODWARD of the Forestry Department.

HAROLD VINAL is the editor of the little poetry magazine called "Voices" and a poet of growing reputation. He was the winner of the Brookes Moore poetry prize in 1921.

G. G. WILLIAMS is at present in the

real estate business in Concord, but in one capacity or another he has made himself well acquainted throughout the state. The story of the Bunga Road controversy is only one of many good yarns that he tells of the old days of New Hampshire politics.

The adjournment of the Legislature of 1923 brought into JAMES O. LYFORD's mind the story of another adjournment in which, from the press table instead of the legislative seats, he played an important part.

The 1923 Legislature seems to have succeeded in pleasing both parties. ROBERT JACKSON, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, tells in this magazine why the Democrats are pleased; and OLIN CHASE, Secretary of the Republican League, gives the reasons for Republican rejoicing.

The articles on dairy herds by H. STYLES BRIDGES, Secretary of the N. H. Farm Bureau, are proving of exceptional interest not only to farmers, but to the general reader as well.





# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## A Page of Clippings

### Senator Moses Comes Home

Senator Moses has returned from Europe and assails the world court plan which President Harding favors.

It will be noticed the senator is back in ample season to participate in the spring planting.

—*Laconia News & Critic*

Moses is home; two months looking Europe over; finds her full of hate; doesn't know which they hate worse; each other or us. No use for the court, or Harding if he presses it. The Hague is a sufficient tribunal. And Moses is right once more.

—*Granite State Free Press*

Mr. Moses seems to be further away from his country men than he was in the transmarine hotbed of hate, but what of it? It is a joy to all collectors of rare birds to know that this specimen is more curious than ever, incomparably impervious to mere facts, and with his gall ducts unintermittently active.

—*New York Times*

George Moses of New Hampshire appears to be somewhat pessimistic about the senatorial outlook from a Republican viewpoint in 1924. He might recall the optimism of the unfortunate man who fell from the roof of a 10-story building. As he dropped past the sixth floor a frantic man leaning out of the window, horrified at the sight, heard the falling man say: "Well, I'm all right so far!" Cheer up, Mr. Moses. The elections of 1924 are a good distance in the future. Meantime, the Senate is to meet, next December. The Republicans can give an exhibition next winter that may help the party; may. Republicans need to worry more about the Senate of

next winter than about the senatorial elections of November, 1924.

—*Whiting in the Boston Herald*

### The Late Departed Legislature

Hurrah for Jackson! He says he is satisfied; his party fulfilled its pledges. Not a party measure was enacted. How much did any party to those bargains—Labor, the Women, or the Democratic leaders—gain. Nasty politics on the part of all concerned. Republicans, on the other hand, stood by their convictions, votes or no votes—as repeatedly as heretofore. It is not best for New Hampshire to enact a 48-hour law now; better make that country-wide, by congress. We are going to. It was not best to repeal the woman poll tax law, unjust as it is; the law needed rational modification; not repeal.

—*Granite State Free Press*

Governor Fred H. Brown has been true to all the pledges he made in his election campaign so far as his own action and purpose are concerned. The House stood with him on his measures, but the Senate, of opposite political faith, did not always agree. Indeed, it had a pretty consistent policy of disagreeing with the House. But the gasoline tax and the tax on the income of intangibles were adopted and the State tax has been reduced, by cutting appropriations, from \$1,500,000 a year to \$1,150,000 a year, a very substantial reduction of 23 per cent.

—*Somerset Free Press*

We congratulate the departed legislature, with all its faults, on having achieved the distinction of killing a larger proportion of the bills introduced than any other legislature in





this state in the past thirty years. It is a record to be proud of.

—*Rochester Courier*

The attitude toward Bass was one of the interesting manifestations to follow. While he was one of the most forceful debaters in the House, he usually worked on his own hook without prearrangement with the Republican leaders many of whom showed open hostility to him. Bass made some of the best speeches of the session and he invariably had the close attention of the members. It was generally conceded that the Senate let the woman's poll tax bill go by the board because the only substitute that could be offered was Bass' amendment to have a straight two dollar tax for men and women, in place of keeping the three dollar tax for men and letting the women off without any tax.

—*Concord Monitor*

Some one remarked "that the least said about the present legislature session the better." We don't feel that way about it. It did a mighty good job, especially when it adjourned. That probably was the best thing it did during the whole session. But there were other commendable things it did. It refused to pass many bills, which originated in the house, carrying large appropriations of state money, which the state could not finance under its present restricted income.

Four men stood out strong as leaders during the entire session. These were Stevens, Bass, Lyford and Martin. Without these experienced politicians, parliamentarians and debators, the members of the House would have been lost much of the time.

—*Milford Cabinet*

## The Keene Normal Veto

Governor Brown pocket vetoed the bill for a building for the state Normal school at Keene. This may have been necessary in view of the fact that the

state is hard pressed for revenue because of the disposition of the legislature which reduced the state tax. However, it seems to be natural to scrimp on appropriations for education, and it may be necessary to fight for the cause a little more diligently.

—*Laconia News & Critic*

Governor Brown, wisely as we think—pockets the Keene Normal School appropriation. This is no time for such enterprises.

—*Granite State Free Press*

## Give One Party the Power

We can stand an occasional negative legislature, but let us pray to be saved from a succession of negative legislatures.

In last fall's campaign, the Democrats presented a definite program of state policy, which they have faithfully attempted to carry out. A Republican Senate has blocked this program. Substantially the same Democratic program will doubtless be presented in the next campaign. People who find it satisfactory would do well to vote for all the Democratic candidates who have to do with legislation. People who disbelieve in its provisions would do well to vote for the Republican candidates. The point is to give one party or the other control of the legislative machinery.

—*Argus and Spectator*

"Tilton School," and "University of N. H." are titles more easily spoken and written than were the old names, but there are many who will feel as though they had lost a dear friend.

—*Franklin Journal Transcript*

Well, the Concord hotel men and boarding house keepers are sorry to have the legislature depart, anyway.

—*Rochester Courier*





# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## JOHN J. DONAHUE

Insurance Commissioner John J. Donahue of Manchester dropped dead May 8, while testifying in court in a case in which his department was interested. Mr. Donahue has been prominently identified with Republican affairs in this state for many years. He was appointed insurance commissioner in 1919 by Governor John H. Bartlett, and he carried on the duties of his office competently and thoroughly up to the time of his death. Mr. Donahue was a native of Keene and he was sixty-four years old when he died.

## ALBERT SHEDD

Ex-Mayor Shedd of Nashua died in that city on May 3. A native of Billerica, Mass., Mr. Shedd came to Nashua in 1863, where he began work for E. P. Brown and Co. When the F. D. Cook Lumber Co. was formed he transferred his connection to that company, of which he held the office of President from 1879 until the time of his death. As early as 1866 Mr. Shedd was prominent in city affairs. As superintendent of streets, Member of the City Council, Member of the Board of Aldermen, Member of the Board of Assessors, Member of the Legislature in 1879 and 1901, and as Mayor of the city, he served his city faithfully and well. His name is also identified with the city's humanitarian organizations, such as the Memorial Hospital and with several Masonic bodies. He is survived by a widow and one son, Willis Albert Shedd of Nashua.

## WILLIAM BURLINGAME

On May 3, William Burlingame, aged 85, one of Exeter's most prominent citizens, who had lived in the city for 56 years, died. He was agent of the Exeter Machine works from 1867 until 1909, when he retired. He had served as trustee of Robinson Female Seminary, on the Police Commission, and was at one time director of the Exeter Gas Works. In 1878, he was a member of the New Hampshire Legislature.

## NATHAN A. WIMPHEIMER

Somersworth's oldest dry goods merchant, Nathan A. Wimpheimer, died on April 26. He had for years been prominent in civic projects in his town.

## OLIVER A. FLEMING

Oliver A. Fleming, one of Exeter's oldest business men, died on April 27 at the age of 80 years. For nearly 40 years he had been engaged in the undertaking business. He was prominent in Masonry, being a member of the Blue Lodge, chapter, council and commandery, and also a member of Sagamore Lodge I. O. O. F., Friendship Council R. A. E., and Wabanowit Tribe I. O. R. M. He is survived by a widow.

## WILLIAM H. JACKSON

William J. Jackson, aged 84, died at his home in Chichester, April 25. He was a veteran of the Civil War and a member of E. E. Sturtevant Post G. A. R. of Concord. He leaves a widow, three daughters and two sons.

## WALTER F. PERKINS

Walter Francis Perkins, president of the Derry Shoe Company of Derry, N. H., died May 16, after an illness of three weeks. He was sixty-four years of age. He is survived by his widow and two sons.

## JOHN WILLIAM JOHNSON

On April 27th John William Johnson died, after a long and distressing illness, at the age of twenty-seven. He was the first man to enlist in the World War from his home town—Bath. He offered himself April 6th, 1917; and was sworn in the following week. He was in active service in the navy during the whole period of the war and many times crossed the submarine infested Atlantic. His career is described in the Granite Monthly for December, 1920. Mr. Johnson was an adopted son of Kate J. Kimball, by whom he is survived and by a twin brother, Jack William Johnson.

## GEORGE H. MOREY

George Henry Morey, a locomotive engineer, long in the service of the Concord and Boston & Maine Railroads, died at his home on Broadway, in Concord, May 4, 1923.

He was a native of the town of Wilmot, son of Jeremiah and Betsey (Cheney) Morey, born August 20, 1849. He came to Concord in 1872 and engaged in the employ of the Concord Railroad, first in shop work, but soon entered the train service as fireman. He was promoted to engineer in 1883, and so continued till November last, when he quit work on account of ill health, gradually failing until death. He had long been regarded as one of the most faithful and efficient engineers in the service.

He was an active member of Division No. 335, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, had holden most of its important offices, including that of Chief Engineer, and was a representative in the Grand Lodge at Ottawa, in 1894. He was also a member of White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Penacook Encampment. Politically he was a life-long Democrat, and in religion a Universalist. Although devotedly attached to home life, he was ever a good neighbor, a faithful friend, and a loyal citizen.

He married October 17, 1874, Miss Myra Cheney of Warner, who survives him, with one daughter, Helen, wife of Harvey W. Phaneuf of Concord.

—H. H. M.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## WILLIAM H JACKSON

William H. Jackson, aged 81, died at home in Concord, April 25. He was a son of the Civil War and a member of the Grand Lodge of A. O. U. W. He leaves a widow, three daughters and one son.

## WALTER R. PERKINS

Walter Perkins, former president of the First State Company of Perry, N. H., died at his home in Perry, N. H., April 25, after an illness of three weeks. He was 72 years of age. He is survived by his widow and two sons.

## JOHN WILLIAM JOHNSON

The Rev. John William Johnson, after a long and distinguished career in the ministry, died at his home in the North West at 100 years of age. He was born in 1815, and was a member of the Synod of New Hampshire. He was a son of the Rev. John Johnson, and the Rev. Mrs. Mary Johnson. He was a member of the Grand Lodge of A. O. U. W. He is survived by his widow and two sons.

## GEORGE H. MOREY

George Henry Morey, a prominent lawyer, died at his home in Concord, N. H., April 25. He was a son of the Rev. John Morey, and the Rev. Mrs. Mary Morey. He was a member of the Grand Lodge of A. O. U. W. He is survived by his widow and two sons.

## WILLIAM BURLINGAME

The Rev. William Burlingame, aged 81, died at his home in Concord, N. H., April 25. He was a son of the Rev. John Burlingame, and the Rev. Mrs. Mary Burlingame. He was a member of the Grand Lodge of A. O. U. W. He is survived by his widow and two sons.

## KATHRYN A. WILPHINER

Kathryn A. Wilphiner, died on April 25. She was a daughter of the Rev. John Wilphiner, and the Rev. Mrs. Mary Wilphiner. She was a member of the Grand Lodge of A. O. U. W. She is survived by her husband and two sons.

## OLIVER A. FLEMING

Oliver A. Fleming, one of Concord's oldest citizens, died on April 25 at the age of 91. He was a son of the Rev. John Fleming, and the Rev. Mrs. Mary Fleming. He was a member of the Grand Lodge of A. O. U. W. He is survived by his widow and two sons.

...of Concord, died April 25, 1915, at the age of 91. He was a son of the Rev. John Fleming, and the Rev. Mrs. Mary Fleming. He was a member of the Grand Lodge of A. O. U. W. He is survived by his widow and two sons.

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